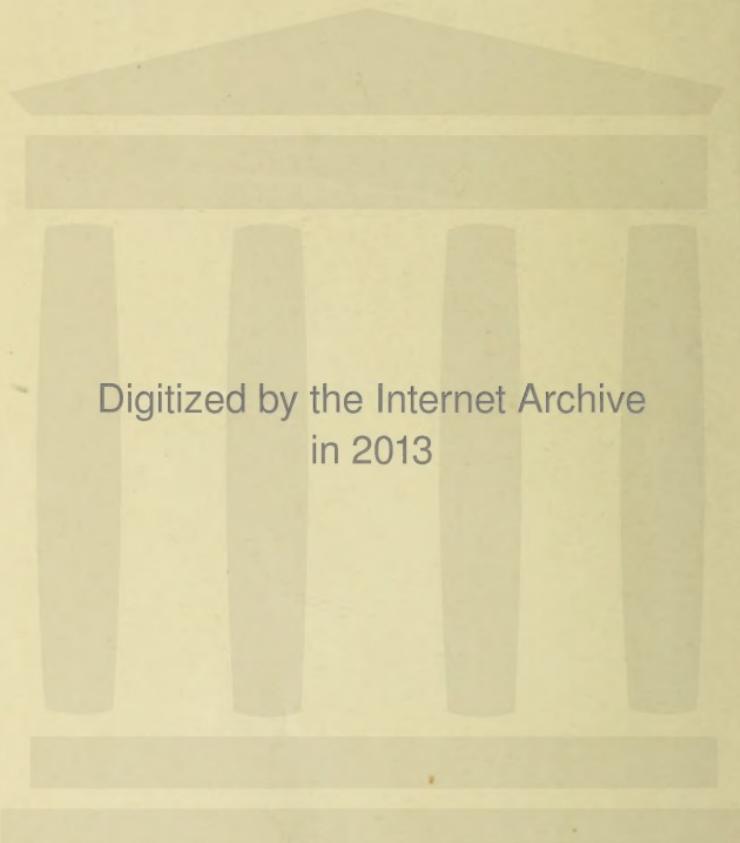


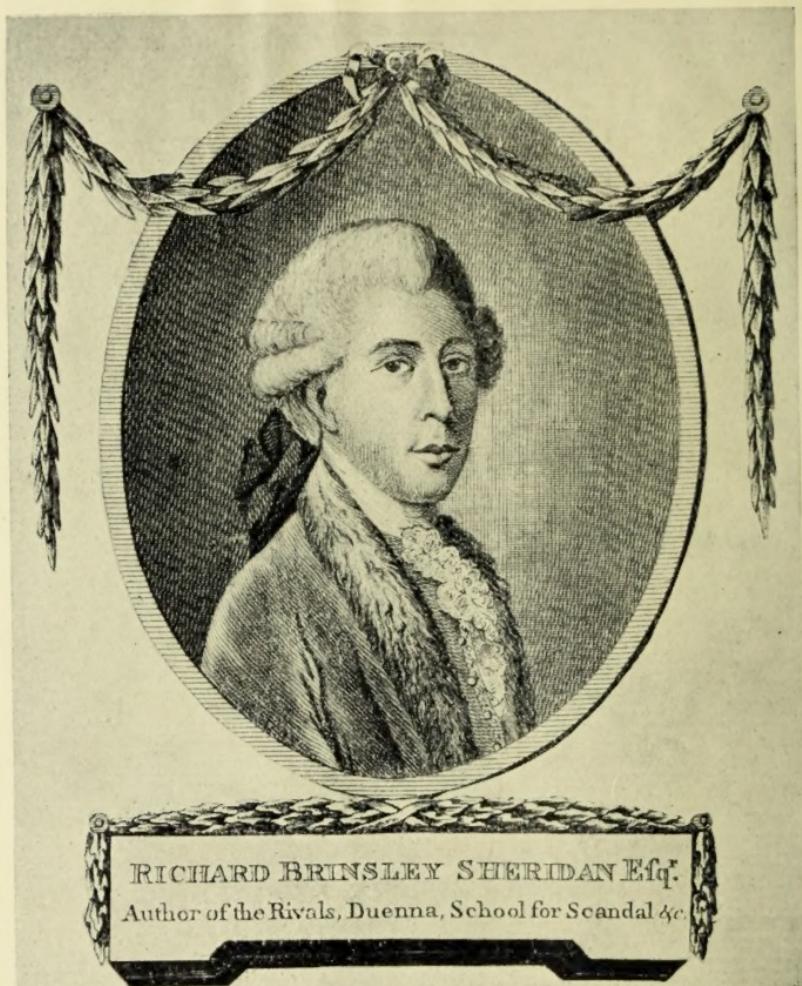
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After an engraving from a bust by Lochee

[See p. 106]

THE IRISH ABROAD

A RECORD OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS
OF WANDERERS FROM IRELAND

BY

ELLIOT O'DONNELL

EDITOR OF "THE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. E. M. WARD"



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PREFACE

IN presenting this volume to the public I would draw attention to the fact that it deals with the Irishman out of Ireland in the broadest sense—that is to say, it deals with him in England, Scotland, Wales, France, Spain and the British Colonies, anywhere, indeed, saving in his own country. Also I beg to thank Madame Maud Gonne, Miss M. Barry O'Delany, General Minarelli-Fitzgerald, Le Comte Margerin de Crémont, Count MacGregor de Glenstroe, and the Duke of Tetuan, for the kind assistance they have rendered me. For permission to reproduce certain of the illustrations I am indebted to the extreme courtesy of Mr. Roger Ingpen.

ELLIOT O'DONNELL.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	HOW THE IRISH CAME TO GO ABROAD. FROM THE DEPARTURE OF THE EARLY MISSION- ARIES TO THE END OF THE THIRD GREAT EMIGRATION	1
II.	THE IRISH IN BRISTOL, LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER	34
III.	THE IRISH IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES	55
IV.	THE IRISH IN LONDON (CONTINUED)	70
V.	THE IRISH IN THE PROVINCES	90
VI.	FAMOUS IRISH WRITERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH, EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES IN ENGLAND	98
VII.	FAMOUS IRISH SOLDIERS, SAILORS, CLERGY, LAWYERS, SCIENTISTS, PATRIOTS AND STATESMEN OF THE SEVENTEENTH, EIGH- TEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES IN ENGLAND	115
VIII.	FAMOUS IRISH ACTORS AND ACTRESSES, ARTISTS AND MUSICIANS OF THE EIGH- TEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES IN ENGLAND	132
IX.	PRESENT-DAY IRISH MEN AND WOMEN OF NOTE IN ENGLAND	144
X.	THE IRISH IN SCOTLAND AND WALES	159
XI.	THE IRISH IN FRANCE. THE INDIVIDUAL HISTORY OF THE REGIMENTS COMPOSING THE IRISH BRIGADE	176

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
XII.	THE IRISH IN FRANCE (CONTINUED). WOLFE TONE AND THE UNITED IRISHMEN IN PARIS	199
XIII.	THE IRISH IN FRANCE (CONTINUED). THE IRISH BRIGADE OF 1870; THE IRISH COLLEGE IN PARIS; MADAME MAUD GONNE, AND OTHER PRESENT-DAY IRISH MEN AND WOMEN IN FRANCE	215
XIV.	FAMOUS IRISHMEN IN FRANCE, 1690-1900	236
XV.	THE IRISH IN SPAIN	250
XVI.	FAMOUS IRISHMEN IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL	273
XVII.	THE IRISH IN AUSTRIA, GERMANY, BELGIUM, SWITZERLAND AND SCANDINAVIA	285
XVIII.	THE IRISH IN ITALY AND RUSSIA	296
XIX.	THE IRISH IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CANADA, INDIA AND SOUTH AFRICA	311
XX.	THE IRISH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	338
XXI.	FAMOUS IRISHMEN IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, 1600-1900	363
	INDEX	384

INSETS

GENEALOGICAL TREE OF THE O'DONNELLS

bet. pp. 260 and 261

" " " " FITZGERALDS

bet. pp. 286 and 287

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN	<i>frontispiece</i>
<i>After an engraving from a bust by Lochee.</i>	
SIR RICHARD STEELE	<i>facing page</i> 56
OLIVER GOLDSMITH	106
<i>From a painting by Thomas Gainsborough.</i>	
EDMUND BURKE	126
<i>From an etching after a sketch by Sayer.</i>	
SPRANGER BARRY	134
<i>From an engraving by Jackson, after the painting by Gwinn.</i>	
ARTHUR MURPHY	190
<i>From an engraving by Ridley, after a picture by Drummond.</i>	
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	240
ARCHBISHOP USSHER	276

THE IRISH ABROAD

CHAPTER I

HOW THE IRISH CAME TO GO ABROAD

FROM THE DEPARTURE OF THE EARLY MISSIONARIES TO THE END OF THE THIRD GREAT EMIGRATION

ALTHOUGH many Irishmen had left their native shores before the seventeenth century, up to that time there had been no emigration in the usual sense of the word.

When not merely for the sake of travel, it was either for the purpose of acquiring knowledge, of spreading their religion and art, of redressing their own wrongs, or of assisting others to redress theirs, that the Irish had hitherto sought a foreign country, and, in a few cases, though with no idea at first of making it their home, had eventually settled in it.

Of these excursions abroad, one of the earliest on record is that of Naoighiallach, better known as Niall of the Nine Hostages, who led a punitive expedition into Britain. Naoighiallach, or Niall of the Nine Hostages, was the ancestor of the O'Neills (O'Neill converted into O'Naill, and then into O'Neill), O'Donnell's (O'Dohmniall—O'Dohmnaill—O'Donnell), O'Connell's (O'Conniall—O'Connaill—O'Connell), and various other clans. He reigned over all Ireland from A.D. 379 to A.D. 405, and was probably the first Irishman of note to visit England.

Following his example, Irishmen of lesser fame led similar expeditions, but no one of any note appears to have visited England again till about A.D. 520, when Finen, or St. Finnian, a native of Leinster, travelled in Britain, and perceiving the ignorance and heathenism of the Anglo-Saxons, planned their conversion ; afterwards returning to Ireland, and founding at Clonard the renowned School with which his name has ever since been associated. Among his pupils was Columcille, or St. Columba, a descendant of Niall of the Nine Hostages, and a member of the Cinel-Connail, or Clan Connail—which gave its name to the O'Dohmnaills (O'Donnells)—who, anxious to carry on the work begun by St. Finnian, after having established his head monastery on the Island of Iona, visited the Northern provinces of England to select sites for the founding of branch houses.

Another Irishman we hear of in England was St. Adamnan, Columba's biographer, (also of the Cinel-Connail), a native of Donegal, and sixth Bishop of Iona, who, about A.D. 685, journeyed from Iona to York to intercede with Alfred, King of the Northern Saxons, for the release of a number of Irish prisoners.

Following close upon St. Columba, St. Aidan of Galway, at the invitation of Oswald, King of Northumberland, went over to help in the conversion of his subjects to Christianity, and afterwards founded the monastery of Lindisfarne. He was the first in the line of bishops that take their title from Durham, and greatly to the disgust of his biographer, the Venerable Bede, he sided with the Irish Church in the differences regarding the celebration of Easter. St. Aidan died in A.D. 651 and was succeeded by another Irishman, St. Finan of Tipperary,

who, through his untiring efforts to convert the Northumbrians, won the friendship of King Oswiu, and the esteem of Bede. St. Finan spent the greater part of his life in England and died about A.D. 661.

Almost contemporary with St. Finan were two other famous Irish missionaries, St. Fursa, or Fursey, and St. Finnbar, or Bairre. St. Fursa, the son of Fintan, a Prince of Munster, was born about A.D. 590, near Lough Carrib. After studying to be a priest under St. Meldan at Inchiquin, he erected a monastery at Rathmat, and then crossed over into England and began his work of conversion among the heathen of East Anglia. After six years' toil, during which time he won over many hundreds of the rude and savage Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, he went over to France, where he established a world-wide reputation for his piety and learning. "The reputation of St. Fursey," says a calendar of Scottish Saints, "extends far beyond the limits of the Anglo-Saxon Church." Not only is he the most distinguished of those missionaries who left Erin to spread the Gospel through the heathen, or semi-heathenized races of mediaeval Europe, bridging the gap between the old and new civilizations, but his position in view of dogma is a most important one. He has profoundly affected the eschatology of Christianity.

Though less celebrated than St. Fursa, St. Finbarr of Connaught did much to advance the cause of Christianity in England by materially aiding in the conversion of Mercia, and by improving and developing the Monastery of Glastonbury.

There is little doubt, too, St. Cuthbert was Irish, and, according to Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of

Clonfert, there is a manuscript in the library of the Dean and Canons of York that substantiates that belief.

St. Gall, the founder of the monastery of Arbon, which eventually became so celebrated that the name of St. Gall was given to the surrounding country—now the province of St. Gall; St. Albin, made Abbot of the monastery of St. Augustine at Pavia by Charlemagne; St. Foelan, St. Boniface, St. Killian were also Irishmen; and at the present day 155 Irish Saints are still venerated in Germany, 46 in France, 32 in Belgium, 13 in Italy, and 8 in Denmark, Norway and Sweden. It is, of course, impossible to enumerate all the Irish pioneers of civilization and religion, their name is legion—only let it be understood that long, long before the inhabitants of what is now England had ceased to be savages, Ireland had attained a far-famed reputation as a centre of art and learning. One of the oldest transcriptions of Horace in existence, now in the Library of Berne, is written in Celtic characters, with notes and commentaries in the Irish language; and so proficient did the Irish monks become in their knowledge of Latin and Greek, that they were eagerly sought after as teachers by students of every nationality.

But this was not all. Most of these monks loved Art, and many were great artists. In Denmark, France and Spain, there are yet to be seen evidences of their wonderful skill in architecture and the working of metals. It is only in England—in the country that owes everything to Ireland, her raising from the quagmire of paganism and barbarity, and the very foundations of her civilization—that all traces of her early skill in art have been

ignored, and all recognition of her ancient supremacy in learning jealously suppressed.

The era of Irish missionaries over, we next hear of the Irish abroad in the dispatch of a fleet of sixty ships from Dublin to help Edwin and Morcar against the Normans. The fleet sailed up the Bristol Channel and, entering the estuary of the Avon, successfully navigated the narrow, winding gorge, and anchored just outside the city, in what is now known as Cumberland Basin. But the Normans drove them off, and, on their sailing away, the Irish, making one more attempt to land on the banks of the distant Tamar, were again repelled, this time finally.

A long period now ensues, during which many desultory visits were paid to France and other countries on the Continent, but none of much moment till that of the brutal, dissolute Diarmaid (Dermot) Macmurrough, King of Leinster, who, through his unholy love for the beautiful Devorgilla, wife of Tiernan O'Rorke (O'Ruark), brought about the ruin and disintegration of Ireland. As Mr. Justin McCarthy remarks, "Helen was not more fatal to the Greeks and Easterns than Devorgilla, Erin's Helen, proved to the neighbouring islands that lie along the Irish Sea. Through ages of bloodshed and slaughter her country has indeed bled for her shame."

The story of the quarrel between the Macmurroughs and O'Rorke is too well known to be repeated here. The fate of Ireland, had this quarrel never happened, would, doubtless, have been the same in the end. The inroad of the English would have been postponed, perhaps for one, perhaps for two centuries, but one day they would have come over and taken everything,

just as they came and took everything in Canada, India, Africa and Australia. Destiny makes empire builders of most nations. It was England's turn then. God knows, but the turn of the Celt may come, too, some day.

Ireland, although no longer a kingdom—for in 1180 Roderick O'Connor, the last King of Ireland, was obliged to visit London, to pay homage to Henry II in order to retain the solitary province of Connaught—still continued to send out small detachments of her native populace.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Ireland having ceased to be the chief home of learning, a large number of young Irishmen, no longer conscious of superior advantages at home, went to Oxford to be educated; whilst others sought instruction from the venerable monks of Hereford, Bath and Bristol.

In 1243 a contingent of Irish soldiers, amongst whom were Felim O'Connor, Chief of Connaught, a descendant of Roderick, and the two Irishized Normans, Maurice Fitzgerald and Richard MacWilliam Bourke, went from Ireland to aid the English in their war with the Welsh; and, a little later, the wars with Scotland, the Wars of the Roses, and the Rebellions of Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Simnel, saw the departure of even bigger contingents.

It was not, perhaps, until Henry VII's reign, when Gerald Fitzgerald, "The Great Earl of Kildare," who had been the chief supporter of the Yorkists in Ireland, came to London to answer a long category of complaints brought against him by the Archbishop of Armagh, that any great Irishman again visited England. The decision of the Court was in the Earl's favour and he returned to

Ireland jubilant. Two years later he was recalled to England to answer various charges brought against him by his hereditary enemy Ormonde, and this time he was committed to the Tower. When brought to trial before Henry VII, his native wit and frankness served him. Asked by Henry whether he was provided with a counsel to defend him, he replied, "Yea, the ablest in the realm ; your Highness I take for my counsel against these false knaves." This pleased the King so much that he listened to the accusations brought against Kildare with a distinct leaning in favour of the Earl, and when Kildare, in response to the demand of the Archbishop of Cashel's counsel as to why he had burned down the Archbishop's Cathedral, replied, "Sure, I would not have done it if I had not been told that the Archbishop was inside," the King leaned back in his chair and laughed long and loud. The Court were astonished, not to say dismayed, at this levity, and one of the prosecuting party pleaded with the King. "Your Highness," he said, "is probably not aware that all Ireland cannot keep this Earl of Kildare in order." "Is that so ?" said Henry, still laughing, "then let this Earl keep all Ireland in order. It is my will." And Kildare went back to Ireland in triumph. The next appearance of a Kildare in London was that of Gerald Fitzgerald, son of the great Earl, who was detained at the Court of Henry VII as a hostage for his father's fidelity ; but he appears to have been treated extraordinarily well, and, marrying the young and beautiful Elizabeth Zouche, he was permitted to return to his own country, where many high posts and honours were bestowed upon him by the new king, Henry VIII. On his next visit to London, occasioned through the charges

brought against him by Ormonde, he incurred the bitter enmity of Wolsey, and was sent to the Tower, only escaping execution through the friendly intervention of the Constable. Pardoned by the King, he returned to Ireland, but was again summoned to London some years later to answer fresh accusations again brought by Ormonde. This time fate was not so kind to him; no pardon was forthcoming, and he died of a broken heart in the Tower. Interred in St. Peter's Church in the Tower, he was the first Irishman of distinction to be buried in London.

The next Irishman of note to come to London was also a Fitzgerald, named Thomas, son of Gerald Fitzgerald, and commonly known as "Silken Thomas." He, too, was thrown in the Tower through the machinations of Ormonde, and he had not been there long before his five uncles, Sir Oliver, Sir John, Sir James, Sir Walter and Sir Richard, were treacherously captured and lodged with him. On 3rd February, 1537, after many cruel tortures, all six were executed like common criminals at Tyburn.

Irish traders were now coming in increasing numbers to London, Liverpool, and Bristol, but no one of any particular account landed in England till Con Bacagh O'Neill, inaugurated The O'Neill on the death of his brother, obeying Henry VIII's summons, presented himself at the English Court on the 24th of September, 1542. Being given to understand in that jocular, yet sinisterly significant manner that was so characteristic of Henry VIII, that unless he renounced the name of O'Neill, adopted the English dress and language, was wholly obedient to the King's laws, assisted the Deputy

in his hustings and refused to succour any of the enemies of the King and his minister, his stay in London might be exceedingly uncomfortable and protracted, he submitted. What else could he do ? He was sent back to Ireland, under escort, with a few cheap and paltry presents.

With Edward VI on the throne, vigorous religious persecutions at once began within the English pale, and, as a result, many hundreds of Roman Catholics fled from Ireland. The majority of these took refuge in France and Scotland, but a good sprinkling landed in Wales and Cornwall, and not a few found their way to London.

This migration, however, was only temporary, for on Mary's accession the fierce Protestant *régime* in Dublin ended, and money was generously sent to the refugees to enable them to return.

The Irishman of most note in London during this reign was O'Connor of Offaly, who had been imprisoned on account of his religious views by Edward, but whom Mary released, treated sumptuously, and sent back to Ireland laden with costly gifts.

With Elizabeth's succession to the throne, the real era of gloom and suppression in Ireland began. And yet it was not owing to any racial or religious prejudice on the part of the Queen. Elizabeth, as many authenticated anecdotes prove, had a great admiration for the handsome Irish, and would doubtless have done much for them, had not Cecil persuaded her to send certain ministers as Deputies to Ireland. These men, actuated partly by jealousy and bigotry, and partly by greed, for Ulster offered a remarkably fair field for spoliation, so continually and subtly blackened the Irish in Elizabeth's eyes that

they eventually succeeded in entirely poisoning her mind against them, and, instead of continuing their friend, she ultimately became their arch enemy and oppressor.

Before that state of affairs was reached, several of the more eminent of the Irish chieftains visited England. The first to come was the cruel and treacherous Shane O'Neill, who at that time had his kinsman, Calvagh O'Donnell, a prisoner in chains in a dungeon, whilst he was making violent love to his wife, the sister of MacDonnell, Earl of Argyle. Shane O'Neill was the terror of Ireland, trusted neither by friend nor foe, and, after the Lord Deputy had made several fruitless attempts to have him put out of the way by secret assassination, Elizabeth expressed a desire to see him. Accordingly, he came to London, and this is Mr. Froude's account of his reception. "The Council, the peers, the foreign ambassadors, bishops, aldermen, dignitaries of all kinds were present in state, as if at the exhibition of some wild animal of the desert. O'Neill stalked in, his saffron mantle sweeping round and round him, his hair curling on his back and clipped short below the eyes, which gleamed from under it with a grey lustre, frowning, fierce and cruel. Behind him followed his gallo-glasses, bare-headed and fair-haired, with shirts of mail which reached beneath their knees, a wolf-skin flung across their shoulders, and short, broad battle-axes in their hands."

O'Neill and his retinue were, in all probability, rather more prepossessing than this picture presents them—Mr. Froude's value as an historian being considerably modified by his manifest partiality—but there is most

probably some truth in the description of their dress and of the crude curiosity and ignorance of the crowd assembled to see them.

That O'Neill must have possessed great attractions for the other sex is evinced by the fact—too well authenticated ever to have been questioned—that Elizabeth was so taken with him, that she invited him to Windsor as her guest, flirted openly with him, told him, half in play and half in earnest, that he was never to select a wife without consulting her first, as she knew better than anyone else who would suit him, loaded him with presents, and very reluctantly allowed him to leave her, proclaiming that he was to be treated on his return to Ireland as one of her most loyal and trusted allies and subjects.

The next Irishman of distinction to visit London was the man Shane O'Neill had so cruelly wronged—Calvagh O'Donnell, Lord of Tirconnell. His entry into the Royal presence differed essentially from that of his rival, Shane. He came alone, travel-stained and weary, and, kneeling at the Queen's feet, went into ecstacies over the beauty and symmetry of the white-bejewelled hands that were held out to him to kiss. Elizabeth dealt gently with him ; all the woman within her rose uppermost when she listened to the story of his wrongs, and noted the confirmation of it in his face and eyes. Nor did his appearance—for he was tall and straight, with strong and rather curiously emphasized features, hair slightly tinged with red, and a general expression of great frankness and sincerity of purpose—fail to leave its mark on her impressionable heart. He, too, came as a guest to Windsor, and when he went back to Tirconnell, it

was as "her man," and with a Patent Royal¹, bearing her signature, creating him Earl of Wexford.

So charmed was Elizabeth at this time with the Irish that, directly after Calvagh's departure, she invited "The O'Rourke." Walker, in his *Irish Bards*, gives a long account of O'Rourke's visit to London, the substance of which (reproduced from the Editorial Notes to Lady Morgan's *O'Donnel*) is as follows—

"O'Rourke, the chief of Brefni, a brave and powerful person, was invited by Queen Elizabeth to London, though under the displeasure of the Lord President Bingham. The Queen made him warm professions of honours and service, intending by this invitation to lead him into a kind of exile, in order to secure his obedience. O'Rourke confided and obeyed her summons; but before his departure he assembled his vassals and friends in the great hall of his castle, and entertained them with all the splendour of the times. (Such was the parting feast which gave rise to the song of the bard in after-days.) On the arrival of the Irish chief in Whitehall, the Queen was ready to receive him. The elegant symmetry of his person, and his noble aspect, struck Her Majesty and he was soon ranked among her choicest favourites." The authenticity of Walker's sequel has been disputed, but, as the action he attributes to Elizabeth is consistent with her character, one may be pardoned the assumption that there is in it at least an element of truth. He says, "One night a person tapped at O'Rourke's door and was admitted—it was a woman. The visit continued to be repeated, the lady always

¹ The original was as recently as 1911 in the hands of a gentleman in Birmingham, who lent it to the Archaeological Society of Belfast.

retiring before daybreak. The Chief's curiosity became urgent ; he pressed the mysterious lady to reveal herself, but she refused ; a straggling moonbeam, however, discovered to him a ring that glittered on her finger ; he examined it unobserved by the wearer. The next day he saw it upon the Queen's finger at Court, and had the impudence to hint his suspicion to Her Majesty. His fatal curiosity (adds the tradition) was punished with secret death—he was assassinated that night."

According to other chroniclers, however, who admit the Queen's fascination for O'Rourke, the Irish Chieftain was accused of having received some shipwrecked Spaniards under his roof—an accusation that was as unfounded as its source was mysterious—and publicly executed. Whether he was poisoned or beheaded, O'Rourke's son, who was in London at the time, determining to avenge his father's death and the spoliation of his own property by the English Lord President, hastened back to Ireland and joined the flag of Red Hugh O'Donnell.

Red Hugh came over to England several times, but his visits were neither so frequent, nor so protracted, as those of his illustrious kinsman, Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone.

The greatest efforts were made to make an Englishman of Hugh O'Neill. When in his teens he was brought to the English Court by Sidney, and introduced to the Queen, who not only gave him a command in her special bodyguard, but granted him a pension and also provided him with a whole bevy of tutors. At length, so English did he become, that, in 1580, he co-operated with Essex in the massacre of his countrymen at Smerwick, and in the partitioning and settling up of Antrim.

The disaffection of O'Neill, and his subsequent union with Red Hugh O'Donnell against the English, led up to the culminating scene in the great war of 1595–1602, when, defeated by Mountjoy in the desperately fought battle of Kinsale, the two chieftains rallied their broken forces on the banks of the dark and swollen Bandon and agreed to part—O'Donnell to go to Spain to entreat aid from the King, and O'Neill to remain in Ireland and continue harassing the English. The departure of Red Hugh on the 6th of January, 1602, which gave rise to Moore's famous song of the Union of the Olive and the Shamrock, marked the beginning of a national exodus, which, in a varying degree, has gone on, from that day to this, and has never ceased.

In 1603, the war in Ireland over, Hugh O'Neill, forgetful of his promise to Red Hugh O'Donnell, to go on struggling to the bitter end, made a formal submission on his knees to the Lord Deputy and members of his Council at Mellifort, near Drogheda, was pardoned, and came to London as a guest of the King. His reception, though nothing like so cordial as it had been on former occasions, was too friendly to meet the approval of many of the English. “I have lived,” wrote Sir John Harrington, one of the august veterans who had fought for the Deputy in Ireland, “to see that damnable rebel, Tyrone, brought to England, honoured and well liked. O what is there that does not prove the inconstancy of worldly matters? How I did labour for all that knave's destruction! I adventured perils by sea and land, was near starving, ate horse flesh in Munster, and all to quell that man, who now smileth in peace at those who did harass their lives to destroy him; and now doth Tyrone

dare us, old Commanders, with his presence and protection."

Beyond the circle of smiling ladies, and a few courtiers broad-minded and chivalrous enough to extend welcome to any knight, so long as he was brave and gallant, O'Neill encountered nothing but sullen scowls; the black and angry looks of officials and adventurers, who had looked forward to the forfeiture of his lands; of soldiers longing to avenge old scores; and of bigoted religionists, hating him on account of his Catholic faith. It was a trying situation, and it required all O'Neill's tact and courage to live through it. His stay in London, however, was not for long. Lawsuits with O'Cahan, the Bishop of Derry, and others of his enemies called him back to Ireland, and his next journey, namely, to Rome, was his last.

In these two migrations—that of Red Hugh O'Donnell and Hugh O'Neill—there sailed from Ireland in all about 120 souls, few of whom ever again visited their native land. Their subsequent wanderings and vicissitudes are referred to in the chapters dealing with Spain and Italy.

The next two Irishmen of distinction to visit England after Hugh O'Neill were Rory O'Donnell, Red Hugh's brother, and Sir Niall Garv (Garbh) O'Donnell, grandson of Calvagh O'Donnell, Earl of Wexford, and the ally of the English in the war of 1598–1602. These two came to London as rival claimants of the Earldom of Tirconnell, a title that became vacant on the death of Red Hugh. Charges of treachery to his allies, the English, being brought against Sir Niall Garv, and confirmed, the Earldom was awarded to Rory, who certainly had the better right to it. Both returned to Ireland, but were

destined to leave it soon after for good. Tirconnell accompanied Hugh O'Neill to Rome, and Sir Niall Garv O'Donnell, becoming involved in his kinsman, Sir Cahir O'Dogherty's, rebellion, was arrested for high treason, brought in chains to London, and, together with his son, Nachtan, lodged in the Tower. He died, some say by the hand of the assassin, in 1626, and was the first real Celtic-Irishman—the first of the O's and Mac's—of any note to be buried within the precincts of the Tower. Of the fate of Nachtan nothing is known for certain ; some affirm that he escaped, found his way to France in a coasting vessel, joined the army of Louis XIII, and was killed in a duel ; others, that he died in captivity from lack of proper nourishment and fresh air. Sir Niall left two other sons, Manus and Hugh Boy, whose descendants are still living. Of Sir Niall Garv O'Donnell's character many adverse things have been written, but of his skill and courage never has there been any question. The O'Sullivan Beare, in referring to him, called him "a man of great and daring spirit, endowed with a knowledge of military affairs"—a description that is amply corroborated by many other chroniclers.

The four great Irishmen, Hugh O'Neill, Red Hugh O'Donnell, his brother Rory, and his cousin Sir Niall Garv out of the way, the English, having no one else to fear, at once commenced their work of robbery, expulsion and extermination. Nor can the annals of any country in Europe show a blacker record. There were already a large number of English settlers—chiefly traders—in Munster, Leinster and Connaught ; but few had hitherto crossed into Ulster, and it was Ulster upon which the

crafty King of England and his rapacious myrmidons had long had their eye. The reason of this is not far to seek. The larger portion of Ulster, consisting of the Counties of Donegal, Derry, Tyrone, Cavan, Armagh and Fermanagh, belonged to the exiled Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnell, admittedly the richest of the Irish chieftains, and they not only had in their immediate possession—in their castles and abbeys, which Mr. Froude, in his racial antipathy to the Irish, would have one believe were quite humbly poor and bare—gold and silver plate and ornaments, some of home manufacture and some from Spain and Italy; jewels, mostly from Spain, Italy and the Far East; pictures, from Italy; books and parchments of Celtic origin, or from various parts of Europe; carpets, tapestry, silk and satin goods, from Spain and Portugal and the Far East, whither Irish mariners are known to have wandered and traded at a period when England could only boast of coracles; and many other treasures—but were the representatives of clans that owned many hundreds of acres of rich pasture land, interspersed with highly prosperous and contented towns and villages. In addition, Ulster possessed the best harbours and the best climate in Ireland, but had it not been only too obvious that without their leaders the Irish of Ulster were paralysed and helpless, the hordes of London and Scottish shopkeepers and usurers, who swarmed across the Channel at the bidding of James, would never have dared to put a foot within the province. The alleged treason of the O'Neill and the O'Donnell was the excuse offered for the now wholesale robbery. A commission of omnivorous Londoners, under the protection of an army of steel-clad soldiers, sat at Limavaddy,

and with Bible and Prayer-book—the customary and, assuredly, the only trade-mark of their respectability—on the table by their side, drew up a list of all the Ulster-men who owned anything that was worth taking. When this list was complete, the Scottish and English mercenaries were called in, and to the representatives of twelve City of London Companies, in which were included the Drapers, Skinners, Salters, Mercers, Ironmongers and Fishmongers—men who had no sense of art, of poetry, of literature, of pity, of honour, of anything save of making and hoarding up money—were sold great tracts of Derry, the Derry of the O'Neills. In a few cases, the owners of property having influential English friends, it was feared that complications might arise, and a more subtle method was employed. Spies, chiefly London Jews, were set to work, and, for finding out and inventing flaws in the title deeds, they were well remunerated. All property thus denounced was, of course, confiscated and appropriated by King James. But the new-comers—the ancestors of the present generation of Ulster Orangemen—could not enter into their new possessions till the rightful occupants had left, and, as it was deemed likely that many of these occupants would show fight, the ejectors called for the assistance of an armed force. The summoners had not far to go for it. All that was necessary in that way had been provided by the thoughtful King of England and his Parliament.

Most English historians have preferred to pass over what followed, and one can readily understand the reasons that have prompted them; but an omission of this kind can scarcely be regarded as “playing the game,” especially when one notes how readily the same

historians have narrated in full detail shameful scenes in the chronicles of other countries.

The worst horrors of the Spanish War with the Dutch, of the Russian subjugation of Poland, of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, and of the French Revolution are as nought compared with the English treatment of the Clans of O'Neill and O'Donnell during the war of 1598–1602, and afterwards, during the Anglo-Scotch colonisation of Ulster.

Before the Commission of Attorneys and Usurers had terminated their sitting at Limavaddy, the inhabitants of the villages round Derry and Donegal were awakened one morning by the jingling of spurs and stirrups and the chinking of sword scabbards. There was nothing unusual in these sounds. During the war they had heard them often enough, but now peace was supposed to have been declared, and their chiefs were far away on the waters, they marvelled, not a little, at the advent of soldiers. They were not left long in doubt as to the nature of the mission. Dismounting from their horses, the troopers drew their swords, and at a word from their commanding officers rushed into the cabins. The Irish are born fighters, and times without number have struggled against odds that few other nations would have attempted to face ; and even on this occasion, when naked, starving and unarmed, they did their best. However, what chance had bare limbs and empty hands against swords, pikes, guns and armour ? The old men were knocked down, shot and hacked to pieces ; the young men, stunned and bound, to be afterwards marched off, linked and chained together, across the moors and hills to Dublin ; the weak—to fall down and die of sheer

exhaustion, the strong—to be shipped off to Germany, where they were drafted into the army of Gustavus Adolphus, who used them for beasts of burden, and made them occupy the most hazardous positions in battle.

Such was the fate of the male members of the Clans of O'Neill and O'Donnell ; that of the women was even worse. Those who were young and comely were violated and murdered, or taken away to be the slaves and mistresses of any who cared to buy them from their captors ; those who were old or ill-favoured either were killed, or, after being stripped and beaten, were driven away with the greater number of the children into the woods and morasses. Most of the infants in arms were tossed high in the air and caught laughingly on pikes, or brained with the heels of boots, or on boulders. In this manner some 20,000 Irish were got rid of, and the eviction question in Derry and Donegal was permanently settled.

The new-comers, that is to say, the Lowland Scotch (not one Highlander was present) and the Anglo-Saxon shopkeepers, speedily took possession of the vacated premises, and the so-called colonisation of Ulster was begun. Can anyone wonder that the Irish have at times tried to retaliate, or that Orangemen have never been particularly popular with their neighbours ? If Rome was built on smouldering ashes, upon what were Belfast and Londonderry built ? Not a whit less cruel than Nero were James the First and his paid parasite Mountjoy.

This first big exodus over, emigrations in small numbers, forced on by the policy of James and his successor, Charles I, both of whom had their eyes fixed hungrily on Ireland, began to take place. What had happened

to the owners of property in Derry and Donegal was now happening in Connaught. A whole army of pettifogging attorneys from London made out cases against the men of Connaught, some of whom were told that the titles to the land they had held for hundreds of years were invalid ; whilst others were accused of treason. No matter how monstrous and how empty the charges levelled against them, the result was always the same—they were deprived of all they had, and threatened with instant torture and imprisonment unless they left Ireland immediately. The Commission Court which was held in Dublin had 300 Irish landowners, all of whom were Roman Catholics, imprisoned on false charges, robbed of everything they possessed, and subjected to the torments of the boot, the water-rack, and the thumb-screw. Those evicted ones who were fortunate enough to escape capture fled to the nearest seaport towns, whence they embarked for France, Spain and America.

Emigrations of this nature went on till 1641, when the curtain rose on the second great tragedy of the century.

Since the object of this volume is to portray the Irish out of Ireland and not at home, only just sufficient reference must be made to this drama to make it clear that one of the immediate outcomes of it was another emigration on a big scale.

The cause of the tragedy was the arbitrary and aggressive conduct of the Anglo-Scottish settlers in Ulster towards the residue of natives. No sooner were these settlers established, securely ensconced in their homes, than they began to abuse and ill-treat the Irish whom they had robbed. Should an Irishman be seen in Derry or any of the other Anglo-Scotch towns, he at once

became the object of anger and insult. Children threw stones at him, dogs were set on him, women called him a "dirty Papist," and "starving scamp"; and by the men he was not infrequently kicked to death, since to kick an Irishman was considered no crime, and, therefore, entailed no punishment. A worse fate befel the Irish women. The Anglo-Scottish settlers, taught by their religion that Irish Catholics were scarcely human, that they could claim none of the rights of ordinary civilians, and that it was in no way sinful to do anything to them, allowed themselves to be wholly carried away by their vices. No Irishman's wife or daughter was safe; and, when any attempt on the part of the enraged and broken-hearted husband or parent was made to punish the miscreant, the aid of other ruffians was at once summoned and wholesale murders took place. Within 50 miles of Derry and the site of the present town of Belfast, there was not a hamlet, nor a wood, nor a hillside that had not witnessed a tragedy of this kind, and echoed and re-echoed with the groans of slaughtered clansmen and the screams of violated women. This kind of thing went on, until, at last, goaded into desperation by the terrible injustices and cruelties inflicted on them, the natives of Ulster called upon Sir Phelim O'Neill to help them.

Sir Phelim, fourth in descent from a younger brother of Con Bacagh O'Neill, the nearest of kin to the Earl of Tyrone (who had died in 1610), and still owner of considerable estates in Tyrone and Armagh, which he had been allowed to retain through the allegiance of his grandfather, Sir Henry, to the English cause, was the most prominent Celtic-Irishman in Ireland at that time, and, as such, was the last great hope of the Patriots.

In response to the appeal of his clansmen for vengeance, he held a meeting in his house in Dublin, at which Roger More, Lord Maguire, Turlough O'Neill, Sir Con Maginniss, and other persons of distinction were present ; and drew up plans for a general insurrection.

This was the origin of the much-debated Rising of 1641. Many historians, both contemporary and modern, have given particulars of the campaign, but few have succeeded in discussing it impartially. Those who have treated it with least display of partisanship and most temperately are Justin McCarthy, John Mitchell, and John Prendergast. Thomas Carte and Goldwin Smith are fair and moderate only at times ; Edmund Borlase and Froude are never anything but grossly inaccurate and prejudiced. There can be little doubt that cruelties were perpetrated on both sides. But, as Justin McCarthy says, in reference to the Irish, “ it is only fair to remember that most nations that have been treated cruelly are cruel in their revenge when they get it, and the followers of Sir Phelim O'Neill believed they had as bitter wrongs to avenge as men can have. They had been taught lessons of massacre by their masters, and this was their first essay.”

The Irish, then, were actuated by a burning sense of injustice ; the English—by greed, and religious and racial bigotry. Of the massacres alleged to have been perpetrated by the Irish there is nought but the flimsiest evidence. The Special Commission sent for from London to enquire into them was in itself farcical. It was entirely composed of friends and relatives of the Anglo-Scotch, and had arranged its verdict before starting. The bribery of witnesses was wholesale, and almost the

only evidence listened to was that of old women who had been far removed from the scenes of the alleged massacres, and had heard of them for the first time when sent for by the Commissioners. The crowning proof of the utter shame and fraudulency of this so-called enquiry lies in the fact that, when a demand was made by certain Irish officers to be shown the hundreds of corpses declared to be choking the river near Portsdown, only one body could be found.

Far different were the scenes witnessed after the English left Mullaghmast ; after Essex desisted from " wiping out " the Clan O'Neill ; after Bingham withdrew his troopers from Connaught, and the legions of Sir W. Cole turned their heels on Munster. There were corpses then for everyone to see, corpses not merely of Irish soldiers but of Irish women and children, of Irish old and sick. Thousands of corpses, vales and villages of corpses, bays and rivers of corpses, forests full of corpses—and no Commissioners to enquire as to how they came there. The English public heard of none of these things. And why ? Because those who were responsible for the doings of the King's troops took very good care the Commission should report nothing that might in any way create sympathy with the Irish ; for there were plenty of men and women in England then who had hearts—hearts uninfluenced by bigotry and fanaticism—even as there are plenty now.

The war in Ireland lasted with varying success till Cromwell crossed over with 8,000 foot and 4,000 horse in 1649. The deaths of Owen Roe O'Neill, who had superseded Sir Phelim in the command of the Patriots, and Roger More, both of whom died at a strangely

convenient time for Cromwell, paved the way to success for the English ; and one cannot help thinking that Cromwell won because the Fates were with him. At the moment of his landing, the Patriotic party was worn-out with its long, wearisome struggle ; it had no funds to provide more arms and ammunitions which it sadly needed ; and its most capable leaders were dead. It stood absolutely no chance against the greatest military genius of the day, backed up with all that the wealth of England could provide ; and it was hopelessly crushed.

What Cromwell did in Ireland has few parallels in the annals of European history ; the atrocities at Drogheda and Wexford, carefully glossed over in English history books, whilst fully equalling those of Alva in Bruges, and far surpassing those of Tilly at Magdeburg, prove that the Protestants have been at times every whit as cruel and fanatical as the Roman Catholics, and that ferocity and pitilessness are the monopoly of no one creed.

Half the Irish population of Ulster and Connaught having been disposed of by butchery, it now remained for Cromwell to get rid of as many of the rest as possible by deportation.

The disbanded Irish soldiery received his attention first. The valour of Irishmen was well known on the Continent. It had become proverbial in the armies of Henri Quatre, Wallenstein, Gustavus Adolphus, William of Orange, and other famous leaders, and, when once it was known that recruits were to be had from amongst the old clans, every effort was made to obtain them. Recruiting sergeants of many nationalities crossed the waters, and to the roll of foreign drums, between the

years 1651 and 1654, over 40,000 Celtic Irishmen marched away, to die with all their accustomed gallantry—many winning unperishable renown—in the services of France, Spain, Poland and Italy.

Having thus succeeded in deporting the men, Cromwell next turned his attention to the women. Hearing that the planters in New England and the West Indies were weary of maroons, and would pay any price for white women, Puritan Cromwell at once volunteered to supply their needs. Gangs of his soldiers invaded Connaught, and pouncing on all the women and girls they could find drove them in gangs to Cork. It was the work of 1603 over again, only on a much larger and even more revolting scale.

The young and pretty women were frequently violated, the older and uglier—beaten and branded. From Cork they were taken to Bristol, and, after being publicly sold in the market there, they were thrust on board ship, and borne to their final destinations. The mind shrinks from imagining the horrors of their sufferings at sea. From the records of survivors they must have been at least equal to any of the sufferings experienced by African slaves on the way to America. But, as certainly did not happen in the case of the latter, their hardships excited no sympathy in England. The inhabitants of Bristol watched them being packed on board and driven below with the same dull curiosity and phlegm which they displayed in watching the embarkation of cattle. To them, doubtless, there was little to choose between a cow and an Irish Roman Catholic—neither, in their opinion, could feel sorrow nor pain. In this manner did Oliver Cromwell ply his white slave traffic ; and, according to

Justin McCarthy, it was only when Cromwell's agents in human flesh began to seize upon English women to inflate their masters' coffers that the practice was stopped.

In the meanwhile the question of the Celtic children had been solved. Sir William Petty, one of the most successful of the English looters who followed in the wake of Cromwell's army in Ireland, states, in his writings, that 6,000 boys and girls were transported as slaves from Ireland to Jamaica, and that the total number transported there and to Virginia amounted to 10,000.

When Oliver Cromwell handed over the reins of government in Ireland to his son, Henry, who for many years was Lord Deputy, the same system of transportation was continued. We read in Justin McCarthy's *Outline of Irish History* that Henry Cromwell not only approved of the deportation by force of 9,000 "Irish wenches" for the consolation of the soldiers in the newly-acquired Colony of Jamaica, but, on his own motion, suggested the shipment also of from 1,000 to 2,000 boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age. "We could well spare them," remarked the saintly Henry, "and who knows but it might be a means to make them English—I mean Christians?"

John Prendergast—ever moderate in his language, even in his *History of Ireland* of these days—describes the great deportation thus: "Just as the King of Spain sent over his agents to treat with the Government for the Irish swordsmen, the merchants of Bristol had agents treating with it for men, women, and children, to be sent to the sugar plantations in the West Indies. The Commissioners of Ireland gave them orders upon the governors of garrisons, to deliver to them

prisoners of war ; upon the keepers of gaols, for offenders in custody ; upon masters of workhouses, for the destitute in their care ‘ who were of an age to labour ; or, if women were marriageable, and not past breeding ’ ; and gave directions to all in authority to deliver them to these agents of the Bristol sugar merchants—in execution of which latter direction Ireland must have exhibited scenes in every part like the slave marts in Africa. . . . In the course of four years they had seized and shipped about 6,400 Irish—men and women, boys and wenches.” And, as he goes on to say that in 1655, in October alone, another shipment of 1,000 boys and 1,000 girls was made at Galway, some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the exodus.

The fate of the Roman Catholic priests was reserved to the last, and no English historian ventures to say what actually happened to them. Their fate, however, may be gathered from the unpublished records of private individuals, and from the unpublished works of contemporary Irish and Continental chroniclers in the national libraries in Ireland, in Paris, Madrid, Rome, Vienna, and other cities. From these sources there is abundant evidence to show that they fell victims to the fanatical hatred of the Scotch settlers and Cromwellian soldiery. Priest-hunts with hounds and lassoes were no uncommon form of pastime among the new settlers in Ulster and Connaught, nor were stoning and drowning the worst modes of death inflicted on the unhappy fugitives when caught. A large number—some authorities say as many as 2,000—were stowed away in irons in the holds of ships and sent to the Barbados ; whilst at least another thousand were tumbled out on the beaches

of the islands of Aran and Inishbofin, and heard of no more. Only a few escaped, and these, being smuggled out of the country by their friends, landed in Spain and France, where they were received with every kindness and hospitality.

With the departure of the last of these batches of fugitives, the second great Irish emigration of the century may be said to have terminated.

With the restoration of the Monarchy in England, the hopes of many of the exiles rose. Charles II was, in part at least, a Celt, and was known to have strong leanings to Roman Catholicism. It was surmised, therefore, that he would be a willing party to the return of the banished ones, and would see, too, that they took possession of their own. But in this, as in many other things, Charles proved a disappointment. He had a far shrewder eye to his own interests than was commonly supposed, and as he saw in the keen, money-making Anglo-Scotch settlers, who at once offered their allegiance, more useful and profitable adherents to his cause than in the exiled Irish gentry, who had nought to recommend them save their swords, no invitation was given to those so eagerly expecting it ; and the pillagers were allowed to retain possession of their bloodstained loot.

On the other hand, Charles II did not encourage persecution, and during his reign emigration, on anything like a big scale, ceased. There were many flights of families and of single individuals, to escape the clutches of the infamous Broghill, Earl of Orrery, and his equally infamous brother, Coote, Earl of Mountrath, the vilest pair of scoundrels that ever sat in the King's Bench, but there were no more transportations organized by

the English Government—and from this form of horror, at least, Ireland was now free. It is most probable, too, that Charles would have done more to alleviate the condition of the Irish, had not the Titus Oates plot, which re-kindled the wildest fury all over England against the Roman Catholics, made it impracticable for him to exhibit any sympathy with them.

When James II became King the prospects of the Irish really brightened and many of the refugees returned.

With the Revolution, however, all hope of a Celtic Ireland was again completely shattered; and immediately after the Battle of the Boyne, when Justin McCarthy, Viscount Mountcashel, Col. Daniel O'Brien, and Col. the Hon. Arthur Dillon, with about 4,500 Irish soldiers sailed for France, there to form the nucleus of the far-famed Irish Brigade—full particulars of which will be found in the chapter dealing with the Irish in France—the third great Irish emigration began. But this great emigration included many, besides soldiers, who preferred to leave Ireland rather than remain in it, subject to the restrictions William III, in his blind hatred of the Roman Catholics, proceeded to impose on them. His penal laws in these days seem to us so childishly spiteful and unfair, that we can only wonder how any Parliament of even tolerably educated and rational men could ever have approved them. Yet, unthinkable as it is, many of these penal laws remained in force till well on in Victoria's reign.

The most important of them were the following—

1. No Catholic could sit in the Irish Parliament or vote members for it.

2. All Catholics were excluded from the Army, Navy, corporations, magistracy, bar, bench, grand juries and vestries.

3. No Catholic could be a sheriff, soldier, gamekeeper, or constable.

4. No Catholic could possess firearms under penalty of severe fines, imprisonment, whipping, or pillory, and their houses might at any time be searched by two justices or sheriffs.

5. No Catholic could own a horse worth more than £5, and any Protestant offering him that sum could compel him to part with his steed.

6. No Catholic could receive any kind of education whatever (this should be digested by those people who are wont to remark on the ignorant Irish peasants ; if they are ignorant, it was the English who made them so) ; neither were his children allowed to attend school.

7. No Catholic could purchase land, or inherit it, or receive it as a gift from a Protestant, or hold a life annuity, or a lease, for more than 31 years, or any lease on such terms as that the profits of the land exceeded one-third the value of the land. If a Catholic bought land, the first Protestant who chose to inform against him at once became the proprietor.

8. The eldest son of a Catholic, upon renouncing his creed and becoming a Protestant, immediately took over the whole estate of his father, who was reduced to the position of a tenant on sufferance.

9. Any wife renouncing the Catholic Faith and becoming a Protestant obtained a certain proportion of her husband's property, and was entirely freed from his control.

10. Any child apostatising was at once taken out of his father's hands and given a share of his father's property.

11. Any marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant was null and void ; whichever of the two was Protestant could leave the other at will and had sole control of the children.

12. A Protestant might seduce a Catholic's wife with impunity, and the Catholic was denied all means of obtaining redress.

Concerning these statutes, Mr. Justin McCarthy remarks, "It is hard for a more enlightened age to believe that such laws as these were ever passed, or, being passed, were ever practised. It was well said that the penal code would not have been practised in hell, or it would have overturned the kingdom of Beelzebub."

But even the penal laws did not comprise all that was done to crush and humiliate the Irish. From the Bench, Lord Chancellor Bowes and Chief Justice Robinson, both of whom nowadays would rightly be in Broadmoor, decreed that no such person as an Irish Roman Catholic existed, and that no Protestant could be legally convicted for doing anything he chose to a Papist ; and from the pulpit, Bishop Dopping of Meath announced that it was the King and Parliament's wish that no one should keep any faith with a Roman Catholic. Nor was this all. Not content with attacks on person and property, William proceeded to do all he could to destroy the trade of Ireland. Charles I had given the monopoly of the Irish woollen trade to English clothiers ; Charles II's ministry had prohibited the importation of cattle, sheep and swine into Ireland, and the transport of any

kind of goods whatever in Irish-built ships ; but William III went much further. In 1696, all trade between Ireland and the Colonies was forbidden ; in fact everything was done that could be done to render it impossible for any Irishman to live in Ireland, and, in these circumstances, all who could scrape together the money and were not hopelessly tied to the land left. Many went to America to found there fresh towns and villages, whilst not a few joined their friends and relatives on the Continent. In all, including those already mentioned, this third great exodus totalled up to just a half of the entire Celtic population of Ireland, some hundred thousand having been slain in battle or massacred in the war of 1689–1691.

Some have said that William III and his Ministers, in their treatment of the Irish, must have been inspired by Satan, but, if so, Satan assuredly was laughing at them up his sleeve, for though, by forcing the Irish to migrate to France and America, they thought they were doing the finest thing in the world for England, in reality they were doing England the greatest possible harm. The descendants of these emigrants completely turned the tide against the English at Fontenoy, and they also turned the scales in the final issues of the American War of Independence.

CHAPTER II

THE IRISH IN BRISTOL, LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER

THE town in which the Irish first settled in England in anything like a large number was Bristol. This may be accounted for by its geographical position. The port of Bristol was then the nearest of any size in England to Ireland, hence it was to Bristol, naturally, that most Irish farmers and merchants sent their produce to be sold. Cork skippers, in saffron-coloured jerseys and high jack-boots, brought cargoes of cattle and sheep, stowed away in quantities that seemed out of all proportion to the size of their quaintly rigged forty-ton ships, and, disembarking them at the wharves alongside the Hotwells, drove them over the cobble-lined streets to the big market almost in the centre of the city. These skippers spoke but little English—and that with a strong “rolling” accent—were occasionally seen drunk, and rarely slept anywhere save on their ships, or, if the weather permitted, under the lofty trees that lined either shore of the Avon. Of their skill as seamen and pilots much might be said. The Irish Sea then, as now, was notoriously rough at times, but, despite the diminutive size of their vessels, these Celtic mariners appear to have met with few disasters, and to have weathered both sea and channel with the same success as they navigated the dangerous, winding mud-banks of the Bristol river.

It was in one of these small trading vessels that Conor O’Murray, Bishop of Kilmacduagh, who died at Bristol

in A.D. 1247, and Flann MacFlynn sailed from Cork, and, in all probability, in similar craft, at an earlier date, there also came to Bristol many monks and prelates on their way to Glastonbury, which owed much of its early fame to Ireland. Dunstan was educated by the Irish monks of Glastonbury, and King Alfred, rather than be taught by any of his own countrymen, sent to Glastonbury for one of its Irish inmates.

To monks and sailors the Irish population in Bristol was almost exclusively confined for many years ; but, with the termination of the war with Wales, a new element arrived. Irish soldiers, who had come over to Wales under Norman Irish leaders to fight on behalf of the English, when hostilities ceased, were cast adrift and wandered about in all directions. Some got lost in the mountains and died from want and exposure, some were murdered by the Welsh, and some, aiming for the south, found refuge in the Forest of Dean, where the simple shepherds and wood-choppers gave them food and shelter, and advised them to go to Bristol. Accordingly, keeping the shining, yellow waters of the Severn well in sight, they tramped along the Glo'ster shores of that river till they came pretty well to where Pilning now is, when they struck inland, and, passing through Almondsbury and Henbury, reached Bristol by the old Westbury-on-Tim road. Once in Bristol, their troubles may be said to have ended, for they speedily found their way to the quays, where those who wished to return to their native land were gladly taken on board the Irish cargo ships, and in most cases given a free passage to Ireland.

The gradual growth and increasing prosperity of Bristol saw an ever-increasing number of Irish vessels in

her harbours, and would have seen a larger number still, had it not been for the severe restrictions that began to be placed on all Irish commerce. But, despite these restrictions, and the horrible atrocities perpetrated in Ireland by a long succession of English generals, the relations between the Irish traders and Bristol continued to be friendly, and nothing occurred to mar the harmony, till the advent of the first batch of boy and girl slaves from Ulster and Connaught.

At first, the Irish residents in Bristol could not believe that the gangs of weeping, half-starved looking children whom they saw brought out of the ships in what is now known as Cumberland Basin, and marshalled through the streets to the ordinary cattle market, were to be sold as slaves. They thought it was some grim hoax, grimmer and ruder than any their friends, the Bristolians, had hitherto played on them ; and it was not until they saw the whip fall on the children's backs, and heard the brutal language of those escorting them, that they realized the truth. Their indignation then knew no bounds ; they rushed in an angry crowd to the Mayor, but he could do nothing ; Cromwell had sanctioned the work ; there was much money in it ; and it must go on. And go on it did. Every week brought fresh human cargoes, and the natives of Bristol, when they had got over their first shock of horror and astonishment, flocked to see the exhibition with the same curiosity that prompted them to attend the executions of their fellow-citizens.

There were exceptions, of course, for at all times and amongst all nations there have been some kind and sensitive hearts—were it not so, humanity long since must have stamped itself out ;—and in Bristol there were

a few who listened with pity to stories of how the poor Irish women and children, after being hauled from the holds of the ships, where they had lain all huddled together, half dead from ill-treatment and sea-sickness, as well as sorrow at being torn away from their homes and friends, were driven in packs to the big market-square ; of how, after being exposed there for sale—usually nude—on wooden platforms, where they were examined and mauled about by the public as if they were cattle, they were eventually bought by agents of the planters in Virginia and the West Indies, who gleefully hustled them off to the docks to be stowed away on board their vessels ; and of how they were then, and subsequently, subjected to such villanies as the slave-trading annals of no other port or country can show. Few towns in England have witnessed such an immense amount of suffering as Bristol—happily, few towns can reveal such black spots in their histories. Yet, apart from this one foul stain, the conduct of the Bristolians has ever been fair and hospitable to the Irish. Indeed, in no city in England have they been better received or made truer friends.

As might be expected, the selling of Irish slaves in Bristol acted as a deterrent to the Irish, who would otherwise have visited the city ; and so long as that abominable traffic lasted the Celtic Colony in Bristol was very small. By the middle of the eighteenth century, however, the Irish population in Bristol numbered some hundreds, most of whom were merchants, and, consequently, of Anglo-Irish extraction—for the pure Irish Celt at that time would not become a trader, and even now he does not take to commerce kindly. It is true

that the records of the City of Bristol for Leland's time, namely, in 1760, point to certain Irish merchants with such names as Murphy and Sullivan, but analysis will show that their owners were in part only Irish, their progenitors on one side being either English or Scotch. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, when prejudice against the Roman Catholic Irish—never so pronounced in Bristol as in many other towns in England—began to decline, Irish peasants, many of whom belonged to old Celtic families that had been stripped of their property and reduced to beggary by the English, went to Bristol by various routes, and obtained employment in the coal mines and stone quarries, and on the wharves.

To-day Bristol contains many thousands of people possessing Irish names or having strong Irish blood in them; but, unlike their compatriots in Glasgow and Liverpool, the Irish in Bristol have no special quarter, they are located everywhere, and follow every occupation.

The town that, in all probability, claims the next closest and oldest intimacy with Ireland is Liverpool. Though there is no actual record to show when the first Irish citizen came to Liverpool, there are evidences which go a long way towards proving that there was, at least, some intercourse between that port and Dublin as far back as the twelfth century. There does not appear, however, to have been an Irish settlement of any size in Liverpool till well on in the fifteenth century, when "Irish grain" began to be imported in large quantities. The greater number of the ships employed in the transport being of Irish build and manned by Irish crews, it was probably owing to the latter spreading the report that

there was much work to be had in Liverpool for good pay that many men, chiefly of Anglo-Irish extraction, began to cross over from the towns in the English Pale ; and, later on, the rapid growth of the wool trade causing a proportionate increase in the immigration, by the middle of the seventeenth century there was an Irish Colony in Liverpool of at least 1,800, living in one quarter, and, with the exception of a few priests, consisting entirely of manual labourers. Up to the reign of Charles I, the relationship between the natives of Liverpool and the Irish was cordial enough, but, with the rise of Puritanism, this friendly feeling began to diminish. The Irish often were called malignants and Papists, usually accompanied by foul epithets, and it was not long before their priests were stoned and assaults were made on their places of worship during divine service.

When they retaliated, which they were compelled to do in self-defence, the authorities were sent for, a riot was declared, and troops were at once called out ; and, as the soldiers had orders to be careful whom they touched, the only persons who suffered at their hands were the Irish, many of whom were killed outright, whilst others were arrested, flogged and pilloried. This state of affairs went on almost unremittingly all through the latter portion of Charles I's reign and the Commonwealth, reaching a climax at the time of the Titus Oates scare, when practically all Liverpool turned out to attack the Irish, and daily scenes of the most disgraceful nature occurred. The priests were mobbed, stoned, whipped, and many of them tortured to death, and their houses entirely demolished ; scores of Catholic women were violated and then murdered, whilst their children were

knocked on the head and tossed from windows ; whole rows of Catholic houses were seized, and, their owners having been shut up inside them, they were set fire to and reduced to ashes. With the exposure and trial of Titus Oates, the fury of the Protestants against the Irish populace somewhat abated, though the feeling against them still continued to run high.

Mr. John Denvir, in his *Irish in Britain* (pub. 1892), in illustration of the rabid prejudice of the English residents in Liverpool to the Irish immigrants, gives the following quotation from the town burial register : “ 1688, August 12—John Synett, an Irishman, born in Wexforde, master of a barque, was excommunicated by the Bishop of Chester for being a Catholic recusant, and so dying in Liverpoole, was denied to be buried at Liverpoole churche or chapel, and therefore was brought and buried in the said burial place of Harkirke, in ye afternoon of the third day of August 1688.”

John Synett’s case was far from being an isolated one ; the Puritan ministers had so “ dinned ” into the heads of the Liverpool laity that Irish Papists were deserving of none of the privileges of human beings, that the objection to grant them graves, either in consecrated or any other ground, at length became general, and the Catholics were at their wits’ end to know what to do with their dead. At last, a sufficient sum of money being collected, a piece of land, known as the Harkirke estate, after much persuasion and difficulty, was bought at Crosby, and thenceforth used as the Irish Catholic Cemetery. After the commencement of the eighteenth century, the attitude of the people towards the Irish was a little improved. Nicholas Blundell, a wealthy English Catholic of Crosby,

allowed his private chaplain to assist the Irish priests in Liverpool with the celebration of the Mass, and in 1736 permission was given the Irish to erect a church, the services having hitherto been held in barns, private houses, or out-of-doors.

In 1780 there was a temporary reaction of feeling against the Catholics ; the Lord George Gordon riots in London found their answering echoes in all parts of the country, and much havoc was wrought in the Irish settlement in Liverpool by mobs of drunken Protestant fanatics, who only desisted in their cruel and wanton work of destruction through fear of the troops. The same sort of thing, only on a smaller scale, had happened in 1745 after the retreat of the Young Pretender from Derby, when the joy of the Protestants at the overthrow of the Catholic claimant to the Throne's cause found vent in attacks on the Irish Colonies in London, Liverpool, and elsewhere ; in 1798, after the failure of the Irish Rising ; in 1835, when the Orangemen, unable to restrain their religious zeal during their anniversary fête, made a sudden and quite unprovoked attack on the Catholic quarter, chiefly in Tithebarn Street, Dale Street, White-chapel and Park Lane ; in 1848, when MacManus, Dr. Murphy, and other sympathisers with the Chartist urged a rising in aid of Feargus O'Connor in London, and a general insurrection in Ireland ; and again, in 1850, when the Pope made Bishop Wiseman a Cardinal and made a new Hierarchy in England. This act of the Vatican led to a storm of indignation throughout the country. Effigies of Wiseman were burned all over England—*Punch* cartooned him, and even *The Times* let itself go and abused him and his Irish compatriots in

the most heated and unrestrained language. A climax was reached through the inflammatory speeches of Lords Beaumont and Camoys, which led to a savage affray in Birkenhead. From statements made by unbiassed persons at the time, it appears that a number of Irish attended an Anti-Catholic meeting outside the Town Hall, and showed their resentment to the violent denunciations of the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman by vigorous shouting and booing. This led to a demonstration from the other party, and, matters becoming threatening, a priest called Father Brown, perceiving that many of the Catholics had brought weapons, persuaded them to give them up to him and go home peacefully. This they were about to do, when the police, seeing them move, and, presumably, thinking they were bent on mischief, suddenly and without any warning, charged them. Bâtons were freely used, and heads as freely cracked, several people—including one well-known Birkenhead tradesman—being knocked down and severely injured. When once they had recovered from their astonishment at the unexpectedness of the assault, the Irishmen speedily pulled themselves together, and, roused to a pitch of the highest indignation at the utter unprovokedness of the attack, rushed at the police and scattered them to the four winds of heaven. Twenty policemen were rendered insensible, and two were rather badly hurt. A regular panic then took place in which half the town apparently shared. Some cried for more policemen, some for the military, and, when messengers were dispatched to Col. Sir Edward Cust's house to ask his assistance, he was found hiding under the drawing-room table. At last, Mr. Jackson, the leading magistrate

present, thought of Father Brown, and, running up to him, cried in an agony of fear, "For mercy's sake, Mr. Brown, use your influence with these dreadful Irish, and calm them, or we shall all be torn to pieces." Father Brown, who hitherto had been looked upon with scorn by Mr. Jackson, and only alluded to as that "confounded Papist," at once walked into the midst of the mêlée and held up his hands. At first everyone was too intent on giving and parrying blows to notice him, but in a very little while he had attracted attention, and, after listening to a word or two of advice from him, all the Irish combatants withdrew from the skirmish and walked quietly home. In the newspaper reports of the affair, all the credit for restoring peace was given to Mr. Jackson and his brother magistrates. Fortunately, however, some of the Catholics in the town were rich and influential, and, at the subsequent investigation upon which they insisted, the police were found guilty of having acted prematurely and with undue violence. Also, the character of the Irish was cleared, and anything further in the way of Justice could hardly be expected in those days.

This may be regarded as the last serious disturbance with the Irish in Liverpool, although from time to time, notably in 1867, on the occasion of the Fenian rising, and in the early '80's, several demonstrations, which threatened to become grave, took place.

Owing to the convenience of its situation, as well as to the age of its Irish Colony, Liverpool has always been closely connected with all Ireland's national movements.

To begin with, the League of the "United Irishmen," founded at the end of the eighteenth century by two

Protestants, Hamilton Rowan and James Napper Tandy, and almost entirely composed of Protestants, had powerful representatives in Liverpool, where they found many sympathizers amongst the Catholics.

Also, in 1807, when the Tithe and Land Question in Ireland called into existence the earliest of the secret Associations of Ribbonism, namely, the Shanavests and Caravats, branches of both these Orders were established in Liverpool ; and, later on, Daniel O'Connell, the great agitator for Catholic Emancipation, drew many of his ablest recruits and much of his money from Liverpool, which not only he, but nearly all the eminent Irishmen connected with the Catholic Emancipation movement, at one time or another visited.

Following in the wake of the agitation for Catholic Emancipation came that for the repeal of the Union, which was started by O'Connell in 1830.

This, too, found many of its most ardent supporters in Liverpool, not only among the Irish poor, of whom practically all were Repealers, but also among the rich ; and when the chief organ of the cause, namely, *The Nation*, was founded in 1842 by Gavan Duffy, John Blake Dillon, and Thomas Davis, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed in all parts of the city, thousands of copies of the paper being sold and thousands more ordered. The Young Irelanders had branches both in Liverpool and Birkenhead, and some of the most powerful and violent revolutionary speeches of the Mitchel faction were delivered by Terence Bellew MacManus, at that time a shipping agent, in a parlour of a private house in Circus Street. MacManus subsequently started the "Confederates," an association that aimed at the liberty of

Ireland by armed force, and, in 1848, thinking that the psychological moment had come, and that England through the Chartist outbreak would be effectually tied at home, he helped Reynolds, Smyth, and others, organize a body of Liverpool Irish for the assistance of Feargus O'Connor in London—which body was met and driven back by the police before it had gone 20 miles. MacManus then sailed for Ireland ; and at Killenaule joined Smith O'Brien, Meagher, and O'Donoghue, whose followers, numbering six or seven hundred at the most, and composed entirely of the rawest peasants, he helped to drill. Temporary barracks had already been erected, but the leaders were disappointed—instead of half Ireland flocking to join them, each morning saw the addition only of some six or seven recruits, and, despite the fact that the bitter feeling against England was more intense then—and with good reason—than it had been since Emmet's death, the movement was a failure. The police, ready at any moment to strike, came down on the insurgents when they least expected it, surrounded them in a cabbage field at Ballingarry, and after the exchange of a few shots put them to flight. All the leaders were captured either on the spot or directly afterwards, and MacManus was sentenced to transportation for life to Australia. He escaped, however, and succeeded in reaching California, where he remained till his death in 1861. His remains were taken to Ireland, and, amidst a great demonstration on the part of all Nationalists, buried at Glasnevin Cemetery. While these events were transpiring in Ireland, the police made a raid on the headquarters of the Confederates in Liverpool, and Reynolds, in whose shop most of the meetings

of the association were held, was seized. Having the good fortune to escape, he reached the United States in safety, where he distinguished himself, together with Meagher and other leaders of the '48, in the Civil War of 1863.

Another contemporary leader of the Irish was Feargus O'Connor, who was also associated with Liverpool, though never actually residing there.

After his rupture with the Repeal Party in 1833, O'Connor returned to the North of England, and made Liverpool one of the centres for the Chartist Movement, of which he speedily became the recognized head. His paper, *The Northern Star*, which was chiefly written by the Liverpool Irish, not only had branch offices in Liverpool but depended on Liverpool for the greater portion of its circulation, and, despite the fact that many looked upon O'Connor as merely a windbag, he was extremely popular throughout the North of England, especially in Liverpool, where many English as well as Irish embraced his cause.

During his imprisonment for sedition in York Castle, where he was treated with unnecessary severity, the greatest sympathy was expressed for him in Liverpool; plans were daily concerted for his rescue, and hundreds of people paraded the streets nightly, chanting patriotic and revolutionary songs that had been mostly written round him. On his release, he was returned with a huge majority for Nottingham, which constituency he continued to represent till 1853, when, his brain giving way through stress of work, he was committed to a private asylum. He died in London, 30th August, 1855, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. Feargus O'Connor was not

a great man, neither was he a great leader ; but he was a loyal patriot, keen and energetic in all his undertakings, and he possessed, to a wonderful degree, the power of making himself liked. His insanity was undoubtedly increased by the cruelties perpetrated on him in York prison, where, according to his own evidence, he was submitted to all sorts of mediaeval tortures, these tortures being undoubtedly intended to perpetuate his madness, and so prevent him being any further nuisance to the Government.

The termination of the '48 Rising and that of the Chartist saw the beginning of fresh phases in the Young Ireland movement. John O'Mahony, one of the fugitives from Ballingarry, after escaping to Paris, where he lived for some time, went over to the United States, and there founded the Fenian Society, an Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, generally known as the I.R.B., which was the immediate predecessor of the still more famous Clan-na-Gael. In Ireland O'Mahony found an imitator in his friend and former colleague, James Stephens, who, in 1851, started at Skibbereen the Phoenix National and Literary Society, which was in reality an offshoot of the I.R.B. The movement gained extraordinary popularity, and spread not only all over Ireland but into England, where London, Liverpool and Manchester became its chief centres. In Liverpool the two earliest branches of the I.R.B. were "the Sarsfield" and "the Central Liverpool," which had their headquarters in Circus Street and Devon Street Hall, respectively. Among the local Fenians destined to play permanent parts in the I.R.B. movement were Joseph Archdeacon, quite the most brilliant orator in Liverpool, John Flood,

and John Ryan. The great Fenian Rising in 1867 was principally pioneered in Liverpool ; most of the arms and ammunition for the cause were stored there ; and Allen, Larkin and O'Brien all lived in Liverpool at one time or another, as also did that member of the I.R.B. who attempted to dynamite Clerkenwell Prison, and was rightly executed for blowing up several innocent and unoffending persons ; for killing—save in open warfare or self-defence—is, after all, murder, and murder is rightly punished by hanging—a life for a life—what can be fairer ? After the Fenian Rising in '67, Liverpool became tolerably quiet, and, though many additional branches of the various Irish secret societies sprang up there, nothing further in the nature of a serious riot occurred. In the early '80's there were one or two dynamite outrages in Birkenhead and Liverpool, but they passed without any very grave consequences, and proved to be the work of irresponsible persons, and perpetrated without the sanction of any of the organisations.

After the famine of 1845 a huge migration to Liverpool sent the Irish population in that city up to over 80,000, and the exorbitant rent charged for even the meanest houses and rooms caused a terrible amount of over-crowding, the consequent suffering of these poor immigrants being indescribable. It was no unusual thing for twenty or thirty people to be crowded together in one room, generally a cellar, deep down, dark and ill-ventilated, full of rats and cockroaches, and considered by the owners too damp and rank for the storage of any kind of goods ; yet for such villainous accommodation fancy prices were charged, and, unless the rent was forthcoming

on the very day it was due, the tenants were immediately turned out, and anything they had with them in the shape of clothes or furniture seized. Had these immigrants faced these hardships in a normal state of health, more might have survived, but considering their half-starved and, in many cases, feverish condition at the time they landed—owing to the potato famine—one cannot be surprised that, out of the 60,000 who came to Liverpool from Ireland between the years 1845 and 1849, over 10,000 died within six months of their disembarkation. Incredible as it may seem, the authorities were often so adverse and dilatory with regard to the burial of these poor wretches, that their corpses had to remain for weeks in the cellars where they died and where their less fortunate companions still lived. Later on, to provide accommodation for the Irish who still continued to come over, long rows of houses were hastily run up, usually on sites that present-day sanitary inspectors would condemn off-hand, and for these jerry-built erections rents out of all proportion to their value were demanded. None of these so-called houses had any conveniences whatever, the rooms, mere boxes, were low, ill-lighted and ill-ventilated—the windows being little bigger than loopholes; there were no kitchens in the proper sense, only rooms darker and smaller than the rest, containing a grate, which by no stretch of the imagination could be associated with cooking; and one out-door lavatory usually served for half the street. Most of these tenements of the back-to-back order were built by Liverpool business men—many of them Jews—whose descendants have waxed fat on their vile speculations. They are now spoken of as “the slums,” and their inhabitants scornfully

alluded to as "the slummy Irish." But it must be recollected that these streets were slums when they were built, and that the Irish, fresh from the free, untrammeled wilds of Connaught and Munster, were purposely compelled to inhabit them.

Miserable as was the condition of the inmates of this quarter, their lot would have been even worse had it not been for the incessant labours of the Roman Catholic priests, whose ceaseless and unselfish toil—for they receive but the scantiest remittance—on behalf of the Liverpool Irish poor has been little short of heroic. The many instances in which these men, at the imminent risk of their lives, had visited pestilential cellars in order to administer Communion to the sick and bring them nourishing food and wine, would fill many volumes, and would win admiration from all but the blindest and most fanatical bigots. Where so many have behaved nobly, it is impossible to pick out individuals, but in the far past the names of Father Anthony Carroll, who worked in the Liverpool Roman Catholic Missions from 1759–1768, and was murdered near Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, in 1799; Father John Carroll, afterwards first Archbishop of Baltimore, U.S.A., and Father Peter O'Brien are, perhaps, most worthy of special commendation. Here, too, mention must be made of the admirable work done in the Irish quarter by certain of the present-day Anglican clergy.

The Irish did not migrate to Manchester till some time after they first went to Liverpool. A few in search of unskilled labour may have found their way thither towards the end of the seventeenth century, but they were not encouraged, owing to the intense antipathy of

the inhabitants of the town to Roman Catholics, especially to Irish Roman Catholics.

In the year 1720, or thereabouts, Irish merchants, connected chiefly with the woollen trade, began to come over ; but there was nothing in the form of an actual colony in Manchester till some thirty or so years later, when, the birth of new industries and the development of old ones creating a large demand for labour, workmen were quickly sought for among the Irish population in Liverpool, reluctance in employing them being readily overcome by the fact that extreme poverty and privation rendered them willing to accept any wages, however meagre. It was in this manner that the canny eighteenth century Lancashire employers amassed their wealth, and it was these poor, imposed on, sweated labourers of theirs that formed the nucleus of the Irish Colony in Manchester.

The series of agitations that broke out from time to time against the Roman Catholics in London and Liverpool had their counterparts in Manchester, though, perhaps, in a modified degree ; and Manchester as well as Liverpool played its part with regard to the various movements for the realization of Irish separation and independence.

In the days of Ribbonism, Manchester boasted of many Shanavests and Caravats, and members of other Orders, who met in one another's cellars to discuss the grievances of relatives in Ireland, and then rushed up into the street to repel the sudden inroads of bands of immigrant Orangemen, stirred up to militancy by the frenzied words of their Presbyterian pastors. Many an old quarrel was fought out to the bitter end under the grim shadows of those jerry-built Manchester houses, and great was the

tearful moaning, the loud groaning, and the keening that prevailed after the marauders had withdrawn, and motionless recumbent figures, all bashed and bloody, marked the scene of the recent combat. None knew—except those engaged in them—of the awful tragedies these fights involved ; and none—outside these Irish quarters—cared.

In 1843, when the Repeal Association was founded, the Irish in Manchester were among those who contributed most liberally to its support. In 1848 there was a great rally round Feargus O'Connor, who was immensely popular among the poor in Manchester, and a large body of Irish and English Chartists set out, simultaneously with those in Liverpool, to join him. They were, however, met on the way, a few miles out of Manchester, by a strong force of policemen and soldiers, who, after repeated charges, in which many were injured on both sides, forced them to disperse.

The founding of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood (the I.R.B.) in America and Ireland saw branches of both organizations speedily established in Manchester. The local central branch of the Irish I.R.B. met at 50 Marshall Street, where John Joseph Finnigan achieved a big reputation by his speeches ; the headquarters of the American I.R.B., or Clan-na-Gael, still a great force in Irish Manchester, were kept secret. Manchester played an important *rôle* both in the Fenian Affair of 1865—which ended in the arrest of James Stephens, mainly through a subtle trick on the part of the Manchester police—and in the Rising of 1867, when, for awhile, all eyes were focussed on it. The plot of the Fenians for the seizing of Chester Castle was concocted,

partly in Manchester, partly in Liverpool. It was betrayed, and the local principals concerned in it were arrested through the agency of spies employed by the Manchester police; and it was in Manchester that the scuffle to effect the rescue of the prisoners, which resulted in the unfortunate shooting of a police constable and the subsequent hanging of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, "the Manchester Martyrs," also took place. Since then, Manchester, as far as the Irish are concerned, has been more tranquil, although a large percentage of its Irish Colony have always been—and still are—pronounced members of the Clan-na-Gael.

The potato famines and evictions that led to so large a migration of the Irish to Liverpool in the '40's and '50's, were also mainly responsible for the first migration of the Irish to Manchester. In later years, owing to the miserable wages paid to the manual labourer, thousands have been driven out of Ireland and forced to seek their living elsewhere. Those that could not afford to go to Australia or America have come to England, and with the prospect of obtaining employment at Manchester and Liverpool, where the wages for dockers, porters, and factory hands are incomparably better than in their own country, it is there that they have naturally settled.

As navvies, the men from Connaught were unbeatable; thousands were employed on the railroads and in quarries round about Manchester and Liverpool, and a considerable number were engaged for the construction of the Manchester Ship Canal.

As much has been done of late in Manchester to improve the conditions of the labouring classes, the lot of the Irishman has naturally changed for the better.

In some cases, no doubt, his wages might be higher, but, on the whole, the Irish manual labourer in Manchester has little to complain of.

Also the inter-marrying between the more wealthy of the Irish and the Manchester English has almost eradicated racial feeling ; at any rate, so little does it count with the bulk of the professional and business class of Irish in Manchester, that the majority are in favour of the continuation of the Union. It is not so with the poor Irish ; their religion on the one hand, and on the other black and bitter memories of past days, handed down from one generation to another, and constantly alluded to in speeches and debates at the meetings of their secret societies, have combined in keeping up their racial differences, and in perpetuating their racial sentiments and antipathies.

CHAPTER III

THE IRISH IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

WITHOUT doubt, Ireland's earliest associations with London are exclusively connected with the Irish Church. Although there is no positive testimony, there is a legend that Irish missionaries first came to London in the reign of King Lucius, who, having sent over to Rome in A.D. 156, to ask for assistance in the establishment of Christianity in Britain, was referred to Ireland, whose inhabitants were already well versed in the Christian Faith, as a country easily accessible and competent to instruct.

In all probability, this early date saw the commencement of the first Irish Settlement in London. Almost entirely composed of monks, this colony flourished and increased through fresh immigration, till the Anglo-Saxons totally destroyed the city of London, and exterminated all its inhabitants. The whole country conquered by these robbers, heathenism and barbarity again held sway in it until a second band of Irish missionaries, nothing daunted by the innumerable dangers that faced them, came to England, and eventually succeeded in re-establishing there the Church and creed they so much loved.

According to some authorities, London was won back to Christianity by St. Finnian, who, accompanied by a party of some twelve or so young Irish priests, visited the city in, or about, the year A.D. 525. In any case, to this date may be ascribed the commencement of the second Irish Colony in London, which colony, like the

first—almost entirely composed of priests—grew and flourished through the succeeding centuries.

Although, contemporaneously with these monks, Irish traders came to London, not infrequently in Irish ships, to sell their home products, but few seemed to have settled there, and from first to last the nature of the colony remained ecclesiastical. It was not until the end of the twelfth century that the Irish monks began to leave the country they had done so much for, and their exodus, owing to the English invasion of Ireland, and the consequent change of relationship between the two countries, soon became so rapid and complete that, in the course of a very few years, the colony in London was extinct. Irishmen of another type now began to come over. Chieftains, conspicuous amongst whom were the O'Neills and the O'Donnells, prompted solely by political motives, took up their abode—often for indefinite periods—in London's gayest quarters, whilst Irish seamen, finding their way to London in Anglo-Norman ships, lodged in the numerous small and ill-kept houses that crowded the banks of the Thames between Old Wapping and Blackfriars ; and added to this moving colony were numbers of Irishmen whom the various wars, civil and foreign, brought to England under Norman leaders. An Irish contingent invariably took part in all the principal campaigns of the Middle Ages—in the Anglo-Welsh war, when, under Felim O'Connor and Maurice Fitzgerald, they showed conspicuous bravery in the siege of Gannocke, where Richard MacWilliam Bourke was killed ; in Edward III's war against the Scots, when they led the attack at Halidon Hill, 1333, under Maurice, first Earl of Desmond ; in the war against the



SIR RICHARD STEELE

[See p. 106]

French, 1347–1356, when, under Maurice Fitzgerald and Maurice, Earl of Desmond, they won special commendation from the King for their gallantry ; in the war against the French, 1415, when, under Thomas Butler, they aided not a little in the victory at Agincourt by the impetuosity of their charges ; in the Wars of the Roses, where they fought on either side—under James Butler, fifth Earl of Ormonde, for the Lancastrians, and under Thomas Fitzgerald, seventh Earl of Kildare, for the Yorkists.

The Irish also participated in the insurrection of Lambert Simnel in 1487, when they fought at Stoke under John of Lincoln ; and in the 1495 to 1497 Rising of Perkin Warbeck, when they fought for the latter in various parts of England.

When the wars were over and their services were no longer required, those who were able returned to Ireland, whilst most of the remainder tramped to London, and, taking up their abode among their fellow-countrymen on the banks of the Thames, engaged in whatever kind of work they could obtain. This river colony, in fluctuating numbers, continued to be constituted mainly of seamen and ex-soldiers, till well into the sixteenth century, when the military element in it died out.

Traders now began to settle in London, preferring the quieter but more costly neighbourhood of Smithfield and St. Giles, Cripplegate ; and the Irish in London continued to be composed chiefly of merchants and sailors, till the seventeenth century was well in progress, when, for the first time, there came over a sprinkling of men who read for the bar, wrote, acted, or sought for clerkships.

The lawyers settled in or around the Temple, the bulk

of the writers and actors drifted to Alsatia, that is to say, to the neighbourhood of Whitefriars ; whilst those engaged in office work looked for apartments most handy to the scene of their labours. As may be noted, the new immigrants did not congregate in any special district in order to be closely in touch with one another, but their sympathies being more diversified than those of the poorer class Irish they drifted apart, and each individual chose for himself the environment which best suited his tastes or vocation.

From 1642–1649, during the progress of the Civil War, the soldier element was once more in evidence. With very few exceptions, all the Irishmen—and they numbered not a few—who took part in this war, fought on the Royalist side, but they did so, not because they loved King Charles—for the latter's conduct to Ireland had been shameful, and many of these very soldiers had fought against him under Sir Phelim or Owen Roe O'Neill—but because they so thoroughly abhorred his enemies, the bigoted, bullying Puritans.

In September, 1643, four Irish regiments, each of about 800 men, but with no Celtic-Irish officers, were dispatched from Ireland by Ormonde to the assistance of Charles. They landed at Mostyn, in Flint, and were defeated at Nantwich, 25th January, 1644, by Sir T. Fairfax. About 700 were killed, 1,600 taken prisoners, and the remainder fled to Lancashire and joined Prince Rupert. The Prince already had a few score of Irishmen with him, several of whom were members of the old representative Irish clans, and nearly all of whom had had experience in fighting on the Continent. These, added to the new-comers, formed a by no means inconsiderable portion of the Prince's

entire force, and to them was due, in a very great measure, the relief of the Royalists in York.

They startled the stolid Parliamentarian yeomen by the mad impulse of their charges, but at Marston Moor they lost heavily, were at length surrounded by an overwhelming number of Cromwell's Ironsides, and almost annihilated. What few survived and escaped capture rode with Prince Rupert from the battlefield, fought again at Naseby, and, after following the fortunes of the Prince till his surrender at Bristol, 10th September, 1645, left him to join Montrose's Irish Brigade in Scotland. Of those who were captured at Marston Moor, some were executed off-hand, whilst others, eventually brought to London, were lodged in one or other of the jails like common felons. On the cessation of hostilities, those who had survived the abominable hardships and privations to which they had been subjected in small, foul, foetid, over-crowded dungeons, being unable to return to Ireland through lack of means, sought lodgings, mostly, in the poorest back streets of Whitefriars, where they drifted into all kinds of occupations.

In February, 1645, a grim tragedy was enacted in London, in which two Irish ex-soldiers, Connor Maguire and MacMahon, were the unfortunate principals. Connor Maguire, son of Brien Roe, first Baron of Enniskillen, and of the sister of Owen Roe O'Neill, was born in Fermanagh in 1616. In 1641 he entered enthusiastically into Sir Phelim O'Neill's plan for a general insurrection, and for the expulsion of the Anglo-Scotch robbers from Ulster. At the conferences, many of which were held in his rooms at Mr. Nevil's, a surgeon, in Castle Street, near the pillory, it was arranged Sir Phelim O'Neill should

seize Charlemont ; Sir James Dillon, the Fort of Galway ; Sir Morgan Cavanagh and Hugh MacFelim, the Fort of Duncannon ; and Maguire, Barry, Plunket and others, Dublin Castle. Unhappily for Maguire the plot was betrayed, and, whilst the majority of the conspirators escaped, he was arrested. After being incarcerated in Dublin Castle for a year, he was brought over to England in company with his friend MacMahon, and lodged in the Tower of London.

During their imprisonment they were more than once submitted to the rack, and made to undergo other hideous forms of cruelty, equally dear to Charles's heart. After being confined for two years, they succeeded in escaping, and hid in a house in Drury Lane, and would probably have got right away to the Continent, had it not been for MacMahon, who, unable to withstand the sight of some very tempting-looking oysters, called to their vendor from his bedroom window. By an extraordinary piece of ill-luck someone happened to be passing by at the moment who recognized his voice and, on his giving the alarm, the two were at once recaptured and placed once again in their old quarters. Both of them were brought up for trial for high treason at the King's Bench on the 11th November, 1644.

Maguire pleaded his right to be tried by his peers in Ireland : this was denied him, and his final trial was fixed for 10th February, 1645. Despite his youth, inexperience, and debility incurred through his sufferings, he defended himself bravely, and urged so many technical objections that the case was prolonged for a second day. The Judge, however, who showed clearly how bitterly prejudiced he was against the Irish, charged strongly against

him ; he and MacMahon were both found guilty and condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered. Despite their request, the consolation of a priest was denied to them, and, although it was contrary to custom, they were both subjected to many indignities and torments after being led back to prison.

On the morning of the 20th of February, 1645, they were both rudely disturbed by their jailers, who, after buffeting them soundly, when they again petitioned for a priest, threw them on the ground and bound them, face uppermost, on hurdles attached by long ropes to horses. They were then dragged along the ground over cobble stones and ruts, through dust and mire, down street after street, till they came to Tyburn, where a huge crowd of laughing, jeering Londoners, men, women and children, had assembled to see "the sport." On their arrival at the gallows, as they were unable to stand—being almost reduced to a state of jelly—they were hauled on to their feet and thrust on to a cart placed immediately beneath the fatal tree. Once again they begged for a priest, and once again their request was roughly refused. They were now partly stripped, their hands bound behind them, and the nooses adjusted round their necks. The executioners then jumped on the ground, the cart was hurriedly drawn away, and amidst long yells of delight and excitement from the all-expectant, tip-toeing crowd, the forms of the two young Irishmen were seen—like mice in a pail of water—struggling helplessly and hopelessly for life. Every detail of the horrible sentence was carried into effect, and not until the last item was well over did the people begin to move away, and, even then, many lingered

behind to feast their eyes on the spot where it had occurred.

The man who, next to the Judge, did most in compassing the deaths of Maguire and MacMahon was William Prynne, who throughout showed an extraordinary malignancy to the two captives. Bad as had been the treatment of the majority of Irish political prisoners in England brought before this Court, none had been subjected to quite such an ignominious and shameful ending as these two scions of ancient and time-honoured Irish families, and their fate sent a thrill of horror and disgust not only throughout Ireland, but, in a measure almost as great, throughout France and Spain.

Towards the close of the war between Charles and his Parliament the Irish in London began, for the first time, to figure conspicuously in literature and art. Among the first to win distinction were James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, Sir James Ware and Sir John Denham, both of whom took part in the Civil War ; and Ludowick Barry, who was the first Irish dramatist to write in English. They are all referred to more fully in the chapter of seventeenth century biographies.

In 1678, the Titus Oates Plot led to a general persecution of the Irish, Catholic as well as Protestant—for in the eyes of the ignorant English mob Irish spelt Papist—and many of the Irish in London, lucky to escape with their lives, had their houses burned over their heads. Similar outrages occurred during the Revolution of 1688, but from that time onward, till the year 1780, when the Lord George Gordon riots broke out, with the exception of minor disturbances on the occasion of the Young Pretender's retreat from Derby, the Irish in London

enjoyed comparative quiet. During this interlude of peace, the Irish population in London had increased considerably. To account for the increase of the colony, it may be stated that nine ships plied between Ireland and London, which meant the employment of more seamen, many of whom were Irishmen ; and that, wages for all kinds of work being higher in London than in Ireland, Irish labourers also began to come over. The bulk of these settled in Bristol, Liverpool and Manchester, but a fair percentage found their way to London, where they worked as masons and bricklayers, in the docks, or on the roads, or at any job they could get. Being mostly Catholic, they were gregarious, and founded a fresh settlement in the neighbourhood of the Old Fleet Market, where Farringdon Street now runs.

In addition to these seamen and labourers, the growing trade with London brought over from Ireland more merchants and more clerks ; the glamour of London life attracted more and more of the literary and theatrically inclined Irish ; whilst more and more of the professional Irish—lawyers and doctors—imagining that in a city so prosperous as London their prospects would be better, chose it in preference to poorer Dublin.

Of all these immigrants few were of real Celtic origin ; the more educated and the seamen were mostly from the English pale, and the labourers, though they largely hailed from Connaught, were in the main descendants of the first English settlers there.

After 1750, the rate of immigration was very much more rapid. Irishmen of all vocations in life began to pour over. Many took up literature, many went on the stage, many entered the Army and read for the bar,

while large numbers went into business. But the biggest increase of all was in the labouring population, which by 1846 was close on 40,000. There were in that year not far short of 260,000 Irishmen in England, 5,300 in Wales, and 127,000 in Scotland.

The number of Irishmen in London who distinguished themselves during the eighteenth century was large, even for this increase of population, but may be partly explained as follows : The English political arena was for the first time thrown open to Irishmen ; London, owing to the founding of the Royal Academy, became better known as an art centre ; and the English Army offered a new field for Irish military aspirants.

The Irishman could fight, and—in the place of those whose duty it was to fight for their town and country, but who preferred to stay at home and make money—he fought uncommonly well. After the French Wars of 1745–1748, 1756–1763, all through the end of the eighteenth century, Irish soldiers, discharged through wounds received in action, were to be seen limping along the London streets and beseeching for coppers. They had no pension, no fund was opened for them, and dozens of them died from sheer starvation. Half of Wellington's Army that drove the French out of Spain and finally defeated them at Waterloo were Irish, as were half of Nelson's fleet at the Nile and Trafalgar.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century up to the year 1780, the relations between the Irish poor and the Londoners with whom they mixed were tolerably amicable ; occasionally there was friction between them, and in 1745 occurred a small riot, but it was not until the great agitation against the Catholic Relief Measures

was started that anything of a serious or alarming nature too place. After a violent outburst against the Catholics in Edinburgh, London was beginning to simmer ; but it is very doubtful if matters would have come to a crisis, had it not been for the interference of Lord George Gordon, who, on 29th May, 1780, presided over a meeting in Coachmakers' Hall, London, to consider a petition to Parliament for the Repeal of the Catholic Relief Act, and thus instigated the disturbance subsequently known as the Lord George Gordon Riots.

The chief sufferers in the Lord George Gordon Riots were the Irish ; Mr. Langdale alone lost property to the extent of £100,000, and hundreds of others were left homeless and destitute. Of the killed and injured there was no official record—the affair was scarcely a credit to any Government—and the enquiry into the losses of the Irish was of the most superficial nature. In all probability at least a thousand perished, whilst as many more received serious injuries.

From 1780 to 1798 the London Irish enjoyed comparative tranquillity. Then came the “ ’98 ” Rebellion, in which many of the Irish in London participated. Of the three leaders of the Rising, one, Arthur O’Connor, nephew of Lord Longueville, was incarcerated for awhile in the Tower. O’Connor’s life had been strangely full of vicissitudes. Born at Mitchels, near Bandon, 4th July, 1763, he was educated at Trinity, Dublin, and called to the bar in 1783. As he inherited a fortune of about £1,500 a year, he never practised law, but, standing for Parliament instead, was elected member for Philips-town, and so distinguished himself by his speeches on Indian affairs, that he was given an appointment as

Commissioner of Revenue by Pitt. Early attaching himself to the popular party led by Grattan, he joined in the demand for Catholic Emancipation.

Before long, however, he went further. Perceiving, like Tone and others of the Extremists, that Ireland would never obtain the really necessary reforms so long as it remained attached to England, he threw in his lot with Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the United Irishmen. Accompanying Lord Edward to the Continent in the Autumn of 1796, he had an interview with Hoche on the French frontier, regarding the possibility of obtaining the assistance of France in asserting the independence of Ireland. On his return to Dublin, O'Connor was arrested for sedition and imprisoned for six months in Dublin Castle. Shortly after his liberation he took a prominent part in starting the *Press* newspaper, the organ of the United Irishman.

About this time, Wolfe Tone went over to France and pleaded the cause of Ireland so successfully with the French Directory, that a formidable fleet under Hoche, having Tone on board, was dispatched from Brest. The wind and waves that had wrecked Spanish Philip's Armada once again intervened for England, and, after arriving so close to the Irish coast as to be able to set foot on land, Hoche was compelled to withdraw to France. The English Government, however, being now thoroughly alarmed, troops were poured into Ireland, police spies were set to work in all directions, the *Press* was suppressed, and measures taken for the arrest of all those associated with it. O'Connor had long been marked, and on the 27th of February, 1798, as he and his friend, the Rev. James O'Coigley, accompanied by three other United

Irishmen, Binns, Allen and O'Leary, were dining at an inn on the quay at Margate, having come thither from London in a Whitstable hoy, they were all pounced upon by a strong posse of police and soldiers, and, after being searched, escorted to London. In O'Connor's baggage, a military uniform and the key to a cipher correspondence with Lord Edward Fitzgerald were stated to have been found, and in O'Coigley's a paper from a Secret Committee to the Executive Directory of France. A great deal was made of the fact that all the prisoners carried arms, but since highway robberies were frequent in all parts of England at that time few travellers would have ventured abroad without a weapon of some kind. Directly after O'Connor's arrest a raid was made on his headquarters at 62 Abbey Street, Dublin, where his private correspondence, and all that in connection with the *Press*, were seized.

The trial of the prisoners for high treason was held on the 21st of May, 1798, before Mr. Justice Bullen, at Maidstone. Fox, Grattan, Erskine, Sheridan, the Duke of Norfolk and several others all spoke on behalf of O'Connor, and were most emphatic in their statements that they held him to be innocent of the charge brought against him. Though the Judge was bitterly prejudiced against the Irish, he could do little in the face of such a flow of eloquence as poured from the lips of the greatest orators in England, and, in consequence, O'Connor, Binns, Allen and O'Leary were acquitted. O'Coigley alone was convicted, and on the 7th of June was taken on a hurdle drawn by two horses from Maidstone jail to Pennington Heath, where, after hanging in mid-air for twelve minutes, he was cut down, and, though still

breathing, quartered. O'Coigley protested to the last that he was innocent, and that the papers found on him had been put there by police spies in order to procure his arrest.¹

With regard to O'Connor, so determined was the Judge that he should not get off, that he had him re-arrested on another warrant before he had had time to leave the dock.

The Earl of Thanet and a Mr. Ferguson made a plucky attempt to rescue him, but failed, and were each sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the Tower and a heavy fine. O'Connor, after a few days' detention in the Tower, was transferred to Dublin, and afterwards committed to Newgate. There, together with other State prisoners, he was forced to enter into a compact with the Government, under which, on the understanding that the executions should be stopped, and that all the prisoners should be allowed to leave England, O'Connor and the other captives consented to reveal, without implicating anyone, the plans and workings of the United Irishmen.

No sooner, however, did the Government extract the information it wanted from them, than it broke its word, and, instead of permitting them to go to the United States as they wished, it had them committed to Fort George in Scotland. After three years in this dreary prison, where they were more humanely treated by Lieut.-Governor Stuart than the Government had any idea of, they were deported to the Continent and set at liberty—this final step being due to pressure put upon the Government by O'Connor's friends. No sooner was

¹ Full particulars of his death are to be found in the work entitled *State Trials*.

O'Connor set free than he at once proceeded to Paris, in the hope of persuading Napoleon to send over another expedition to Ireland.

His frankness and devotion to the cause of liberty, however, awoke no response in the Emperor, who, although ready enough to support any action to the detriment of England, was unwilling to give encouragement to any scheme that might lead to the establishment of another Republic. He, therefore, listened to O'Connor with that coldness that was often, as it was on this occasion, so terribly disconcerting, and when he had finished speaking, curtly changed the topic of conversation.

In O'Connor, however, Napoleon recognised ability, and appointed him General of Division in the French Army. He died at Bignon on the 25th of April, 1852, and was buried in the local cemetery. O'Connor wrote several works, the most important of which was *Monopoly, the Cause of all Evil*, published in 1848. He was bitterly opposed to Daniel O'Connell and his policy. Writing of him in *The Lives of the United Irishmen*, Dr. Madden says, "No man was more sincere in his patriotism, more capable of making great sacrifices for his country, or brought greater abilities to its cause."

CHAPTER IV

THE IRISH IN LONDON (*continued*)

THE dawn of the nineteenth century, and the return to comparative quiet after the execution of O'Coigley and the deportation of the leaders of the United Irishmen, saw a big increase in the Irish migration to London. The better educated classes settled in all parts, the poorer mostly in the vicinity of Covent Garden and the Fleet. Few took up their abode in Wapping, which had ceased to be Irish, and had become entirely heterogeneous. There were, perhaps, fewer Irish writers and actors in London at this time, but there were many more doctors and lawyers ; and, also, shops kept by Irishmen speedily ceased to be a novelty. Among the immigrants of the nineteenth century, however, there were few real Celts, by far the majority were of Anglo-Irish or Scotch-Irish extraction. The pure Celt still preferred the Continent or the United States.

On the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill in 1829, there was great rejoicing among all the Irish in London, Protestants as well as Roman Catholics, for it must not be forgotten that all the great advocates—Grattan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, Arthur O'Connor and Emmet—for Catholic Emancipation in Ireland had hitherto been Protestant. Bonfires were lit in Bloomsbury Square, Covent Garden, and on either bank of the Fleet ; patriotic songs, such as "O'Donnell Abu," "Roisin Dubh," "The Death of Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill," and others, were sung from house-tops and cellars, green

flags waved everywhere, and a general carnival of fun and thanksgiving was kept up from sunset to sunrise.

In 1835, the Orange anniversary riots found answering echoes on a small scale in London, where several street scuffles occurred, and the windows of a number of Catholic shops and private houses were pelted with stones, dead fish, and other refuse. In 1843, huge demonstrations took place in various open spaces in London by Irishmen of all creeds against the arrest of Daniel O'Connell, and many speeches—some very able—were made by the London Repeal Association. In February, 1844, when let out on bail, O'Connell himself visited London, addressed large meetings, and was respectfully received in the House of Commons. In May, the Court gave judgment, and O'Connell had to return to be sentenced. From that moment to the day of his release, there was no abatement to the excitement and indignation of his fellow-countrymen in London, and many were the plans discussed for a general rising to rescue him. Some were in favour of a huge brigade being dispatched to Ireland, and others for a raid on Westminster, and the destruction of the Houses of Parliament.

Happily, however, sounder counsel prevailed, and nothing took place beyond a few slight skirmishes with the police to disturb the peace. Shortly after O'Connell's release his party split, and the Young Ireland Association was formed. It advocated revolution by force and complete separation from England, and numbered among its leaders Terence MacManus, George Smyth, Dr. Murphy, and Feargus O'Connor, nephew of General Arthur O'Connor. In London it had many supporters, and thousands—ladies especially—flocked to hear the

fiery language and unrestrained ardour of its good-looking youthful leaders, whose oratory was modelled on the lines of Desmoulins and Roland rather than on those of Burke or Grattan. Perhaps the zenith of its fame in London was reached when it amalgamated—or was supposed to amalgamate, for in reality very few of its members did—with the great Chartist Demonstration of April, 1848, which demonstration, for many very obvious reasons, ended, as the more thoughtful had anticipated, in accomplishing nothing. Those of the Irish who took part in it, however, had one satisfaction, they enjoyed a good joke at the expense of the police.

So fearful were the authorities that the “wild” Irishmen, as they were generally—and fallaciously—deemed, would “kick over the traces” and create a riot, that extraordinary precautions were taken, and in addition to large bodies of extra police being brought to London from the provinces, thousands of special constables, either in their dotage or hardly out of short trousers, were “sworn in.” An odder or more ludicrous exhibition than that of London’s hastily improvised police on duty cannot be imagined. And the professional element on this occasion was, perhaps, hardly less comic. Its members stalking along on either side of the procession—their ponderous arms keeping time to the ambling, mechanical stride of their big, ungainly feet, their narrow brimmed, chimney-pot hats balanced with the greatest exactitude at precisely the same angle on their highly elevated heads—were oblivious of everything saving their own dignity and importance, and sublimely indifferent to the frantic endeavours of their amateur comrades to keep back the crowds that lined the streets; whilst the said

amateur force, all heights, and widths, and ages, dressed in all styles—in baggy trousers, tight trousers, black trousers, audaciously checked trousers ; with wasp waists, with no waists ; and consisting of dudes, parsons, artists, clerks (all carrying truncheons, which, had matters really come to a crisis, would have been wrenched from their grasp and laid across their heads in the twinkling of an eye), tried to appear professional and failed dismally. Needless to say, it was not they who prevented a fracas ; nor was it the threat of a regiment of Guards with ball cartridges, for the “ ‘98 ” testified to the little the Irish civilian feared the soldiers of the Crown—it was the priests who kept the peace by successfully prevailing upon the Irish element among the Chartists to proceed without resorting to violence.

Two years later saw the London streets in much graver danger of bloodshed. On 18th February, 1849, Bishop Walsh, Vicar Apostolic of London, died, and on 6th August, 1850, the Pope sent for Bishop Wiseman, the new Vicar-Apostolic of London, and created him Cardinal and Archbishop of Westminster. This act was thoroughly disapproved of by the Protestants in England ; but when the Pope declared the Hierarchy to be restored, and, in obedience to him, Cardinal Wiseman issued a pastoral, handed to him from the Flaminian Gate of Rome, in which he gave a full description of the various sects, and in conclusion ordered *Te Deums* to be sung in commemoration of the event in all the Catholic churches in England, the storm burst. Lord John Russell violently denounced the Pope’s action both in and out of Parliament, declaring it to be a gross interference with the spiritual independence of the country,

and other well-known Peers and Members of Parliament followed his example. Such an outcry against the Catholics had not been heard since 1780, and as Wiseman was an Irishman, and all Irishmen were reckoned to be Papists, whether they were so or not, the Irish in London, Protestant as well as Catholic, came in for a bad time. Wiseman was burned in effigy in Hyde Park, Hampstead Heath, and in a dozen other places, and his London residence was stoned and otherwise damaged ; whilst similar attacks were made on the houses of several other well-known Roman Catholics, and on many of the houses of the very poor, numbers of whom were roughly handled and so seriously injured, that they had to be taken to the hospitals. Of the papers, *The Times*, usually so moderate in tone, was almost the most virulent in its attacks on the Irish, and *Punch*, somewhat losing its head, went out of its way to insult them, some of its cartoons of the Pope being in such bad taste that John Doyle, at that time on its staff, resigned his post in disgust.

When the Wiseman agitation died out, which it finally did with the resignation of Lord John Russell's Second Ministry in 1852, the Irish in London were given a respite, though public interest was to a certain extent concentrated on the doings of the Irish clique in Parliament, christened by the Press, "The Pope's Brass Band." The doings of this gang may be summarised briefly thus : The effects of the great potato famine in Ireland on landlord and tenant had been such that both were in urgent need of relief measures. Parliament soon came to the aid of the landlord by passing the Encumbered Estates Act, by means of which a landlord or his creditors might petition to have an estate sold in the Court established for that

purpose under the Act. This was a very necessary piece of legislation, as many estates were literally weighed down by mortgages and settlements of every description. Later on, by an addition to the Act, the powers of the Court were increased to permit the sale of estates that were not so encumbered.

Now, although it had acted fairly precipitately in the case of the landlord, the English Government showed no such eagerness to do anything for the tenant. At last, those in sympathy with the latter began to agitate. Conferences were held in Ireland by Sir John Gray, the Protestant proprietor of *Freeman's Journal*, William Shannon Crawford, Charles Gavan Duffy, Mr. Greer, and Mr. Frederick Lucas, the Catholic proprietor of *The Tablet*; and in the House of Commons by Mr. John Bright, ever on the side of need and justice. The result of these meetings was the formation of the Tenants' League, composed of both Catholics and Protestants, the Parliamentary representatives of which were pledged to oppose any Government—Whig or Tory—that did not accede to its requests. In addition to *The Tablet*, the League had the support of *The Nation*, suppressed in 1848, but revived by Charles Gavan Duffy; *The Banner of Ulster*, edited by Dr. M'Knight; and *The Cork Examiner*, edited by John Francis Maguire—a formidable array of talent, which enabled the League to make an impressive *début* before the public, and a strong fight against Lord John Russell and his anti-Irish Whigs. With the dissolution of the Whig Government and the return to power of the Tories under Lord Derby, the Tenants' League at last had a chance. Over fifty of its members were elected, they became a power in the

House, and were known in course of time as "The Irish Brigade." Unfortunately, its leaders, John and James Sadleir, William Keogh, and Edmund O'Flaherty, owing to whose fiery eloquence the Irish party was also christened "The Pope's Brass Band," were all consummate posers. Instead of having the welfare of the tenants at heart as they professed, they thought only of self-aggrandisement, and regarded the House of Commons solely as a happy hunting-ground for promoting the concerns of their private life. The Sadleirs owned the Tipperary Bank, in which the other two had big interests, and, conjointly, they ran a paper called *The Telegraph*, presumably to uphold the principles they professed, but in reality to bolster up their business. Having plenty of money and spending it lavishly, they had, of course, a large following, but were a great deal more popular in London than in Dublin. They lived in Mayfair and their entertainments were quite the events of the season. In no other drawing-rooms in Town had there ever been assembled quite such a gathering of the new rich and Jews, leavened by a sprinkling of Tory aristocrats, who were attracted thither, either by the splendour of the upholstery, or by the exquisite quality of the food, or by the certain prospect of seeing their names in print afterwards.

There was only wanted some small provocation in the House for the fame of these four men to reach its climax. The occasion came when Lord John Russell returned to office and read his Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, declaring the Papal Bull of 1850 null and void, and imposing a fine of £100 on all who tried to carry it into effect. As may be imagined, such a measure was not too

joyfully received by the Roman Catholics, and the Sadleirs, Keogh and O'Flaherty considerably added to their laurels by the manner in which they opposed it. Their speeches were generally admitted to be some of the finest and most convincing that had been heard in the House for a great number of years, and they considerably strengthened the confidence placed in them by the Tenants' League, which gave them a most effusive welcome in Ireland on their return thither during the prorogation of Parliament.

Most satisfactory of all, however, was the enormous increase in the receipts of their bank—half Ireland and a very fair percentage of their visitors in Mayfair banked with them. So far so good. Having got all they could out of one party, they now thought it high time to see what was to be extracted from the other. The desertion was not publicly known till the Derby Government of 1852 dissolved, and its place was taken by the Whigs under the leadership of Lord Aberdeen. Then, to the utter astonishment and indignation of the Irish—more particularly of the Tenant Leaguers—it was seen in the papers that their four quondam and idolized leaders had gone over to the enemy, and that John Sadleir had become a Lord of the Treasury; Keogh, Solicitor-General of Ireland; and O'Flaherty, Commissioner of Income Tax.

A terrific outcry at once arose against the traitors; their dismissal from office was vehemently demanded, and all sorts of enquiries began to be made into their private characters. Then followed such a series of disclosures as had never been heard of before in connection with a number of men simultaneously holding positions

of honour and responsibility. To begin with, it was discovered that John Sadleir was a forger. In order to avoid arrest he left his house in the dead of night, Saturday, 16th February, 1856, and wandering, frantic with fear and misery, on to Hampstead Heath, cut his throat there in the cold grey of the morning. That was startling enough, but more sensational news was to follow. The dead man was proved to have committed a whole series of forgeries and embezzlements; both his life and his brother's had been made up of lies and robberies; whilst, to cap all, their bank was a fraud. It burst like a bubble and ruined thousands. James Sadleir was expelled from the House of Commons, a warrant was issued for his arrest, and his house was searched. He was never found, however, nor was it ever known whether he, too, committed suicide, or whether, eluding his pursuers, he managed to get safely out of England.

O'Flaherty, who was also wanted on various charges of felony, succeeded in escaping to Denmark, where there was no extradition treaty, and thence to New York. What subsequently became of him is not known.

Keogh, undoubtedly the worst of the lot, was presumably within the law; anyhow, he managed to extricate himself, even though, as some thought, he could only have done so by playing the part of informer.

To everyone's surprise, he was appointed a Judge, and as Mr. Justin McCarthy remarks, "was conspicuous for the rest of his life for his unfeeling and unaltering hostility to any and every Irish National Party." He died insane at Bingen, 30th September, 1878.

Of this notorious quartette only one—O'Flaherty—

was a pure Celt ; the rest were, respectively, of Anglo-Irish and of Scotch-Irish descent.

The removal of these four unsalubrious characters from the platform of politics saw the Irish Tenant Leaguers in possession of a much sounder and less theatrically eloquent a leader in Mr. Frederick Lucas, the owner of *The Tablet*. Mr. Lucas, stepping into the gap that had been so unhappily created, by his perseverance and unswerving devotion to the cause did much in restoring the confidence and equanimity of his party, which the recent rupture had so badly shaken. At this time the Catholic soldiers in the English Army were petitioning to have their grievances, which were many, enquired into, and it was pointed out by those interested on their behalf, that the two essentials on which the Army depended for its existence, namely, recruiting and discipline, would be seriously affected unless some attention was paid to their requests.

In a vigorous speech in the House of Commons, Mr. Lucas, on whom the Irish Catholics depended as their spokesman, laid bare the fact that on 3rd June, 1853, the actual strength of the British Army was 128,495 men, and not 200,000 as had been represented on paper. Of these, he stated, only 78,000 were Protestants—Church of England, as they were asked on enlistment to style themselves—in reality, the majority, many of whom were unbaptised and unconfirmed, were nothing ; 12,765 were Presbyterians ; and 44,400 were Irish Roman Catholics. In the Navy at least one-quarter of the men were Irish Roman Catholics. It was only reasonable, Mr. Lucas said with emphasis, that, taking into consideration their large percentage, the Irish

Catholics should have places of worship of their own when on shore, but, though they had frequently petitioned for such, their requests had been steadily ignored. But this was not all. The few Roman Catholic chaplains there were in the Services—a number out of all proportion to that of the Roman Catholic laity—only received one-seventh of the pay due to them, and the children of Roman Catholic parents were compelled to learn the Protestant Catechism and to attend Protestant schools.

But, despite the strength of Mr. Lucas's arguments, and the number of well-authenticated cases he introduced to support them, he could make no impression on the Protestant Whigs—they would consider nothing that suggested tolerance to, or reform for, the Catholics, and the debate ended in futility.

As a last resource, Mr. Lucas appealed to Rome for help, and then, worn out with his labours, he became seriously ill, and retiring to Staines, died there, 22nd October, 1853.

The foundation of Fenianism in America soon saw branches of its chief organisation, the Clan-na-Gael, also started in London; but the whereabouts of the headquarters of these branches, together with the identity of their members, were kept rigorously secret. During the great Fenian outbreak of 1867, the Irish population of London kept quiet, but in 1868, as has been previously stated, a quite unjustifiably cruel and foolish attempt was made by a weak-minded and hysterical member of the Order to blow up Clerkenwell Prison and set some Irish prisoners free. The perpetrator failed to accomplish his object, but, as several people were killed in the explosion, he was very properly tried and executed.

A rumour was now spread abroad that the Fenians, intending to destroy the whole of London with dynamite, were already undermining it, and, although the impossibility of effecting such a scheme is obvious, many believed it would "come off." Extraordinary police precautions were taken, and for a long time half London lived in a chronic state of terror. Happily, however, there was no foundation for these fears, and beyond a few isolated outrages, such, for instance, as those at the Local Government Board Offices in 1883, at the Tower, and the House of Commons in 1885, and at one of the bridges, and public buildings in the early nineties, none of which, there is good reason to believe, was authorized by the I.R.B., the Fenians in London have kept quiet, thus comparing more than favourably with the English Women's Suffrage movement, which has distributed—and been allowed to distribute—its bombs with impunity.

Apart from the doings of the Fenians, few other events connected with the Irish collectively in London have made any great stir. Chief interest has, perhaps, attached itself to the Irish Members of Parliament, who have generally contrived to make their presence in the House felt in one way or another.

In July, 1877, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, who had for some time past attracted the notice of all parties in the House, for the first time became known to "the man in the street." He had already done much to render the Irish Home Rule Party, founded by Mr. Butt, entirely independent of any English political party, and he now proceeded to give it considerable prominence by organizing a series of manoeuvres to obstruct all business in the House, till Irish affairs should have received due attention.

Immense sensation was caused in London in the ranks of those who followed politics, by the announcement in the papers of the 28th and 29th July, 1877, that, owing to obstruction on the part of Mr. Parnell and his ninety followers, the debate on the South African Bill, begun on the morning of the 27th, had been protracted for 26 hours. "However amusing such tactics may appear to Mr. Parnell and his followers," one critic wrote, "the poignancy of their humour is somewhat lost on their English colleagues, who come to the House for serious business and not to sky-lark."

But a few repetitions of these impedimentary methods must have convinced even that critic that the Parnellites were not merely at play, but that they were, just as much as any other members of the House, out for business, grim and dour. As a matter of fact, Mr. Parnell did not invent the obstructive policy ; it was of English origin, and so long ago as a century had been practised—though not successfully—in the House of Commons. Since 1877 it has been frequently used, and has proved a veritable thorn in the flesh to both Tory and Radical party.

The best known of the Irish Members—past and present—in England, whose doings in Westminster have caused them to be most discussed, are the following : Charles Stewart Parnell, Michael Davitt, Patrick Egan, William Shaw, John Dillon, J. Sullivan, Frank Hugh O'Donnell, William O'Brien, Tim Healy, Joseph Devlin, and John Redmond.

Much has been written, and more said, of the noisy and riotous behaviour of the Irish in Parliament, and of the disturbances they have at times created there. But even a cursory examination will show that they have

been grossly exaggerated by the press for the purpose of party politics, and that upon every occasion of actual disorder extenuating circumstances were universally admitted. Moreover, disturbances have been by no means confined to the Irish; Radicals and Tories alike have shown themselves adepts in it; and for wild, vindictive disorderliness, the scene in the House of Commons during the debate on the Parliament Act—when some one from the Opposition benches threw a missile at the Right Hon. Winston Churchill—a scene in which the Irish took no part—has never been surpassed.

At intervals, public feeling has been roused against the Irish, as, for example, at the time of the Phoenix Park murders in 1882, and the various alleged Fenian dynamite outrages; but their popularity has, nevertheless increased, and to-day the Irish population in London, in all probability, numbers between four and five hundred thousand. The original settlement near the Old Fleet Market lost its national identity soon after the Market was pulled down, and in time a new settlement, consisting of the poorest element of the Irish, all of whom were engaged in some kind of manual labour, was formed in Whitechapel. But the Irish working-man is no longer confined to one quarter; he is now to be found in every part of London, and is just as familiar a figure in the suburbs as he is in the neighbourhood of the City. Thousands of Irishmen are employed in the docks, thousands as carters, carriers, masons, and bricklayers, and being, on the whole, stronger physically than the English Londoners, despite the reputation he has been given for over-indulgence in alcohol, the Irishman makes, as a rule, a better labourer.

Of the educated Irish in London—professional, literary and artistic—numbers have gained distinction within the past thirty or so years ; and with regard to science—the department in which the Irish for so long lagged behind—the London Irishman now figures in the foremost ranks, as prominently, if not as frequently, as he still figures in the foremost ranks of soldiers and sailors.

The Irish population in London to-day is specially well provided with clubs and societies, and there is no truer or finer indication of the keenness and strength of Irish sentiment and patriotism than the sound financial condition of the majority of these organizations. For the Irishman of literary achievement and tastes there is the Irish Literary Society of 20 Hanover Square, W. It was founded in 1892, almost simultaneously with its sister society, the National Literary Society of Dublin, out of the ashes of several similar societies ; its two main objects being the formation of a centre of social and literary intercourse for persons of Irish nationality, and the promotion of the study of the language, literature, history, drama, music, art, and economics of Ireland. Its inaugural meeting took place on a stormy December evening in 1891 at the house of the great Irish poet, Mr. William Butler Yeats, in Bedford Park. The presidents of the Society have been Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Barry O'Brien, Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, and Dr. Sophie Bryant. All these names speak volumes, and testify to the manner of men and women the Society has attracted, and is still attracting. It started in Bloomsbury, moved thence to Adelphi, and finally settled in Hanover Square.

The Irish Literary Society offers many advantages to

Irish men and women—for it is not restricted to either one sex—through its lectures, concerts, plays, social functions, original nights, Irish classes, and discussions. Among those who lectured before the Society in 1912–14 were Dr. Sophie Bryant, Miss Eleanor Hull, Miss Ethel Rolt-Wheeler, Mrs. J. R. Green, the Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett, Messrs. A. P. Graves, T. W. Rolleston, Conal O'Riordan, Frank Hugh O'Donnell, Patrick Kirwan, R. P. Farley, Philip Wilson, Hugh A. Law, M.P., R. E. W. Flower, F. J. Bigger, and the Rev. W. H. Drummond. Mr. A. P. Graves, author of the immortal “*Father O’Flynn*,” has shown himself to be one of the most indefatigable and useful members of the Society.

Out of the Irish Literary Society have sprung the Irish Texts Society and the Irish Folk Song Society. The Irish Texts Society, in whose foundation the late Professor York Powell took a prominent part, has done an immense amount of work in resuscitating and popularising the use of the Celtic language. It has published—to quote from the Souvenir Programme of the Coming of Age of the Irish Literary Society, in 1913—thirteen volumes of Irish texts with translations, including historical works, folk-lore, Ossianic and bardic poems, romance, and mediaeval translations from classical works into Irish. It has, in addition, published two modern Irish-English Dictionaries.

Every year the Society brings out hitherto unpublished Texts in Irish, and by a remarkably good management of its finance has produced a number of valuable works, which give the lie direct to the assumption that Ireland has no literature of its own.

One of the people who have done most work for the

Irish Text Society is Miss Eleanor Hull, authoress of *The Cuchullin Saga in Irish Literature*, and other publications.

The Society now numbers 650 members and is known in many parts of the world.

The Irish Folk Song Society was initiated in 1904, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mrs. Milligan Fox. It may surprise the average Englishman, who has been brought up to look upon Ireland as a land of pigs and potatoes only, to hear that Ireland possesses a folk music of its own, compared with which, both in range and quality, that of England counts as nothing. Indeed, for the beauty of its melodies, the Irish folk music has no equal in Europe, a fact well recognized by Mrs. Milligan Fox, to whose indefatigable efforts the Folk Song Society, which has as its primary object the dissemination of the more recently discovered folk airs through the medium of a journal published periodically, as well as by well organized entertainments, owes its origin and its success. Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves in his article on "Ireland's Share in Folk Song Revival," that appeared in the Souvenir Programme of the Coming of Age of the Irish Literary Society of London, tells how Mrs. Milligan Fox, calling one day at Morley's, the harp maker, learned that one of Mr. Morley's customers had a grandfather who had amassed a wealth of Irish music. Mrs. Fox, being at once interested, enquired the name and address of this customer, who turned out to be Dr. Louis Macrory, of Battersea. Dr. Macrory placed at her disposal the collection of his grandfather, James Bunting, the famous Belfast musician and composer, which collection comprised a large number of original airs. These had lain neglected for so long, Mr. Graves explains, because their

collector, Patrick Lynch, had betrayed his employer Russell, who was sent to the gallows, and no one would publish or have anything to do with the manuscripts of a traitor. By Mrs. Milligan Fox, however, they were regarded as a veritable godsend—a godsend that would very materially add to the library of the Folk Song Society. Miss Alice Milligan, Mrs. Milligan Fox's sister, is now translating them into English, and later on they will undoubtedly be published.

On the Committee of the Society appear many well-known names in the musical and literary world. They include the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Dr. P. W. Joyce, Dr. H. H. Grattan Flood, Dr. Charles Wood, Dr. J. Todhunter, and Mr. A. P. Graves.

It is not uninteresting to note that the birth of the Irish Literary Societies of London and Dublin, and of another extremely valuable Society, namely, the Gaelic, took place at a period when Irish politics were at their lowest ebb, and all hope of Ireland obtaining a Parliament of its own seemed at an end. The Irish party in the House of Commons, split to pieces by the unhappy episode in Parnell's life, gave no indication of strength or union in the future, and though, outside politics, there was plenty of talent, this talent was so scattered and diversified that it was more identified with the individual to whom it belonged, than with any particular nation. Irishmen, in fact, had depended too much on Parnell. Content with his leadership in Parliament, and proud of his representation as Ireland's strong man, they had allowed the field of politics to become the only national field—the only exercising ground for national genius and

sentiment ; and when Parnell died all Ireland, and all that was Irish, seemed to die with him.

It was at this critical period that the golden idea of generating an interest in something outside politics was conceived by the originators of the Irish Literary Societies, who thought that, by re-awakening in the Irish people their latent love of art, music, and literature, they might see them again welded together in a strong bond of brotherhood.

Directly after the creation of these two Societies, the National Literary and the London Irish Literary, was started the Gaelic League (with a branch in Lamb's Conduit Street, Holborn), whose object was to revive Gaelic, and an interest in all things Gaelic ; the Irish Industries Association, to preserve such Irish handicrafts as lace making and corsage weaving ; the Feis Ceoil, to spread the culture of music in Ireland ; the Irish Folk Song Society ; the Irish Text Society ; and, lastly, the Gaelic Athletic Association, to stimulate and encourage the Irish in all parts of Ireland in outdoor games. With regard to the latter, one cannot help thinking it a trifle superfluous. The Irish take to boxing and football as ducks take to water, and, therefore, need little stimulation where anything in the nature of sport is concerned.

In addition to these organisations and associations, most of which have their representative branches in London, are many other Irish societies and clubs. The most important are : "The Union of the Four Provinces," at 16 John Street, Adelphi, a non-political Club, whose main object is "to form a Union of Irishmen in London, in order that they may know and help one another in their various business and professional interests" ; "The

Irish Association," originally "The Leinster Association," which is purely social, and specializes in dances and whist-drives; "The Ulster Association," once non-political, but now the reverse; "The Ulster Society"; and "The Irish Club," at 28 Charing Cross Road, which specializes in Sunday and weekday concerts, and is the rendezvous of a number of Irish Members of Parliament.

These institutions, all more or less strong, point not only to an enormous increase in the Irish population of London, but to a very ardent spirit of nationalism, observable at no other period of Irish history and in no other existing race.

CHAPTER V

THE IRISH IN THE PROVINCES

THOUGH London, Liverpool, Manchester and Bristol can point to the largest Irish colonies, the Irish are now distributed in varying numbers all through the Provinces. They are to be found in the greatest numbers, perhaps, in Lancashire, where they are employed extensively in nearly all the factory towns, and in Birmingham where the bulk of the police is made up of them. There are fewest Irish in Northamptonshire, Worcestershire, Leicestershire, Rutland, and Cornwall—and in all these counties, saving the last, they are still looked upon more or less as savages.

In Northampton, which is so closely associated with Bradlaugh, one of the most advanced and enlightened Englishmen of his period, one would expect to—and one does to a certain extent—find more liberal views, and a profounder knowledge of the Irish, but with the masses, even of this town, it is very much the same as in the villages—overruling prejudice and the most profound ignorance regarding all matters which are primarily connected with Ireland. Belief in the stage Irishman—the man with the tattered tail coat, short trousers, top hat, and shillelagh—the man who drinks whisky by the gallon, sleeps with his pigs, says “ Begorrah,” at every other word, and “ the top of the morning ” to you—the belief in this journalistic fabrication is just as prevalent to-day in these parts as it was fifty years ago.

One very favourite accusation levelled against the

Irish, and frequently propounded by agents from the electioneering platforms in the Midlands, is that the Irish peasants are utterly devoid of education, and that this deficiency is due to the priests, who, under Home Rule, would soon reduce all classes in Ireland to the same condition.

Such statements are, of course, false. In no districts in Ireland, however remote, is there anything like such ignorance to be found among the peasants as is to be met with in the rural districts of the English Midlands. There are few, if any, Irish peasants who can neither read nor write, and, with regard to the history and geography of England and the characteristics of its people, there are none who show such a lamentable ignorance as is displayed by the English Midlanders. The true Irish peasant—the Celtic peasant—is nature's gentleman ; he has an innate love of the beautiful. He can speak glowingly of the beauty of the Western sunsets—in no mincing and affected way, but in language that rings true ; of the great wind-swept cliffs of Galway, of the grey beating rain clouds, of the rich emerald grass, of the brown, peat-stained waters of his lough or river. He will tell you, that is to say, if he recognises in you the same gentlemanly instincts he himself possesses—he hates the *nouveau riche* tourist, with his loud checks and vulgar “ side ”—of the many secrets he believes the woods and waters to contain ; of fairies and fairy music, and of the groaning and wailing of the death-foretelling Banshee. He is musical, too ; in the singing of the birds, in the babbling of the brook, he interprets love songs and lullabies ; and in perfect unison with nature he plays upon the pipe. But, perhaps, his most extraordinary

faculty is for telling tales. He is both a historian and a romanticist ; he can expound facts as well as fiction—and if he sees you are genuinely interested, he will tell you wonderful stories of the old Red O'Donnells and their kinsmen the Tyrone O'Neills, and of the galleons that were wrecked off the Galway coast, and of the gallant Humbert and his brave Frenchmen. He is naturally the most friendly and communicative when approached by his own countrymen—by members of the old clans he loves and venerates—but the English travellers who understand him, and there are many who do, will also understand and excuse his impenetrable silence when faced with the Anglo-Saxon tourist armed with a Cook's Guide-book, a spy-glass, and a tooth-pick.

The art of the average Anglo-Saxon middle and lower classes, as exemplified by the Midlander, is usually acquired, it is very rarely innate. He, unlike the Celt, has no innate sense of the artistic and beautiful, no idealism, no imagination, no natural love of music, or of poetry. Nature affects him only inasmuch as it touches him physically. He can see no beauty in a grey cloud, he can hear no singing in the brook, nor can he trace any tune in the tumbling, twisting and twirling of the wind-shaken leaves. All is meaningless that is not transparent and immediate : imagination to him is imbecility, and idealism folly.

It is owing to these dissimilarities of character, perhaps, that the Irishman is an unwelcome asset in the Midlands ; he is not so unpopular in the Eastern counties of England. In Norfolk and Lincoln there are many Irish engaged in agricultural pursuits, or on the roads, and here they are tolerated if not actually liked. Formerly many came

from Connaught, and their landing in Liverpool caused some sensation. According to a contemporary writer who witnessed their disembarkation, "They were dressed in tail coats and knicker-bockers, white shirts, and high collars, and carried blackthorns."

When first they came over, they occasionally had rows with the English labourers, the cause of the disturbances being invariably religion. The English taunted them with being Papists, and the Irish, incensed at hearing the Pope and all they held dear and sacred insulted, retaliated. These scuffles were not confined to one locality—they took place all over England. Thus, in 1761 we read of a fight at King's Langley between the Irish and English reapers; in 1768, of a mob of English Protestants attacking a Roman Catholic Mission in Preston; and, in the same year, of a battle between Irish coal-heavers and English sailors in London, which resulted in the hanging at Tyburn of two Irishmen, Murphy and Duggan, though no Englishmen were arrested; and of a scuffle at Shadwell between Irish coal-heavers and a mixed English mob. During this affair, Mr. Green, master of the Sun Tavern in Shadwell, was killed, and this accident furnished an excuse for the execution of seven Irishmen, who, after a farcical trial at the Old Bailey, were taken to a field at the back of the Sun Tavern and hung in a line on gibbets.

When railways were first introduced into England, a large number of Irish navvies were engaged in laying the metals, and rows between them and their English fellow-labourers—nearly always due to the same cause, religion—were incessant. In the " '40's" one really desperate encounter is alleged to have taken place on the G.W.R.

main line, in which picks and shovels were used to such effect that troops had at length to be summoned, and not until their arrival did the combat cease. And many other fracas occurred, more especially in Lancashire and Yorkshire, where most of the Irish were employed.

The good feeling shown towards the Irishmen in the Eastern counties of England may be variously accounted for. In all probability, it is partly because the inhabitants of these counties being nearer to the coast see more of the outside world, and are consequently less insular and prejudiced ; partly because they have had longer acquaintance with the Irish, and have thus got to know them better ; partly because they do not inherit the same intensified religious views as the Midlanders ; and partly because there is in them a strong infusion of Danish blood. Between the Irish Celt and the Dane there has always been—and still is—much natural sympathy and kindred feeling ; the Danes have more in common with the O's and Macs than any other nationality in the world ; and in no country in Europe does the genuine Irish Celt feel himself so much at home as in Denmark. In the East Anglians the Danish strain may be slight, but it is, nevertheless, no inconsiderable factor for the greater popularity of the Irish in those regions. For many years past the Southern counties, and Kent in particular, have been annually visited by large numbers of Irish hop-pickers, chiefly from Tipperary ; and as permanent residents in the Southern counties the Irish are also to be found, following the ordinary vocations. As in most parts of England, the Irish in these counties are generally more or less liked by the upper classes, who have seen something of them in their native environments,

and merely tolerated by the middle classes, who are still somewhat inclined to regard them as wild and uncivilized, and, consequently, on an altogether inferior footing to themselves.

In the Forest of Dean, in Plymouth, and round Taunton, as well as in Bristol, a large percentage of the miners and quarrymen are Irish.

In Staffordshire a large number of Irishmen work in the coal mines, but few are employed in the potteries. In Herefordshire many of the hop-pickers are Irish. Lancashire claims more Irish than any other county in England, and Liverpool more than any other town in Lancashire.

In Yorkshire hundreds of Irish are engaged in coal mining and on the railways. Yorkshire comes next to Lancashire in the number of its Irish residents. In Northumberland and Durham the Irish are fairly numerous ; many finding occupation in the docks, the coalfields, and on the railroads.

On the whole, the Irish get on tolerably well with the Northerners, whose rugged good nature and democratic tendencies render them more amiable to strangers. They have progressed very much more in general intelligence and enterprise than the Midlanders, and are, consequently, much broader-minded, and less hedged in by conventionalities and that dread of infringing the superficial laws of gentility and respectability found to such a degree in the middle classes in the Midland and Southern counties. Moreover, being socialistically inclined they have fewer prejudices regarding creed, and are inclined to tolerate any denomination so long as it is not too obtrusive. The wild and lonely Cumbrian hills,

and the great, far-stretching Pennines ; the shadowy, silvery waters of Grasmere and Windermere ; and the broad, breezy Yorkshire Moors and Wolds cannot fail to inspire the Northerners—practical and hard-headed as they are reported to be—with some sense of poetry and romance, and only a touch of such sentiment is needed to bring them into sympathy with the Celtic Irish.

To this sentiment of poetry and romance embodied in his fairies—his dreamland princesses—the Celtic Irishman owes his life, his soul, his past, his future, his all. He lacks what is called practicality, that is to say, the faculty of making money ; but for this deficiency those who understand him can easily account. He still lives in the past, in the days of the great Septs, when love-making and war were the mode, and anything in the nature of commerce was despised. It is the fashion nowadays to disparage these old warriors, and to call them robbers ; but it must be recollected that they robbed openly, and plundered in accordance with the universally recognized law of conquest. To-day people are robbers all the same ; only they act covertly ; they lie, swindle and cheat in direct opposition to the universally admitted principle ; and in accordance with a corrupt code current in the so-called civilized countries, and designated business, hypocritically practise all that is base and deceitful. Apart from his day dreams and ideals which prevent him amassing money, the Celtic Irishman is poor in his own country on account of its climatic conditions ; the soft, enervating atmosphere of the South and West of Ireland inducing lethargy and slackness, just as in Spain and Italy somewhat similar climatic conditions produce a similar result.

The true reason of a certain section's antipathy to the Irishman is not so much his religion as his poverty. Good broadcloth and a well-lined purse are the passports of piety. There can be no virtue, as far as they can see, in the owner of a shabby suit and an empty coffer. And no matter whether artist, writer, politician, or heaven-born genius, unless his heels are sound and his hat of silk, he is assuredly both mad and bad. It is only when awakened to the fact that the world in general decrees this sort of thing a vulgar snobbery, those who are most bitter in their denunciation of the Irish peasant disguise the real source of their antipathy by simulating religious fanaticism. They designate the Irishman a hopeless Papist, the willing tool of a cruel, and intriguing priesthood, even more abandoned than he is himself. There may be, and undoubtedly are, a few people who genuinely believe that, should Ulster come under the dominion of an Irish Parliament, a terrible religious persecution of the Protestants would at once begin, but the majority do not even pretend to any such conviction. For them the question is entirely one of money, and because Belfast is a wealthy town—and wealth is the criterion of righteousness—the Belfast people should rule and not be ruled.

CHAPTER VI

FAMOUS IRISH WRITERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH, EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES IN ENGLAND

THERE are some nations, only a few, that retain their individuality no matter what vicissitudes they undergo. The Jews are one, the Irish are another ; and, although forming an antithesis to each other in character, these two peoples have one point in common—irrepressible caste peculiarity. Race will out with them—it can hardly be modified, still less concealed. The Englishman will go to France, the Frenchman to England, and will have so assimilated themselves with their surroundings, that in the course of a generation or so their descendants will be wholly nationalized. It is not so with the Jews ; it is not so with the Irish. No lapse of time will extinguish the former's deep-rooted veneration of money, nor the latter's unswerving devotion to the land of his fathers. The Jew carries with him into whatever calling he adopts —the bar, business, painting, or the stage—not merely an innate reverence for pecuniary remuneration, but an extraordinary faculty for obtaining the same. In him may be seen an altogether abnormal combination. He can be a good artist, and at the same time a successful financier. The Irishman, on the contrary, is more often than not penniless ; but no matter whether an eloquent preacher, a brilliant actor, a bricklayer, or a tramp, his sympathies are always pro-Irish, and seldom will a day pass by that he does not wish himself a politician, albeit his politics are invariably against the Government.

Persecutions on the Continent brought the Jew, persecutions in Ulster brought the Irishman, to England, and although both had migrated to London long before the seventeenth century, nevertheless, the commencement of that period marked an enormous increase in their numbers. It may not be strictly true to say that the coffers of the English exchequer gained as much by the advent of the Jew as Art gained by the advent of the Irishman ; yet it must be acknowledged that of those who won distinction in England at the shrine of the Muses during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a large percentage came from Ireland.

Immediately after the Boyne, and during the subsequent ten or twelve years, the Irish migrated to the extent of over a hundred thousand. Of this number, over 30,000, or practically all those who followed the vocation of the sword, sought service in the armies of France, Spain and Austria. About 20,000 of various occupations went to America, and, roughly speaking, the remainder came to Great Britain. Amongst those who settled in England few were actors—for at that time the stage in Ireland had little vogue ; still fewer were soldiers, and as Roman Catholicism was extremely unpopular in England—though the majority of Irishmen were Catholics —there were very few priests. The law, always as a profession beloved of the Irish, possibly because therein lies a fair field for “the gift of the gab,” was alone well represented, and nearly all the more educated of the emigrants entered at the Middle Temple. However, as most of those barristers continued briefless, chiefly on account of the bitter prejudice against the Irish, they were forced to take to writing for a living. Hence, the

preponderance of distinguished Irish writers—as compared with the number of distinguished Irishmen in other walks of life—in England, during this period.

One of the first of those immigrants, who were subsequently destined to rise to fame in the land of their conquerors, was James Ussher. Born in Dublin in 1581, the son of a local lawyer, Ussher was one of the first students to matriculate in Trinity College. In 1614 he took the degree of D.D.; in 1624 he was appointed Archbishop of Armagh; and in 1641, on the outbreak of war in Ireland, he went to England and speedily rose to fame by the force and eloquence of his sermons.

Though a staunch Royalist, he was free from molestation by the Parliamentarians, partly owing to the toleration he had always displayed to the Nonconformists, and partly to the influence of the Countess of Peterborough, with whom he had formed a great friendship.

He died in 1656, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The best known of his many publications—most of which dealt with church history—was *Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Antiquitates*, published in 1639.

Sir James Ware, born in Castle Street, Dublin, 1594, and educated at Trinity College, first visited England as private secretary and confidential agent to the Marquis of Ormonde. Taken prisoner twice by the Parliamentarians, he temporarily became an exile in France, staying at St. Malo, Caen and Paris. Returning to London in 1651, he devoted himself to writing, and in 1654 published *De Hibernia et Antiquitatibus ejus Disquisitiones*. His subsequent works, *Rerum Hibernicarum Annales*, published in 1665, and *De Praesulibus Hiberniae Commentarius*, which established his reputation as an Irish

historian, were written in Dublin, where he died in 1666.

Lodowick, or Ludowick, Barry, the date of whose birth is uncertain, was supposed to have been born in Ireland, but came to London when very young and made his *début* as a writer in 1610, publishing a play called *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, which was performed for the first time by the Children of the King's Revels in 1611. It had an extraordinarily long run, continuing almost uninterruptedly at one theatre or another from 1611 to 1630. Barry died almost directly after its first production. He is chiefly remarkable as the first Irish dramatist who wrote in English.

Richard Flecknoe, born in the South of Ireland, somewhere about 1600, came to London in his thirtieth year and lodged there for awhile. About 1640 he visited the Continent, where he spent eight consecutive years roaming about and being entertained with the greatest hospitality by the French and Italian nobility. He returned to England about 1648, and died in London about the year 1678. He published a number of miscellaneous works, the most important of which are *Travels in Europe, Asia, Africa and America* (1656), which Dryden satirized most unmercifully in a poem called "MacFlecknoe"; *Love's Kingdom*, a comedy; and *A Quaker's Meeting*, an essay, to which Charles Lamb has prefixed some highly attractive verses.

Sir John Denham was born in Dublin in 1615, and was educated first in London, and then at Oxford, where he matriculated in 1631. Denham varied his occupation by alternately writing, gambling and fighting. During the Civil War of 1642–1649 he fought on the side of the

King, was several times taken prisoner and condemned to death, each time effecting a marvellous escape, and followed the Royal Family into exile on the Continent, where his fidelity to Henrietta Maria won for him the name of "The Queen's Irishman." On his return to London at the Restoration, Charles II rewarded him with many posts, one of which was that of "Sovereign of General Works," which, seeing that Denham had no knowledge whatever of architecture, caused the witty Rochester to observe "that Charles had been sore put to it, as to which he should appoint, Denham or his butcher in Cheapside—to whom he owed much money—but had eventually decided in favour of Denham, who, if not quite so skilled as the butcher in architecture, had been much more loyal." The latter years of Denham's life were most unhappy; much mystery was attached to the death of his young wife, whom he was suspected by some of poisoning, and he died, deserted by practically all his old friends, in 1669. Despite, however, the unpopularity into which he had fallen, he was buried, by the express wish of Charles II, in Westminster Abbey.

Among the works he published the best known are *The Sophy* (1642), an historical tragedy, acted with some success at Blackfriars; and *Cooper's Hill*, probably, his most original production.

Though not born in Ireland, Thomas Duffet was of Irish parentage, and first made his appearance as a writer when he was about 30, publishing a play entitled *The Mock Tempest*, which was produced with great success at the Theatre Royal. His subsequent plays were: *The Empress of Morocco*, *The Spanish Rogue*—dedicated to Madame Eleanor Gwyn, to whose beauty he had

succumbed,—*Beauties Triumph*, *Psyche Debauched*, and *The Amorous Old Woman*. He also published poems, songs, prologues, and epilogues set to music “ by the most eminent musicians about Town, 1676,” and a broadsheet ballad, undated, entitled *Amintor's Lamentations for Celia's Unkindness*. The date of Duffet’s death is unknown.

Nahum Tate, who was born in Dublin about 1652, went to England soon after taking his degree at Trinity College, and in 1692 was appointed Poet Laureate. Among the best known of his works are: *The New Version of the Psalms*, in metre, written in collaboration with Dr. Brady; the hymns “ While shepherds watched their flocks by night,” and “ As pants the hart”; “ Panacea, a Poem on Tea ”; a revision of Shakespeare’s *King Lear*; and three dramas, entitled respectively, *Brutus of Alba, or the Enchanted Lares*, *The Loyal General*, and *The Sicilian Usurper*. The two first named of these three plays were acted at Dorset Garden Theatre, the last at the Theatre Royal, and all with indifferent success. He assisted Dryden in the Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel* (of which he wrote all but 200 lines) and in the *Miscellanies and Translations of Ovid and Juvenal*.

After hiding from his creditors for many months in a cellar in Southwark, Nahum Tate died in Newgate gaol, 1715. One of the saddest, and assuredly most unmerited, deaths in the world’s history of authorship.

George Farquhar, born at Londonderry in 1678, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, came to London when he was about 19 years of age, and, in 1698, wrote his first play, *Love and a Bottle*, which was produced at Drury Lane in 1699. His subsequent plays were: *The Constant Couple*, in which Anne Oldfield—whom he had

discovered serving in the Mitre Tavern, kept by her aunt—took the principal part; *Sir Henry Wildair*; *The Inconstant, or the Way to Win Him*; *The Twin Rivals*; *Love and Business*; *The Stage Coach*; *The Recruiting Officer*; and *The Beaux' Stratagem*. Though reputed to be deeply in love with Anne Oldfield, Farquhar married someone else, and serving abroad in the Army in Holland incurred a disease, of which he eventually died—much harassed by his creditors—in 1707.

Charles Molloy, born in Dublin in 1646, and educated at Trinity College, entered at Lincoln's Inn, London, about 1663. In 1676 he published *De Jure Maritimo et Navali*, which continued to be the best English book on maritime law till that published by Lord Tenterden. He died in London, 1690.

Henry Dodwell, born in Dublin about 1641, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Oxford, and, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, was deprived of his living in Ireland, and went to live first of all at Cookham and then at Shottesbrook. He published a number of works, chiefly history, one of the most important of which was a Chronology of Roman Authors and History, which Gibbon regarded as of immense value. He died at Shottesbrook in 1711, leaving behind him a reputation for great uprightness, sincerity and simplicity, as well as for sound learning.

Dr. Nicholas Brady was born at Bandon, Co. Cork, and educated at Westminster, Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity College, Dublin. He went to England in 1690, was chosen lecturer at St. Michael's, Wood Street, and held the livings, successively, of St. Catherine's Cree, and Richmond. He also obtained the appointment

of chaplain to the Sovereign, as well as to the Duke of Ormonde's Regiment of Horse. He was a versatile writer, compiling books of a religious nature, as well as plays. The best known of his works are: *An Ode for Cecilia's Day*, and *Proposals for the Publication of a Translation of Virgil's Aeneid in Blank Verse, together with Specimen of the Performance*. He collaborated with Nahum Tate in compiling a metrical version of the Psalms, called "The New Version." He died at Richmond in 1726, and was buried there in the old churchyard.

Thomas Southerne was born near Oxmantown in 1660, and after taking his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, came to London and entered at the Middle Temple. Law failing to interest him, he soon turned his attention wholly to play-writing, and was extremely successful. Among the many plays he wrote, the following are the best known: *The Loyal Brother*; *The Spartan Dame*; *The Fatal Marriage or the Innocent Adultery*; *Oroonoko*; and *The Fate of Capua*. Most of his plots were based on the novels of Mrs. Behn, and his work, though coarse in parts, showed considerable wit, pathos, and power of expression. Southerne was an extraordinarily popular man, especially with Society ladies. He died in 1746, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Thomas Parnell, another Trinity College graduate, was born in Dublin in 1679, and visited England for the first time about 1711, when he lost his wife who died at Bath. Parnell never actually lived in England, though he spent much of his time in Bath and London, in the company of George Berkeley, Charles Ford, Congreve, Oxford, Gay, Arbuthnot, and other members of "The Scriblerus Club."

Parnell chiefly published poetry, though he also wrote essays and miscellaneous articles. The works by which he is best remembered are a poem *The Hermit*, an *Essay on Life*, and a "Prefix to Vol. I of Pope's *Iliad*." He died in Chester in 1718, and was buried there in the churchyard of Holy Trinity. By Pope and Swift he was considered second to none amongst the poets of the day.

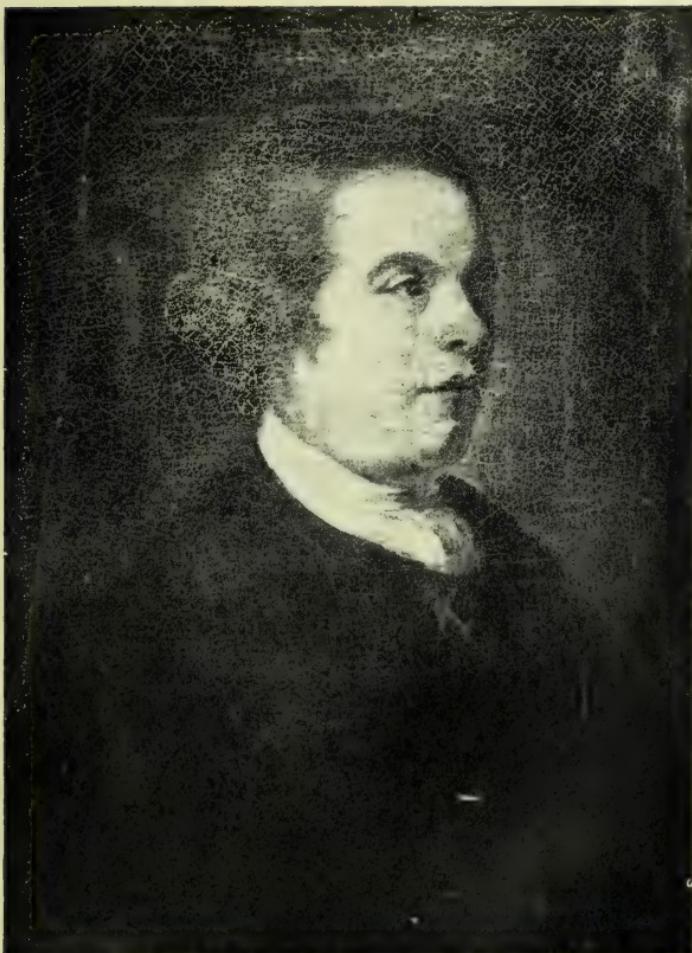
Of the famous writers in England during the eighteenth century, Ireland can lay claim to at least four of the greatest, namely, Richard Steele, Laurence Sterne, Oliver Goldsmith, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Steele and Sheridan were born in Dublin, Sterne in Clonmel, and Goldsmith in Pallas, Co. Longford.

Sterne alone of this quartette was not a dramatist, neither was he, like the other three, a prolific writer. He appears only to have published two sermons, namely, "Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath," and "The Abuses of Conscience," and two novels, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent*, and the *Sentimental Journey*; but these novels, for excellence of characterization, pathos, and humour, have, perhaps, never been surpassed.

In disposition all four possessed various of the qualities popularly assigned to the Irishman—Steele, Goldsmith and Sheridan, perhaps, in a greater degree than Sterne. Sheridan was probably the most typically Irish—certainly the most all-round brilliant. His plays, *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*, have been exceeded in popularity only by the plays of Shakespeare, while certain of his speeches rivalled those of the immortal Burke.

Steele died at Carmarthen in 1729, and was buried there in St. Peter's Church. Sterne died in poverty in



From a painting by Thomas Gainsborough

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

[See p. 106]

Bond Street, London, 1768, and was buried in St. George's Cemetery, Bayswater. He was subsequently disinterred and his remains were recognized, when too late, on the dissecting table in the Medical School at Cambridge. Goldsmith died in London in 1774, and when Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds and other eminent people flocked to pay their last respects to his remains, they are said to have found on his coffin a little bunch of flowers. The flowers were not worth more than a penny, but they were all the donor, a poor workgirl whom Goldsmith, with his usual generosity, had once befriended, could afford to give. Sheridan, equally dear to the poor, died in London in 1816, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Besides these greatest of Irish writers, there were many others worthy of note in England during the eighteenth century.

Henry Brooke, born in Ireland about 1703, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, spent nearly all his life in London, where he published most of his works. He wrote poems, essays, plays and novels, the most noteworthy of which were: *Gustavus Vasa*, a tragedy; a series of letters to the Protestants of Ireland; *The Fool of Quality, or the History of the Earl of Moreland*, a novel; and *Juliet Grenville*, a novel. He died in Dublin in 1783.

Charles Molloy was born in Dublin about 1720 and educated at Trinity College. He entered the Middle Temple, London, but soon forsook law for literature. He wrote several plays and contributed largely to *Fog's Journal* and *Common Sense*. He died in London, 1767.

Unlike Molloy, Arthur Murphy, who was born in Ireland in 1727, and educated at St. Omer's College,

combined his work at the bar with that of dramatic writing, and excelled in both. Among the best known of his plays—most of which were produced in London and enjoyed some measure of success—are : *The Apprentice* ; *The Englishman Returned from Paris* ; *The Citizen* ; and *Zenobia*. He died in London in 1805.

Sir Philip Francis, famous as the supposed writer of the *Junius Letters*, was born in Dublin in 1740, and educated at St. Paul's School, London. He shone not only as a writer, but as a politician. A clear, forcible speaker, he convinced his hearers by his earnestness and obvious sincerity, and showed to the greatest advantage in the House of Commons when attacking Warren Hastings. He hated corruption, and, in his endeavours to expose it, he—the quintessence of all that was disinterested and fearless—allowed nothing to stand in his way. And surely, for this alone Ireland should be proud of him. He died in 1818, and was buried at Mortlake.

Hugh Boyd, born in Dublin, 1746, was educated first of all at the Rev. William Ball's school, and then at Trinity College. He was called to the bar in London, and gained much notoriety through his able defence of the forgers, Robert and Daniel Perreau. Owing to his publication of some letters under the title of "The Whig" in the London *Courant*, which were thought by some closely to resemble in style the *Junius Letters*, he was accredited by many people with the authorship of the latter. He founded and edited *The Indian Observer*, (the first number of which he called *The Hircarrah*) and *The Madras Courier*. He died in Madras, 1794.

Born at Maidstone, William Hazlitt was of Irish

parentage. Educated at the Unitarian Academy at Hackney, he first of all took to painting and then to literature. Among the best known of his works, characterized by their profound knowledge of metaphysics, and by their philosophy, are : *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*; an essay on *The Principles of Human Action*; an introduction to Tucker's *Light of Nature*; *The Eloquence of the British Senate*; and *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*. As theatrical critic for *The Morning Chronicle*, Hazlitt was the first person to insist strenuously on the merits of Kean, the actor. He also contributed to *The Times* and *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*. He died in Frith Street, Soho, 1830.

The large increase in the migration of Irishmen to England during the nineteenth century included a proportionate increase in the number of those who gained distinction. The majority of these, as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were writers.

The greatest of nineteenth century Irish poets, Thomas Moore, was born at 12 Aungier Street, Dublin, in 1779, and educated first of all at Mr. Malone's school, and then at Mr. Samuel Whyte's, where Sheridan and many other distinguished Irishmen received their early training.

It is unnecessary, considering the many and voluminous memoirs already written of Moore, to make more than a passing allusion to him here. He was no hybrid Irishman—he wrote of the old Irish chieftains, the Blakes and the O'Donnells, as no one but a full-blooded Irishman could have written of them. His poetry appeals to every Celt throughout the world—it is sublimely sweet and musical—sublimely Irish. He died at Sloperton, 26th February, 1852.

The work of the Irish novelists in England during the nineteenth century was characterized by its originality, freshness, strength and marvellous vividness. These distinguishing features are partly attributable to the Celtic temperament—with its extraordinary imaginative faculties—and partly to the fact that none of the Irish novelists had been to the University, whence genius, if it issues at all, issues with its body weighted, and its wings clipped. Their style, singularly free from imitation, is absolutely their own.

The sons of a small shopkeeper, the brothers Banim, Michael and John, were born in Kilkenny, in 1796 and 1798, respectively. Michael lived in Ireland, but John, removing to London, took up his abode at 7 Amelia Place, Brompton, where he did most of his writing. Among the best known of his many publications are : *The Tales of the O'Hara Family*, written in collaboration with Michael ; *The Boyne Water*, and *Windgap Cottage* ; two plays, entitled respectively, *Turgesius* and *Damon and Pythias* ; and a poem “The Celt's Paradise.” He died in Kilkenny in 1842, and was buried there in St. John's graveyard.

Though born in England, the Brontës—Charlotte, Emily and Anne—were of Irish parentage, their father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, being a native of County Down. Like the Banims, their genius is not confined to one branch of their art—it embraces characterization, as well as incident ; and portraiture of the weird and harrowing, as well as of the pretty and peaceful. Their works included : *Jane Eyre* ; *Villette* and *Shirley* (Charlotte Brontë) ; *Wuthering Heights* (Emily Brontë) ; and *Agnes Gray* and *Wildfell Hall* (Anne Brontë).

Thomas Crofton Croker, who was born in Buckinghamshire Square, Cork, in 1798, spent most of his life in England. He revelled in the beauty of woods, moonbeams, and fairies, and his stories, if not altogether true to Celtic life, are, at any rate, some of the most charming and fanciful productions ever penned. His works include : *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* ; *Memoir of Joseph Holt*, and *Popular Songs of Ireland*. He died at 3 Gloucester Road, Old Brompton, 1854.

The Rev. George Croly, born in Dublin, 1780, published a large number of works, mostly fiction, the best known of which is *Salathiel the Immortal*. He died in London in 1860, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

Like the Brontës, Maria Edgeworth, though born at Black Bourton, Oxfordshire, in 1767, was of Irish extraction, being a descendant of the Edgeworths who had settled in County Longford in 1583. Her first novel, *Castle Rackrent*, published in 1800, was a huge success, and at once established her in the foremost rank of novelists of the day. Her subsequent works were : *Essay on Irish Bulls* ; *Ennui and Leonora*, and *Harry and Lucy*. She died at Edgeworthstown, County Longford, in 1849.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall, both born in 1800, and both of Irish origin, enjoyed a long career of popularity in England. Mr. Hall edited *The Art Journal* ; whilst Mrs. S. C. Hall, in addition to writing a large number of serials in popular weekly and monthly magazines, wrote *The Buccaneers*, a successful drama. Mrs. Hall died in England in 1881 ; Mr. Hall in 1889.

Annie Keary, born of Irish parentage at Bilton Rectory,

near Wetherby, Yorkshire, in 1825, is best known to posterity by her novel, *Castle Daly*. She died in 1879.

Samuel Lover, born in Dublin in 1797, made his first great hit with "Rory O'More," a song written at the suggestion of Lady Morgan, and set to an old Irish air. He subsequently wrote about forty other songs, all characterized by the same arch humour, pathos and rollicking dash; and published *Handy-Andy* (a highly amusing novel that proved immensely popular), and several plays, including *The Olympic Premier*; *The White Horse of the Peppers* and *The Happy Man*; all of which were staged and met with a fair amount of success. Apart from writing, Samuel Lover won a certain amount of fame by his painting, his last picture, "The Kerry Post on Valentine's Day," exhibited in 1862, calling forth much comment from the press. He died in London in 1868, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery.

Lady Morgan, who was born in Dublin between 1780 and 1786, spent most of her life in London and on the Continent. She is chiefly known by her novels, *St. Clair or the Heiress of Desmond*; *The Wild Irish Girl*; *O'Donnell*; and *Ida of Athens*; all of which exhibited much subtle portrayal of character, chiefly Irish. She died at 11 William Street, London, 1859, and was buried in Brompton Cemetery.

Irish authors of prose works, other than and besides fiction, in England during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were—

Dion Boucicault, born in Ireland, 1822, died 1890. Author of *Colleen Bawn*; *Arrah-na-Pogue*, and other famous plays.

John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S., born at Galway,

1780 ; buried at Hampton, near London, 1857. Author of *Stories for Children selected from the History of England*, and contributor to the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*.

John Philpot Curran, born at Newmarket, Co. Cork, 1750 ; died in London, 1817. Author of miscellaneous Essays and Reviews.

Sir Aubrey De Vere, Bart., born at Curragh Chase, Co. Limerick, 1788 ; where he also died, July, 1846. Author of *Mary Tudor*, a drama, and miscellaneous ballads.

Matthew James Higgins, better known as "Jacob Omnim," born in England about 1810 ; died in England, 1868. Contributor, chiefly of articles relative to Colonial, military, educational and social matters, to *The Times* ; *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, and the *Cornhill Magazine*.

James Sheridan Knowles, born in Cork, 1784 ; died at Torquay, 1862. Author of the following dramas : *Brian Boroihme* ; *Caius Gracchus* ; *Virginius* ; *William Tell* ; *The Hunchback* ; *The Wife* ; *Alexina* ; *The Beggar's Daughter*, and others. Editor of Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary.

William Maguire, LL.D., born in Cork, 1794 ; died at Walton-upon-Thames, 1842. Author of *Homeric Ballads* ; *Chevy Chase* (a translation into Latin), and contributor to *Blackwood's*, *Fraser's*, and other magazines.

Marmion W. Savage, born in Ireland, 1803, died at Torquay, 1872. Author of *The Falcon Family* ; *The Bachelor of the Albany* ; *My Uncle the Curate* ; *Reuben Medlicot*, and other novels ; but better known for his scholarly work whilst Editor of the *Examiner*.

Richard Lalor Sheil, born at Drumdowney, near Waterford, August, 1791 ; died at Florence, May, 1851.

Author of *Adelaide*; *The Apostate*; *Bellamira*; *Eavadne*, and other plays. Contributor to *The New Monthly*, and other magazines.

Lady Wilde, born in 1826; died in 1896. Wrote, under the name of "Speranza," many poems, and contributed to *The Nation*.

CHAPTER VII

FAMOUS IRISH SOLDIERS, SAILORS, CLERGYMEN, LAWYERS, SCIENTISTS, PATRIOTS, AND STATESMEN OF THE SEVENTEENTH, EIGHTEENTH, AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES IN ENGLAND

ALTHOUGH the majority of Irish soldiers during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries sought service in the armies of the Continent, there were still a goodly number who preferred joining English regiments. Of the latter, the most famous is, of course, Arthur Wellesley, the great Duke of Wellington, the most successful general, with the exception, perhaps, of Marlborough, who has ever led British troops to battle. It is hardly necessary to mention—so many lives have been written of this great man—that he was born at 24 Upper Merrion Street, Dublin, in 1769, and was the grandson of Richard Colley, whose aunt married Garrett Wesley, of Dangan, Co. Meath. The Wesleys had been in Ireland from the reign of Henry II, and, therefore, were as much Irish as the Butlers or Geraldines; whilst the Colleys dated their advent to the time of Henry VIII. This aunt of Richard Colley had a son, Garrett Wesley, who, dying childless in 1728, bequeathed to Richard Colley all his real estate, upon condition that “he and his sons, and the heirs male of his body, assumed and took upon him and them the surname and coat-of-arms of Wesley.” Hence, Richard Colley became Richard Wesley, and his descendants in 1796 changed the name again to Wellesley. Though the Duke showed no sympathy whatever with

his fellow-countrymen in their abhorrence of the Union with England, and although he was equally un-Irish in his subsequent opposition to many Reform measures, yet there was much in his character—in his high integrity, his lofty aspirations, his passionate regard of morality, his keen interest in and veneration of the Arts, his love of fighting, travel and adventure, and his bent for politics—that most emphatically proclaimed him Irish. Moreover, in selecting a wife, he chose one, Lady Catherine Pakenham, whose ancestors had settled in Ireland as far back as 1576. Wellington died at Walmer Castle, in England, on 14th September, 1852, and was buried in St. Paul's.

Other prominent Irish soldiers in the service of England during these three centuries were—

Brigadier-General Richard Kane, born in County Down in 1666; died in Minorca, 1736. Entering the Royal Irish Regiment in 1689, Kane served throughout the Anglo-Irish War of 1689–1691. He subsequently took part in the siege of Namur, 1695; and was successively made Lieut.-Governor of Gibraltar and Governor of Minorca. His tenure of office in the latter island was characterized by the most violent controversies with the Spanish clergy. He was buried in the grounds of St. Philip's Castle, a cenotaph with bust being put up to him in Westminster Abbey.

William, Lord Blakeney, born at Mount Blakeney, Co. Limerick, 1672; died in England, 1761. He took part in the siege of Carthagena, the storming of Bochachia, the defence of Stirling Castle, and the defence of Minorca; and for the share he took in the last-named was raised to the peerage. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

General William Haviland, born in Ireland, 1718 ; died in England, 1784. He is chiefly to be remembered as the commander of the successful expedition which reduced Isle-aux-Noix, St. John's and Chambly ; for his skill in navigating the rapids of the American rivers ; and for his share in the capture of Martinique and Havannah.

General Sir Henry Johnson, Bart., G.C.B., born in Co. Dublin, 1748 ; died in England, 1835. He is famous for his defence of New Ross against his compatriots under Bagenal Harvey—an act that undoubtedly saved the cause of England in the South of Ireland.

Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B., born in Londonderry, 1779 ; died at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, 1828. He saw a great deal of active service, but distinguished himself most in the military operations against Buenos Ayres in 1807.

Col. Robert Torrens, born in Ireland, 1780 ; died in England, 1864. He is chiefly to be remembered for his services against the Danes in 1811, and under Wellesley in the Peninsular War, when he commanded a Spanish legion. He published several books, including *Celibia Choosing a Husband*, a novel ; and *Tracts on Finance and Trade*.

Lord John Keane, born at Belmont, Co. Waterford, 1781 ; died in England, 1844. He had a long career of active service, greatly distinguishing himself in the Peninsular War, in the American War of 1812-14, and in the Afghan War of 1839-40, when he successfully led the English army to Cabul, entered that city, and captured the hitherto impregnable fortress of Ghuznee.

William Carr Beresford, Viscount Beresford, born in

Ireland, 1768 ; died at Bedgebury Park, Kent, 1854. He served with the greatest distinction under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular War.

General Sir Robert Brownrigg, Bart., born in Ireland, 1759 ; died, near Monmouth, 1833. Famous for his conquest of Ceylon in 1815, which was then annexed to the British Crown.

Colonel David Collins, born in Ireland, 1756 ; died at Hobart Town, Tasmania, 1810. He fought with distinction for England in the American War of Independence, and was subsequently made Governor of Tasmania.

Sir George De Lacy Evans, born at Moig, Co. Limerick, 1787 ; died in England, 1870. He served with distinction in the Peninsular and Crimean Wars, but was chiefly noted for the part he played in Spain, where, in aid of Queen Isabella, he led the English Brigade of 10,000 men against Don Carlos.

Viscount Gough, G.C.B., born at Woodstone, Co. Limerick, 1779 ; died at St. Helens, Booterstown, near Dublin, 1869. He saw more service and commanded in more battles than any British officer of his period, saving Wellington. His greatest achievements were the victories of Maharajpoor, Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Sobraon and Guzerat. He also held commands at Talavera, Barrosa, Vittoria, Nivelle, Cadiz and Taufa.

Major-General Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie, born at Comber, Co. Down, 1766 ; killed while leading an attack on the fort of Kalunga, Nepaul, 1814. He gained great distinction for his service in St. Domingo against Toussaint L'Ouverture, and in suppressing the mutiny of Vellore.

Brigadier-General Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence,

K.C.B., born at Matura, 1806 ; killed during siege of Lucknow, 1857. Renowned for his remarkable achievements in the Punjaub, 1846, and for his brilliant defence of Lucknow, 1857. His four brothers also gained distinction in the Service. They were : Major-General Alexander W. Lawrence (born 1803, died 1868) ; Lieutenant-General Sir George St. Patrick Lawrence (born 1804) ; Sir John L. M. Lawrence (born 1811), created Lord Lawrence in 1869, Viceroy of India, 1863-1868 ; and Major-General Richard C. Lawrence (born 1817).

General Sir William Francis Patrick Napier, K.C.B., born at Celbridge, near Dublin, 1785 ; died at Clapham, 1860. He served with great distinction all through the Peninsular War, and is also famous for his *History of the War in the Peninsular and South of France, 1807 to 1814.*

Lord Napier of Magdala, born in Ireland, 1810 ; died in England, 1890. Celebrated for his leadership in the Abyssinian Campaign of 1868, for which he received his peerage.

General Sir Charles Routledge O'Donnell, K.C.B., born at Trough, Co. Limerick, Ireland, 1794 ; died at Donyland, near Colchester, 1870. He served for many years in the 18th Hussars, of which he was Colonel, and was Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in Canada. He married Katherine Anne, eldest daughter of Major-General James Patrick Murray, C.B., and cousin to the eighth Baron Elibank.

Sir Edward Michael Pakenham, born in Ireland, 1778 ; killed while leading the unsuccessful attack on New Orleans, 1815.

Major Eldred Pottinger, born in Co. Down, 1811 ;

died at Hong Kong, 1843. Famous for his defence of Herat against the Persians when only 26 years of age, and for his heroism in the Afghan War of 1839–41.

Francis Rawdon, Earl of Moira and Marquis of Hastings, born in Ireland, 1754 ; died on board ship in Baia Bay, 1826. He served with distinction in the American War of Independence, and under the Duke of York in Flanders, in 1794. As Governor-General of India he was thanked by Parliament for his subdual of the Nepaulese, Pindarees, and other native Powers.

Sir Charles William Vane Stewart, third Marquis of Londonderry, born in Ireland, 1778 ; died at Holderness House, London, 1854. Famous as being the youngest person ever appointed to the position of Assistant-Quartermaster-General, which he held when 16 years of age only, during the British Expedition to Holland of 1791. He is also to be remembered for the part he played in the Arrangements of Peace after the Battle of Waterloo.

Ireland has played a far more important rôle in the British Navy than most people imagine. During the seventeenth century there was only one Irishman of note in the English Navy, but during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries there were several. The following is a list of distinguished Irishmen in the British Navy during these three centuries—

Admiral Sir John Norris, born in Ireland, 1660 ; died in England, 1749. He greatly distinguished himself at the Battle of Beachy Head, 1690, and under Sir Cloudesley Shovel in Spain.

Admiral Philip Cooly, born in Ireland, 1730 ; died at

Bath, 1808. Marine Aide-de-Camp to General Wolfe, and distinguished for his share in the capture of Corsica and Toulon.

Captain Francis Rawdon Moira Crozier, R.N., born at Banbridge, 1796; perished in the Sir John Franklin Expedition to the North Pole, 1848. Sir John Franklin had two ships with him, the *Terror* and *Erebus*. Crozier commanded the former.

Peter Dillon, R.N., born in Ireland, 1785; died in England, 1847. Noted for his discovery of the fate of *La Perouse*, the French warship that had disappeared in the neighbourhood of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Admiral Sir Josias Rowley, Bart., born in Ireland, 1765; died in Co. Leitrim, 1842. He rendered good service to England in the East during the Napoleonic Wars of 1800–1815.

Captain Sir Francis Leopold McClintock, K.C.B., R.N., born in Dundalk, 1819; died in London, 1907. He won great renown as Commander of the *Fox*, which was dispatched in search of the Franklin Expedition, 1857. McClintock named the extreme west point of King William's Island "Cape Crozier," after Franklin's gallant Irish comrade.

Rear-Admiral Sir Robert John Le Mesurier McClure, K.C.B., born in Wexford, 1807; died in London, 1873. Famous as the Commander of the *Investigator* in the Franklin Relief Expedition of 1850. After being imprisoned for three years in the Bay of Mercy, 74° North Lat., 118° West Long., he was rescued by Captain Kellet, in command of parties from the crews of H.M.S. *Resolute* and *Intrepid*.

Among the many notable Irish clergymen in England

during the nineteenth century, the following two were, perhaps, the most distinguished—

William Connor Magee, Archbishop of York, born 1821 ; died 1891. He was one of the greatest orators and most witty conversationalists of his time.

Arthur O'Leary, D.D., a prominent Irish patriot and author of many patriotic and theological works, born in Co. Cork, 1729 ; died in London, 1802. He was a great friend of Burke, Sheridan, Fox and Fitzwilliam.

Two also of the many Irish lawyers in England during the nineteenth century were conspicuously eminent—

Sir James Shaw Willes, Judge of the English Court of Common Pleas, born in Cork, 1814 ; died near Watford, Herts, 1872.

Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England, born in Ireland, 1832 ; died 1900.

The Irish scientists of distinction in England during the seventeenth century were very few. William Brouncker, Viscount Castlelyons, was, perhaps, the only one of any great note. Born at Castlelyons, Co. Cork, in 1620, he migrated to England about 1642, and first came into note in 1645, when Charles I created him a Viscount for distinguished service in action. After the fall of the Monarchy he fled to France, but, receiving an assurance from Cromwell that no harm would be done to him, he returned to London. At the Restoration he was appointed Chancellor to the Queen, Lord of the Admiralty, Master of St. Katherine's Hospital, and first President of the Royal Society. The best known of his works are : *The Quadrature of a Portion of the Equilateral Hyperbola*, and a translation of Descartes's *Musicae Compendium*. He died at Westminster, 1684.

Though a large number of Irishmen achieved distinction in medicine and other branches of science in their own country during the eighteenth century, but few rose to any eminence in England. It is difficult to account for this, saving by the fact that the majority of educated Irish emigrants in those days joined one or other of the Continental armies, or pursued literature—the Arts, perhaps, even more then than now, appealing much more strongly to the Celtic temperament than Science.

The most eminent Irish physician and surgeon in England during the eighteenth century was Sir Hans Sloane, M.D., F.R.S., who was born at Killileagh, Co. Down, 1660 ; and died at Chelsea, 1753.

Whilst occupying the post of physician to the Duke of Albermarle in the West Indies, Sir Hans Sloane investigated the fauna and flora of the islands, and on his return to England he brought with him a quantity of Cinchonia bark, the use of which as a drug he showed for the first time in London, and published a *Natural History of Jamaica*. He was elected President both of the Royal Society and the College of Physicians. In claiming Sir Hans Sloane as one of her illustrious sons, Ireland may not only claim as her own the most eminent physician and naturalist of his time in England, but may also point to him as the founder of the British Museum, since his collection, consisting of books, manuscripts, drawings and curios, which he left the nation, was designed to form the nucleus of that institution. Sloane Street, close to where he lived, is named after him, whilst the present Cadogan family are connected with him through the marriage of one of his daughters.

Thomas Henry, F.R.S., born in Antrim, 1734 ; died in

London, 1816. He is chiefly to be remembered for his article in the *Transactions of the Royal College of Physicians* entitled "An Improved Method of Preparing Magnesia Alba"; for his introduction into England of the writings of Lavoisier; for his work dealing with the preservation of fresh water at sea, and for his series of lectures before the members of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society on the then little known arts of bleaching, dyeing, and calico-printing.

Dr. Barry Edward O'Meara, born in Ireland, 1786; died in London 1836. Dr. O'Meara was physician to Napoleon I during the early period of the latter's incarceration in St. Helena, but was obliged to resign his post owing to his disapproval of Sir Hudson Lowe's treatment of the ex-Emperor. On the death of Napoleon Dr. O'Meara published a book of reminiscences entitled *Letters from St. Helena*, which had a very large sale.

Sir David Barry, F.R.S., born in Roscommon, 1780, died in London, 1835. Sir David Barry served as surgeon to the Portuguese forces during the Peninsular War, and on his return to England was appointed one of the Commissioners in the investigation that led to the Factory Act. Among his published works the best known are those relative to hydrophobia and venomous bites, and to the absorption of poison, and the means of counteracting it by the application of cupping-glasses.

Most conspicuous amongst the Irish engineers of note during the eighteenth century was John Armstrong, F.R.S., who was born at Ballyard, King's County, 1673; and died in England, 1742. He collaborated with Thomas Badeslade in the publication of "A Report with Proposals for draining the Fens and amending the Port

of King's Lynn, and of Cambridge, and the rest of trading towns in those parts, and the navigable rivers that have their course through the great level of the Fens called Bedford Level." He is best remembered, however, as the founder of Woolwich Arsenal.

Among the many eminent Irish scientists in England in the nineteenth century were—

William Henry Felton, M.D., F.R.S., geologist, born in Dublin, 1780 ; died in London, 1861. James Sheridan Muspratt, an eminent chemist, born in Dublin, 1821 ; died at West Derby, near Liverpool, 1871. Jones Quain, M.D., the author and editor of several standard medical works, born at Mallow, 1796 ; died in London, 1865 ; and Sir Edwin Richard Windham Quin, third Earl of Dunraven, of Celtic origin, and a prominent archaeologist, born in Ireland, 1812 ; died at Great Malvern, 1871.

Before naming the more noted of the Irish patriots and politicians in England, it may be stated that the average Irishman is just as unthinkable apart from his patriotism, as the soldier is apart from his uniform, or the money-lender, apart from his promissory notes. Patriotism is the lodestone—the guiding star of every Celtic Irishman's life. He loves, he adores, he idolizes his country ; when occasion arises, he sacrifices all his worldly possessions for it ; he even dies for it—not merely under the limelight of the battlefield, but on the grim bareness of the dreaded scaffold. The Englishman cannot understand this ; to him, with his deep-rooted veneration of law—no matter how unjust—and property —no matter how wrongfully acquired—patriotism is anarchy ; and to the Jew, it is madness. But bad or

mad, it is there all the same—a force to be reckoned with ; for the real Irishman without it does not exist.

The eighteenth century, particularly the latter part of it, saw a vital crisis in the fate of Ireland, and patriotism called loudly to the sons of Erin. Nor did it call in vain. On both sides of the water men battled fiercely for Irish independence and freedom, and the struggle developed much that was great and noble.

The following are brief biographical notices of the most distinguished of the Irish patriots and politicians in England, from the beginning to the end of the eighteenth century.

Sir George Macartney, Earl Macartney, born at Lissanoure, Co. Antrim, 1737 ; died at Chiswick, 1806. He was both soldier and statesman, and gained considerable renown for his gallant but unsuccessful defence of Granada against the French Admiral D'Estaing, for his expulsion of the Dutch from the Coromandel Coast of India during his Governorship of Madras, and for the tact and bravery he displayed whilst filling the post of British Ambassador to China between the years 1792–1794.

Edmund Burke, born in Dublin, 1729 ; died at Beaconsfield, 1797. A point that seems to have escaped the notice of most of Burke's latter-day biographers is that he was in an unusual degree physically as well as morally courageous—which combination of virtues is rarely seen in one man, and scarcely ever in a man of letters. In support of this assertion, at the time of the Gordon Riots, Burke, who, as one of the leading advocates for Catholic Relief measures in Parliament, had been caricatured as a friar, in the act of trimming the fires of Smithfield ;



From an etching after a sketch by Sayer

EDMUND BURKE

[See p. 126]

nicknamed Neddy St. Omers ; and threatened with all kind of horrible punishments,—not deterred by any menaces, and anxious only to save further pillage and bloodshed, boldly faced the mob and, telling them who he was, pointed out to them the cruelty and injustice of what they were doing.

Richard Hely-Hutchinson, Earl of Donoughmore, born in Ireland, 1756 ; died in Ireland, 1825. He is chiefly famous for the speeches he made in the House of Lords in support of the petition for the Emancipation of the Irish Roman Catholics.

George Tierney, born at Gibraltar, 1761 ; died in London, 1830. From the time he entered Parliament as Member for Southwark in 1796, George Tierney utilized his great natural powers of wit and sarcasm in constantly attacking Pitt, who was at last goaded into fighting a duel with him on Putney Heath, 27th May, 1798. “A case of pistols was fired without effect ; a second case was also fired in the same manner, Mr. Pitt firing his pistol in the air ; the seconds then jointly interfered, and insisted that the matter should go no further, it being their decided opinion that sufficient satisfaction had been given, and that the business was ended with perfect honour to both parties.” Tierney was Treasurer of the Navy and member of the Privy Council during the Addington Ministry of 1803, and Master of the Mint when Canning was Premier.

Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquis of Londonderry, born in County Down, 1769 ; died by his own hand at North Cray, in England, 1822. Shortly before his death he visited Bulwer Lytton’s father at Knebworth. Unknown to him, he was assigned a room

seldom occupied, owing to its being haunted by the apparition of a boy, which appeared to anyone sleeping in the apartment, and by pantomimic gestures revealed to them the manner and nature of their approaching death.

Being very tired after his long journey, Lord Castlereagh soon sank into a deep sleep, but awoke with a violent start about 2 o'clock in the morning to see the quaintly dressed figure of a boy, with long yellow hair, seated by the fire. Lord Castlereagh stared in astonishment, and, as he did so, the figure slowly turned round, revealing a very white face and two large, dark, luminous eyes. Rising from its seat, it glided swiftly to the foot of the bed, and, drawing its hand three times across its throat with a significant gesture, gazed sadly at Lord Castlereagh, and vanished. Convinced that what he had seen was a genuine phantom, Lord Castlereagh at once got out of bed and, going to the writing-table, made a memorandum of the occurrence. A few weeks afterwards—on the 12th of August, 1822—he terminated his unfortunate career by committing suicide at North Cray, his country residence in England. Whether the idea was actually suggested to him by the apparition—there have been several authentic instances of ghosts having connived at murder and suicide—must, of course, remain a matter of conjecture. One might well suppose that he was pursued throughout his life by some particularly malevolent apparition, which not only gloated over the manner of his death, but over the scene that attended his funeral—a scene which, making all due allowances for his well-merited unpopularity, was scarcely a credit to any country.

Theobald Wolfe Tone, born in Dublin, 20th June, 1763 ; died in Dublin, 1798. Although Wolfe Tone is chiefly associated with doings in Ireland, he nevertheless spent two years at least of his life in England. In 1784, whilst still at College, he fell in love with Matilda Witherington, a beautiful girl of sixteen, and eloped with her ; but after his marriage returned to Trinity, where he eventually took his B.A. degree. After leaving the University, he and his wife spent some time with his father at Bodenstown, and then came to London. He entered the Middle Temple, took chambers in Hare Court, and supported himself mainly by writing for *The European* and other magazines. In collaboration with Jebb and Radcliffe, he wrote an amusing novel, entitled *Belmont Castle*. A year later he was joined by his brother William, and the two of them conceived the highly original plan of a military settlement on one of the islands that had been recently discovered by Cook, "in order," as they expressed it, "to put a bridle on Spain in time of peace, and to annoy her grievously in that quarter in time of war." They forwarded a memorial of this scheme to Pitt, who, with the lofty disdain that has ever been the characteristic of English Ministers towards the unknown and non-influential, ignored it. Being in desperate straits for money, they then applied to the India Office to be sent out as volunteers to the war, but were curtly refused.

At this crisis, Theobald's wife, to whom he was ever passionately attached, came into a little money, which enabled them to shake the dust of London off their feet and to return to Ireland.

The impression Theobald Wolfe Tone had received of

the English during his stay in London was not a good one. Had they been a little more sympathetic, a little more hospitable towards him, much in his subsequent career might have been mollified, or might, even, never have existed. He came to London without bias, and he left it "full of disgust at the cold apathy and exclusiveness of the aristocracy, the selfishness and vulgarity of the new rich, and the utter squalor and ignorance of the masses." A year after his return to Dublin he resolved that Ireland should at all costs be freed from English government and influence. To quote from his own words : "I made speedily what to me was a great discovery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux, that the influence of England was the radical vice of our Government, and, consequently, that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable whilst the connection with England existed. . . ."

With the exception of the time he spent in visiting France and America, Theobald Wolfe Tone passed the whole of his subsequent eventful life in Ireland, so that for details of his career, from the date of his having left England to settle in Dublin, the reader must be referred to his various biographies, of which the best is, probably, that edited by his son, William, and published in Philadelphia, U.S.A., in 1826.

The most eminent nineteenth century Irish statesmen were—

Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., F.R.S., born in Limerick, 1770 ; died at Beaconsfield, near London, 1844. Famous as a diplomatist, especially for his work in Persia, where

he was Ambassador Extraordinary ; and for his successful efforts in preventing war between Persia and Russia he was decorated by the Czar.

Sir William Ouseley, the brother of Sir Gore, born in Monmouthshire, 1767 ; died in England, 1842. He was private secretary to Sir Gore in Persia, and published a number of works on the East, the best known of which were : *Persian Miscellanies* (1795), *Oriental Collections* (1797–1800), *Ancient History of Persia* (1799), and *Travels in Various Countries of the East*. His sons all held high offices—Sir William Gore, who was born in London in 1797, and died there in 1866, was attaché at Stockholm and Washington ; whilst John, Richard, Ralph, and Joseph, all held good positions in the British Army in India.

Sir Thomas Wyse, K.C.B., M.P., born Co. Waterford, 1791 ; died at Athens, 1862. Noted for his useful work as one of the Secretaries of the Board of Control under Lord Melbourne from 1839 to 1842, and as British Minister at Athens during the Crimean War.

Sir George Thomas Michael O'Brien, K.C.M.G., who filled the post of Colonial Secretary in Cyprus in 1891, and in Hong Kong from 1892 to 1895, and in 1895 was appointed Governor of the Fiji Islands.

The Right Hon. Sir Nicholas Roderick O'Conor, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., who, in 1883, was made Secretary of the Legation, and in 1892 British Ambassador at Pekin, and was remarkable for the wonderful amount of tact and firmness he displayed when dealing with the Chinese. He was created a K.C.B., and in 1895 was appointed British Minister at St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER VIII

FAMOUS IRISH ACTORS AND ACTRESSES, ARTISTS AND MUSICIANS OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES IN ENGLAND

IRELAND contributed very largely to the number of distinguished actors and actresses in England during the eighteenth century.

James Quin, Charles Macklin, and Spranger Barry were eclipsed, only, by David Garrick ; Kitty Clive and Elizabeth Farren, only, by Mrs. Siddons ; whilst Peg Woffington, defying criticism and comparison alike, stands alone. Her acting, though no whit inferior to that of Sarah Siddons, was of a style so different that, unless all association is impossible, they can only be bracketed together as the two greatest actresses of their time.

As well as these celebrities, there were many other Irish players of more than mediocre talent, who, had it not been for the age of greatness in which they lived, would have occupied prominent positions.

The Irish are unquestionably more dramatic than the English ; their naturally emotional and sympathetic temperament lending itself more readily than that of the phlegmatic English to the study and portrayal of character.

At the end of the seventeenth century English acting was at a very low level. With few exceptions, it was

stilted and unnatural ; coarseness was mistaken for humour, and horse-play of the roughest description for the more subtle elements of tragedy. The actors themselves were mostly uneducated, and the audience—dull and apathetic. The arrival of the Irish brought about a decided improvement. Then, and then only, the general staleness and air of decadence gave way to a new life and vigour ; wit, vivacity, and originality took the place of crude vulgarity and mere offensive lewdness, and players and dramatists became stimulated alike to give clever representations of decent, possible characters. It was a renaissance that was most necessary, that came not a moment too soon, but that, for reasons very easily understood by an Irishman, has never had due or just recognition of English chroniclers. The more eminent of the eighteenth century Irish actors and actresses in England were—

Charles Macklin, born in County Wicklow about 1697 ; died in England, 1797. Macklin, said to be one of the only two actors of whom David Garrick was jealous, acquired most fame in his portrayal of "Shylock," and "Sir Archy McSarcasm" in *Love à la Mode*.

James Quin, born of Irish parentage in King Street, Covent Garden, 1693 ; died at Bath, 1766. Quin was the first actor in England till the arrival of David Garrick, who introduced a new school of acting. Though excellent in the rôles of "Cato," "Juba," "Sir John Brute" and "Heartfill," he was seen to most advantage as "Falstaff," in which part he was undoubtedly without a rival.

Dennis Delane, born in Dublin about 1710 ; died in London, 1750. Prior to the advent of David Garrick, Delane was, next to Quin, the most popular actor in

London. He played many *rôles* well without shining in any one especially.

Catherine Clive, born in London, 1711 ; died at Strawberry Hill, 1785. Known to the general public as Kitty Clive, she was one of the most versatile actresses of the day, and enjoyed a popularity second only to Margaret Woffington. She chiefly excelled in low comedy and farce. The *rôles* in which she scored most success were : "Nell," in the comic farce *The Devil to Pay, or the Wives Metamorphosed* ; "The Fine Lady," in Garrick's *Lethé* ; and "Lady Fuz," in *Peep Behind the Curtain*. She also appeared in *Oratorio*, and sang so finely as "Dalilah" in *Samson*, that Handel repeatedly expressed the hope that she would devote herself entirely to this branch of art. She wrote several clever sketches.

Spranger Barry, born in Dublin, 1719 ; died in London, 1777. In the opinion of many authorities, Barry was the greatest Shakespearian actor of his time, and he established such a reputation as "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," that Garrick, at that time the manager of Drury Lane, became jealous of him and compelled him to resign. According to *The Dramatic Censor*, "Garrick commanded most applause, and Barry most tears." Macklin said he was the best "Romeo" he had ever seen.

Thomas Sheridan, born at Quilca, Co. Cavan, 1719 ; died at Margate, 1788. He was a capable all-round actor, his best impersonation being that of "Cato." He succeeded David Garrick as manager of Drury Lane.

Margaret Woffington, better known as "Peg" Woffington, born in Dublin, 1720 ; died at Teddington, 1760. Possessed of considerable beauty and charm of manner, Peg Woffington enjoyed a popularity few actresses, if



From an engraving by Jackson, after the painting by Gwinn
SPRANGER BARRY

[See p. 134]

indeed any, have ever acquired. In her impersonation of high-born ladies—women of dash, spirit and elegance—also homely, humorous women, she was far and away the greatest actress of the century. Among her chief *rôles* were those of "Lady Townley," "Maria," in *The Non-Juror*, "Sir Henry Wildair," and "Lady Betty Modish."

John O'Keeffe, born in Dublin, 1747; died at Southampton, 1833. He was chiefly celebrated for his portrayal of Irish characters.

Elizabeth Farren, Countess of Derby, born in Cork, 1759; died at Knowsley Park, Lancashire, 1829. She is chiefly to be remembered for her clever and refined style of acting. In the *rôles* of "Miss Hardcastle" and "Lady Teazle" she had no equal.

Andrew Cherry, born in Limerick, 1762; died at Monmouth, 1812. He was a good all-round actor, without being particularly brilliant in any one part, and was the author of the popular Irish song, "The Dear Little Shamrock."

The number of famous Irish actors and actresses in England during the nineteenth century did not equal that of the preceding century, probably owing to the raising of the general standard of acting throughout the country, which made it more difficult for the individual to shine. The best known were—

Miss O'Neill, born in Drogheda, 1791; died at Ballygiblin, 1872. Her great parts were "Juliet," "Belvidera," and "Isabella." She married Sir W. Becher, Bart.

Julia Glover (*née* Betterton), born at Newry, 1779; died in England, 1850. Chiefly famous for her Shakespearian acting and for her association with Edmund Kean.

John Henry Johnstone, born in Tipperary, 1749 ; died in London, 1828. The greatest impersonator of Irish characters. His chief *rôles* were "Sir Lucius O'Trigger," "Callaghan O'Brallaghan," "Maj. O'Flaherty," "Teague," and "Tully."

Dorothea Jordan, born near Waterford in 1762 ; died at St. Cloud, 1816. She made her *début* in Mr. Daly's Company in Dublin as Miss Francis, and by reason of her talent, no less than for her beauty of face, voice and manners, was speedily recognized as one of the leading actresses on the British stage. In 1790 she became the recognized mistress of the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV), by whom she had nine children, and with whom she lived happily for twenty years. At the end of that time, owing to her extravagance, a separation took place, and she went to France, where she lived on an annuity of £4,400 till the day of her death. One of her greatest impersonations was that of "Lady Teazle."

Edmund Kean, who was born in Ireland, 1787, and died in 1833, was descended on his mother's side from George Saville, Marquis of Halifax. He was quite one of the best actors of his day, and Kemble, when asked if he had seen him, replied, "I did not see Mr. Kean but Othello."

Charles John Kean, son of the above, who was born at Waterford in 1811, and died in 1868, is too well known to be discussed here. Full particulars of him may be read in his biographies, which can be obtained at any public library. He was without doubt the finest all-round actor of his day in England.

Next to Charles John Kean, perhaps, in order of merit,

came Tyrone Power, who was born in Waterford, in 1797, and was lost in the steamer *President*, which left New York, 11th March, 1841, and was never heard of again. His chief part was "Paddy O'Halloran." He also excelled in drawing-room entertaining, and wrote several books, and novels, including *Impressions of America*.

What has been said of the influence of Irish actors in England during the eighteenth century cannot be said in a like degree of Irish painters. The Irish temperament, somehow, does not seem to lend itself very readily to this branch of art. Painters, as a rule, are much more exclusive than either actors or writers. Painting is not only their sole occupation, but it is their world, and they "think the world" of it. They are interested in the other arts, inasmuch as they discuss and criticize them, but they do so, perhaps, with a sense of superiority rather than of sympathy; and mankind, apart from furnishing material for painting, does not interest them at all. As a rule, this exclusiveness is usually accompanied by a pettiness of disposition, which, together, form the most emphatic characteristics of the artistic temperament. Now, such qualities are more alien, perhaps, to the Irish than they are to most other nationalities. The Irishman is essentially large-minded, with a generous appreciation of his fellow-creatures, amongst whom he loves to "move and have his being." His religion, if anything, might tend to make him exclusive, but only in rare instances, when, contrite for past offences, he seeks palliation thereof in the seclusion of monasterial cloisters. Temperamentally, the Irishman is the reverse of exclusive, and the qualities that go to form the basis of his Celtic character do not

conform with those that are apparently essential to the temperament of a painter. Hence, if not the sole, this may be at least one explanation of the fact that the painter is a much rarer product amongst the pure Irish Celts than he is either in England or elsewhere.

The Irish artists of any note in England during the period 1700–1800 are limited to five : James MacArdell, George Barrett, R.A., James Barry, R.A., and the two Hones.

James MacArdell, born in Dublin about 1729 ; died in London, 1765. MacArdell executed plates from paintings by Vandyck, Murillo, Rembrandt, as well as from those of the principal painters of the day, and was generally deemed the most skilful mezzotint portrait engraver of his time.

George Barrett, R.A., born in Dublin, about 1732 ; died at Paddington, 1784. Barrett held the appointment of Master Painter to Chelsea Hospital, and was one of the originators and first members of the Royal Academy.

James Barry, R.A., born in Cork, 1741 ; died in London, 1806. Barry was unquestionably one of the greatest British geniuses of his day. He invariably chose for his subject one that gave unlimited scope to his powerful imagination. Some of the most famous of his paintings are : “St. Patrick baptising the King of Cashel,” “Philoctetes in the Isle of Lemnos,” “Venus Rising from the Sea,” “Jupiter and Juno,” and “The Victors at Olympia,” which was generally deemed his best work. He was buried in St. Paul’s Cathedral, close to the last resting-place of his friend and contemporary, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Nathaniel Hone, R.A., born in Ireland about 1718 ; died in London, 1784. Nathaniel Hone was chiefly famous for his miniature portraits.

Horace Hone, born in Dublin about 1756 ; died in London, 1825. Like Nathaniel Hone, Horace was one of the most eminent miniature painters of his day.

During the nineteenth century there was a slight increase in the number of famous Irish artists in England. They included—

Francis Danby, A.R.A., born near Wexford, 1793 ; died at Exmouth, February, 1861. His greatest work is generally deemed “The Opening of the Sixth Seal.” “In the power of accumulating his subjects—whether masses of men or masses of architecture and other inanimate objects—he was equal to Martin or Turner.”

John Doyle, best known as “H.B.,” born in Dublin, 1797 ; died at Clifton Gardens, London, 1868. Famous for his political cartoons in *Punch*.

Daniel Maclise, R.A., born in Cork, 1806 ; died in London, 1870. The paintings by which he is best known are : “All Hallow Eve” (1833), “The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after Waterloo,” and “The Earls of Desmond and Ormonde.”

Michael Kean, born in Dublin about 1758 ; died in London, 1823. He is chiefly known as a miniature painter, and was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy from 1780-1790. His best known work is “Lunardi the Aeronaut.” Apart from his painting, he was engaged in commerce and was co-partner with William Duesbury in the proprietorship of a china factory in Derby.

William Henry Kearney, born in Ireland in 1800 ; died in Holborn, London, in 1858. He was Vice-President of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Among his best known works are "Love's Young Dream," and "Ruins of the Sallyport, Framlingham."

William Mulready, R.A., born at Ennis, in 1786 ; died in London, 1863. In its obituary notice of him, the *Art Journal* wrote : ". . . There is nothing in the whole range of Dutch and Flemish art that can be brought into comparison with most of his paintings for truth of drawing, elaborate finish, and splendour of colouring. . ."

J. A. O'Connor, born in Dublin in 1791 ; died in London, 1841. He was a natural genius, and self-taught, but his work—chiefly rustic Irish landscape—put to shame the paintings of many of the members of the Royal Academy.

Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., born in Dublin, 1769 ; died in Brighton, 1850. He had a far-reaching reputation as a fashionable portrait painter, and, in addition, achieved some note by his novel, *Old Court*.

Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., born in England, but of Irish parentage, 1793 ; died in London, 1867. He was famous as a landscape painter. Among his best known works are : "Market Boats on the Scheldt," "Battle of Trafalgar," "Guidecca," "Venice," "Como," and "Sands near Boulogne."

Prior to the nineteenth century there were no Irish musicians of any note in England. During the nineteenth century there were two—

Michael William Balfe, born at 10 Pitt Street, Dublin, 1808 ; died at Rowney Abbey, Herts, 1870. He is

famous as the composer of the celebrated operas: *I Rivali*; *The Light of Other Days*, and *The Bohemian Girl*.

William Henry Kearns, born in Dublin, 1794; died in England, 1846. He was a well-known musical composer in his day, was for thirty years a member of the orchestra at Her Majesty's, Covent Garden, and was organist of the Verulam Episcopal Chapel, Lambeth.

In addition to the foregoing list of actors and actresses, artists and musicians, Ireland can lay claim to two of the most beautiful and two of the most remarkable women of the eighteenth century, namely, the Gunnings, and Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby.

Maria Gunning, born in 1733, and Elizabeth Gunning, born in 1734, natives of Co. Roscommon, were the daughters of John Gunning, of Castlecoote. Coming to Dublin when they were 16 and 15 years of age, respectively, with the intention of going on the stage, they were introduced to Thomas Sheridan, who provided them with dresses and was instrumental in getting them presented at the Castle. Their extraordinary beauty causing a great sensation in Dublin, they came to London with introductions to various leaders of Society, and were immediately the sole topic of conversation at Court. Never before had such loveliness been seen in England. When they entered the presence of Royalty, members of the nobility, usually so haughty and reserved, behaved like schoolboys, scrambling and pushing and even climbing on chairs and tables to get a sight of them. Seven hundred people on one occasion sat up all night outside an inn to see them ride by in the morning; whilst Maria was obliged to have a guard of soldiers to keep the

crowd back whenever she appeared in public. At her death over 10,000 people besought permission to see the outside of her coffin.

Horace Walpole, as great a connoisseur of women as he was a politician, wrote of them thus : " . . . two Irish girls of no fortune, who made more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, and who are declared the handsomest women alive." In February, 1752, Elizabeth Gunning married the Duke of Hamilton, and in March of the same year Maria married the Earl of Coventry. Of the many stories told of these two sisters, the following is perhaps the most amusing. On being asked by the old and ever-ogling George II if she were not sorry there were to be no more masquerades, Maria replied artlessly, " No, I am tired of them. Indeed, I am surfeited with most London sights. The only thing I have not seen and that I really want to see is a coronation." Maria did not live to have her wish gratified ; she died exactly a fortnight before George II, from blood poisoning, due to the over-use of white paint as a cosmetic. Elizabeth became a widow in 1758, but speedily consoled herself by marrying John Campbell, who became Duke of Argyll in 1770. She died 20th December, 1790.

In character, though highly virtuous, neither of the Gunnings was particularly interesting, and Boswell, in his *Tour of the Hebrides*, complained bitterly of the cold and almost rude way in which Elizabeth treated him, when he and Dr. Johnson visited her and her husband, the Duke of Argyll, in Norway. Owing to such defects of disposition, it cannot be said that these sisters were any great credit to Ireland. Only one small service did they render to their country, namely, they made the

English realize—what all Europe had long before acknowledged—that, where beauty was concerned, the Irish women had no superiors, and few, if any, compeers.

Lady Eleanor Charlotte Butler, daughter of the sixteenth Earl of Ormonde, born in Ireland, about 1745 ; died in Wales, 1829 ; and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, born in Ireland, about 1745 ; died in Wales, 1831. These two ladies are notorious as the female Damon and Pythias, having formed a romantic attachment for each other in Ireland, and together with Betty Caryll, their Irish maid, eloped to Llangollen in 1778, where they lived till their deaths. They were universally known as “The Ladies of Llangollen.” No instance of a more remarkable, a more devoted, friendship, than that of these three for each other, has ever been recorded.

CHAPTER IX

PRESENT-DAY IRISH MEN AND WOMEN OF NOTE IN ENGLAND

OF the Irish men and women of note in England to-day, none are more active than the authors and actors.

As has already been stated, the literary movement in Ireland began with the creation of the National Literary Society in 1891, which gave birth, in 1899, to the Irish Literary Theatre. To say for certain who actually started the idea of an Irish Literary Theatre is obviously impossible, since a variety of persons—amongst whom no one in particular stands out—are all equally associated with its foundation. Those who had most to do with it in its initial stage were : Messrs. W. B. Yeats, Edward Martyn and George Moore, Miss Maud Gonne (whose extraordinary ardour, ability and beauty would surely make any cause go strong), and Lady Gregory. As one will rightly conclude from this list of illustrious names, the Irish Literary Theatre was not instituted primarily as a money-making project. It was intended to be purely literary and artistic—to specialize in plays wholly Irish in substance and broadly National in treatment ; and to act as a counterfoil to the poor class of English play performed in Ireland by travelling companies of mediocre talent. Among those who came forward as guarantors to the enterprise were : John O'Leary, William O'Brien, Miss Maud Gonne, Lord Ardilaun, Lord O'Brien and Lord Dufferin.

The opening performance was given on May 6th,

1899, at the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin ; and the piece performed on that occasion was *The Countess Cathleen*, by Mr. Yeats, which Mr. George Moore, in his introduction to *The Heather Field and Maeve*, by Edward Martyn (London : Duckworth, 1899), in somewhat exaggerated language describes as a “ play possessing all the beauties of the Princess Maleine, and the beauty of verses equal to the verses of Homer.”

The production of the play did not bring about the happy result that was expected. The mere fact of its being performed by an English Company was disappointing ; and those who had hoped to see Irish players would not accept the excuse that no such players could be found, since in London alone there were Irish actors galore, who would gladly have offered their services had they only been informed in time that there was need of them. As a matter of fact, it was not until this first performance was over that any information with regard to it was published, and the question why, in the production of a so-called National piece, English instead of Irish performers were engaged, was immediately discussed. At the same time, Cardinal Logue and many other Roman Catholics objected to the play on the score that it was Anti-Catholic, and, to quote from Maurice Bourgeois’ *Life of J. M. Synge* (Constable & Co., 1913), “ Public feeling ran so high that the police had to be brought in, and the unlooked-for attacks were renewed five years later in a pamphlet published by an ex-M.P.” The pamphlet referred to was *The Stage Irishman of the Pseudo-Celtic Drama*, and the ex-M.P., Mr. Frank Hugh O’Donnell. There were many who agreed with Mr. O’Donnell, and considered his scathing criticisms by no

means undeserved. Subsequent performances, however, met with greater success—such plays as *The Heather Field* and *The Bending of the Bough*, by Edward Martyn and Geo. Moore respectively, and *The Last of the Fianna*, by Miss Alice Milligan, proving immensely popular.

But, unhappily, as time went on, the same extraordinary disinclination to secure Irish players was noticeable, and this, coupled with the fact that the bulk of the plays were as foreign as the players themselves, soon estranged the audiences.

If an Irishman, who is told a National Theatre has been started, goes to that theatre, he naturally expects to see Irish players as well as Irish plays, and if, instead, he sees Mr. Jones, who is English, in *Diarmuid and Grania*, which is Irish, he is naturally a trifle irritated; hence the Irish Literary Theatre, started with all the best intentions in the world, was a comparative failure, and lasted only three years. It was then, when the National Literary Theatre was no more, that Mr. Frank Fay, and his brother, Mr. William G. Fay, according to Mr. Bourgeois, first conceived the idea "of forming a company of Irish-born players." Mr. Frank Fay was at the time a writer for *The United Irishman*, and Mr. W. G. Fay, who had been a professional actor but had temporarily quitted the stage, was following the vocation of an electrician. Both brothers were very keenly interested in the drama, and acted in amateur companies. In 1902, Mr. W. G. Fay's "Irish National Dramatic Company"—composed of amateurs—acted Mr. W. B. Yeats' *Kathleen ni Houlihan* at St. Teresa's Hall, Clarendon Street, Dublin. No play that is purely Irish has

perhaps a greater and more distinctive charm than this ; and no professional actress could have played the title rôle more perfectly than Miss Maud Gonne, who was in every way suited to the part. Shortly afterwards, *Kathleen ni Houlihan*, with *Deirdre*, was produced at the Samhain Festival. The Irish National Dramatic Company, still under the management of the Fays, then removed to the Antient Concert Rooms, where it produced in turn *The Racing Lug*, by Seumas O'Cuisin ; *A Pot of Broth*, by W. B. Yeats ; and *The Laying of the Foundations*, by Fred Ryan. Further developments were in progress. The Irish National Dramatic Company became "The Irish National Theatre Society" ; it again removed its headquarters—this time to the Molesworth Hall, Camden Street, Dublin ; and for its first President elected Mr. W. B. Yeats.

It was at the Molesworth Hall, that Mr. J. M. Synge made his *début* as a dramatist ; *The Shadow of the Glen* and *Riders to the Sea* being the first of his plays to be performed. Several other of his pieces were also produced with more or less success ; and then Miss A. E. F. Horniman, an English actress, well-known in connection with her Repertory Companies, came forward, and not only allowed the Irish National Theatre Society a small yearly sum, but, at her own expense, renovated the old theatre of the Mechanics' Institute in Abbey Street, Dublin, and lent it rent free to the Irish National Theatre Society. This theatre now goes by the name of the Abbey Theatre, and its reputation has been established, not only throughout the British Isles, but all over the Continent. It has always aimed—and still aims—at the highest standard of acting ; and, if it has not yet

quite succeeded in reaching that standard, it shows every sign of doing so at no very distant date.

The chief desire of the actors of the Abbey Theatre is to be natural—to be life-like. The English stage calls in the aid of stage accessories—much scenery and magnificent costumes—to bolster up its acting; the Abbey Theatre dispenses with all but the absolutely scenic essentials, and relies solely on the ability of its performers.

A London audience, much influenced in its taste by the large Jewish element, looks for fine clothes; hence, English actresses are not only supposed to act, but are expected to be models of fashion—and grand stage effects. If it does not get them, it is bitterly disappointed and the play is at once damned. A production to be successful in London must show signs of opulence. In Ireland it is otherwise. An Irish audience sets its heart on good acting; it regards a spectacular display on the stage as out of place, and superfineness in costumes as vulgar and unnecessary.

In London no manager will engage an actor whose trousers are frayed and whose heels are worn down. He considers the clothes first and the acting afterwards—he cannot do otherwise—his audience makes him a snob. In Abbey Street, Dublin, the actor comes first, his clothes are merely secondary. With regard to the plays at the Abbey Theatre, they are national—national, but not political, that is to say, they deal for the most part with Irish rural life and with any Irish subjects that are non-controversial. The founding of the Abbey Theatre was soon followed by that of other Irish dramatic organizations all over Ireland. The best known of them are:

“The Theatre of Ireland,” “The Leinster Stage Society,” “The National Players,” “The Ulster Literary Theatre,” and “The Gaelic Repertory Theatre.” This year a company of Irish players from the Abbey Theatre visited England, and delighted audiences at the Court Theatre with their inimitable representations of Irish life and character.

Among those who at one time or another were members of the Abbey Theatre, and who are now well known in London are: Miss Sara Allgood, Miss Maire O'Neill, Miss Eileen O'Doherty and Mr. W. G. Fay. Mr. Fay's rendering of the Irish Editor in Mr. George A. Birmingham's (the Rev. J. O. Hannay) amusing play *General John Regan*, at the Apollo Theatre, London, in 1913, was a masterpiece. It is difficult to conceive that anyone could have performed it better. Among the many other Irish actors and actresses in England to-day whose acting deserves special notice are: Mr. Leonard Boyne, who will never cease to charm, and who never acted better than he did last year in *General John Regan*; Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, one of the prettiest and most talented actresses on the British stage to-day, who, before she appeared in England, was acting with considerable success at the Plymouth Theatre, Eliot Street, Boston, U.S.A.; Miss Ellen O'Malley, an actress of great ability, who is now appearing at the Criterion Theatre, London; Miss G. L. Robins, who combines great beauty with talent, and who, in addition to acting, has written several plays, including *Makeshifts*; *Realities*; and *The Home-Coming*; Mr. Sheil Barry, a brilliant actor who has appeared with signal success in a number of plays in London; Miss Lillah McCarthy (Mrs. Granville Barker),

who is one of the leading actresses in London and has played innumerable leading *rôles*, including "Lady Norma," in *The War God*; "Jocasta," in *Oedipus Rex*, and "Judith Mainwaring," in *The Morals of Marcus* (she is now appearing in Mr. Arnold Bennett's play, *The Great Adventure*, at the Kingsway Theatre); and Miss Marion McCarthy, sister of Miss Lillah McCarthy, and herself a distinguished actress, who is now preparing pupils for the stage.

In the musical world there is a large increase of Irish composers and performers—too large to enumerate here. It will be sufficient to say that among the better known are Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, the great composer; Mr. John MacCormack, who has made a big name in Opera; Miss K. Barry, musical and lyrical composer; and Mr. Harry Plunket Greene, famous as a singer.

Of present-day Irish writers, whose works or plays have been published or performed in England, or who have visited or resided in England, Mr. W. B. Yeats and the late Mr. John Millington Synge are the best known. Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is, perhaps, Ireland's greatest present-day poet, is author of innumerable plays, including the beautiful and symbolic *Kathleen ni Houlihan*; *On the King's Threshold*, and *A Pot of Broth*. Mr. Yeats is second to no British dramatist of the day, either in characterization, incident or dialogue; and in beauty of sentiment he stands practically alone. Of his poems, the general standard is so excellent that it is difficult to point out any special one; in his volume of lyrics, *In the Seven Woods*, he has given us something of surpassing loveliness—something without a rival in present-day poetry.

The late Mr. John Millington Synge is the author of *In the Shadow of the Glen*; *Riders to the Sea*; *The Tinker's Wedding*, and several other plays. Much of Mr. Synge's work deals with tramps and peasant life, and, though no doubt he had an intimate knowledge of both, the characterization must strike a Celt as somewhat exaggerated and unnatural. From the dramatic point of view, the plays are wonderfully effective—indeed, if effect was what inspired the author, he succeeded admirably—and there is much in the dialogue that denotes great genius, and gives the actor fine opportunities; but one looks for more than that in a first-class production; one looks for truth. Mr. Synge presents a side of life with which we are not acquainted—peasant women who marry with an eye to money or property, and who, before the breath is out of their first husband's body, again try to marry someone rich, and, not succeeding, run off with a tramp. Indeed, Synge's women possess little of that fidelity and true love that most of us, who have lived among the Celtic peasants, have seen in them in such a marked degree. There is also too much horror, too much of the super-gruesome in some of his pieces, and his characters are not Celtic but Italian. Mr. Bourgeois, in his *Life of Synge*, gives us to understand that the latter made an especial study of Irish peasant life, and, after seeing one of Mr. Synge's plays, one must certainly admit that what Mr. Bourgeois has led us to think is correct. Mr. Synge's plays give one the impression of study. One would like to see in them less suggestion of study and more evidence of nature. Yet, withal, Mr. Synge's work has in it much that is poetical and beautiful, much that recalls to us the soft, moist atmosphere of the Irish hills and moors,

and he must certainly be classified in the front ranks of twentieth century British dramatists.

Then there is the Rev. James O. Hannay, who, under the pseudonym of "George A. Birmingham," has given us that wholesome and amusing play, *General John Regan*, which, if a little burlesque and exaggerated, reveals a sly humour and abounds in cleverly farcical situations. Canon Hannay is a novelist and essayist, too. His novel, *Spanish Gold*, compares very favourably in literary merit with most of the better class works published in England to-day, whilst his articles in the newspapers are witty and entertaining.

Mr. George W. Russell, more familiarly spoken of as "A.E.," is a poet, dramatist, journalist, painter, artist, and a great psychologist. He is editor of the *Irish Homestead*, has great ideas concerning the possibilities of the Irish peasant, and is generally deemed one of the most able all-round writers at the present moment in Ireland, where he has even more admirers than he has in England.

Another brilliant all-round Irish writer is Mr. George Moore, novelist, poet, dramatist, essayist. Among his many works the following are especially conspicuous : *Flowers of Passion*; *Pagan Poems*; *A Modern Lover*; *Confessions of a Young Man*; *Esther Waters*; and his essays *The Untilled Field*.

Yet another Irish writer, who is well known on both sides of the Channel, is Lady Gregory, who, in addition to several plays, has published a variety of works, touching mostly upon Irish topics.

Then there are : Mr. Frank Frankfort Moore, dramatist and novelist, author of *A March Hare* (play); *The Secret*

of the Court (novel), and innumerable other plays and novels ; Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M.P., essayist, critic and poet, whose numberless works include *Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim*; *To-day and To-morrow in Ireland*; *A Lay of Ossian and Patrick*, and *John Maxwell's Marriage*: Mr. P. W. Joyce, whose *Social History of Ancient Ireland* is a very scholarly production : the Right Hon. Thos. J. Macnamara, M.P., P.C., contributor of many essays and articles to the *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, *Nineteenth Century* and other leading magazines ; Martin Ross (Miss Violet Martin), who, in collaboration with Edith Somerville, has written many charming tales and sketches of Irish life, including *An Irish Cousin*; *All on the Irish Shore*, and *The Silver Fox*: Seumas MacManus, author of *The Leadin' Road to Donegal*; '*Twas in Dhroll Donegal'; *Donegal Fairy Tales*, and many other books and tales, mostly dealing with Ireland : Padraic MacCormac Colm, author of *Broken Soil*: Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, now Lord Northcliffe, famous as the organizer and head of the biggest journalistic combine in the world : Mr. Douglas Hyde, author of *Love Songs of Connacht*; *A Literary History of Ireland*, and *The Tinker and the Fairy* (to show his zeal for the advancement of Irish literature, Mr. Douglas Hyde has made considerable use of the national language in his poems) : Mr. Coulson Kernahan, author of *A Dead Man's Diary*; *Captain Shannon*; *The Red Peril*, and many other novels : Richard Barry O'Brien, author of *Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland*; *Irish Wrongs and English Remedies*; *Thomas Drummond*; *Life of Charles Stewart Parnell*, and many other works : Miss Moira O'Neill, author of *The Elf-Errant*; *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*, etc. : Mr. T. P.*

O'Connor, M.P., late editor of the *Sun* and *Weekly Sun*, editor of *M.A.P.*, and *T.P.'s Weekly*, and author of a large number of books and articles (his works include *Lord Beaconsfield*; *The Parnell Movement*, and *Gladstone's House of Commons*) : Frank Hugh Macdonald O'Donnell, ex-M.P., author of *The Message of the Masters*; *The Ruin of Irish Education and the Irish Fanar*, and *Paraguay on Shannon* (Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell is one of the prime movers in the "Clean Government League") : C. J. O'Donnell, ex-M.P., and author of various books, principally on India, including *The Causes of Present Discontent in India* : Mrs. B. M. Croker, who has written a large number of novels, several on Indian life, including *Pretty Miss Neville*; *Diana Barrington*, and *The Spanish Necklace* : Miss Katherine Tynan (Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson), poetess, and novelist, who includes in her numerous publications *The Dear Irish Girl*; *A Union of Hearts*; *That Sweet Enemy*; *Collected Poems*, and *New Poems* : Miss Petronella O'Donnell, whose volumes of poems published a year or two ago, met with such a favourable reception at the hands of the critics : Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, editor of *Poems of Clarence Mangan* ; Mr. Michael Macdonagh, author of *Life of Daniel O'Connell*; *The Book of Parliament*, and numerous other books and articles : Mr. Standish O'Grady, deemed by many to be the finest prose writer at present in the British Isles, who, among many other works, all characterized by their simple, straightforward strength and conciseness, has published *The History of Ireland, Heroic Period*; *The History of Ireland, Crit. and Philos.*; *Finn and His Companions*; *The Chain of Gold*, and *The Coming of Cuculain* ; Mr. James Stephens, poet and novelist, whose

work is of a very high literary standard, and who is expected to make for himself an even greater reputation than he has already achieved (he is at present best known, perhaps, in England by his novel, *The Crock of Gold*) ; the late Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, poet, essayist, and dramatist, author of *The Importance of Being Earnest*; *De Profundis*, and many other works of a world-wide reputation ; the late Mrs. Charlotte Eliza Lawson (better known as Mrs. J. H. Riddell), one of the most prolific novel writers of the day, the best known of her publications being *The Moors and Fens*, and *Austin Friars* ; the late Mrs. Elizabeth Thomasina Toulmin Smith (better known by her *nom de guerre*, L. T. Meade), the most prolific writer of girls' stories, novels, and serials, and at one time editress of *Atalanta* ; the late Mrs. K. C. Thurston, author of several novels, the best known of which, *John Chilcote, M.P.*, proved widely popular ; the late Justin McCarthy, M.P., author of *Fair Saxon* ; *Dear Lady Disdain*, and other novels, as well as many works, chiefly historical, including *A History of Our Own Times* ; Sir William Howard Russell, LL.D., famous as the first *Times* War Correspondent, and author of *Dr. Brady*, and other novels ; E. Temple Thurston, the author of many plays and novels, including *The City of Beautiful Nonsense* ; *The Apple of Eden*, and *The Greatest Wish* (the latter performed at the Garrick Theatre, was a dramatization of his wife's phenomenally successful novel, *John Chilcote, M.P.*) ; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, author of *The White Company* and *Rodney Stone*, but best known by his series of short detective stories, entitled *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* ; Mr. Bryan O'Donnell, author of many books, chiefly historical, and translations,

and a brilliant speaker ; and Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is certainly the most widely-discussed writer of this—and perhaps of any other—period. Indeed, if popularity is any criterion of literary merit, then Mr. Shaw's plays have reached a degree of excellence surpassing that of any other writer, hardly, even, excepting Shakespeare ; for not merely half London, not only half England, but nearly all Europe goes to see them. Whether the Bernard Shaw vogue, which has now become universal, will last, is another question, and one that posterity alone can settle.

There are many other well-known Irish writers, a list of whose works may be seen in *The Literary Year Book*. The main characteristic of Irish twentieth century literature is its tendency to be national. Apart from the fact that every year sees a slight increase in the number of books written in Gaelic, most of the books written by Irishmen deal with Irish character, situations and sentiment. The average literary standard of the Irish author has never been higher than it is to-day. It compares more than favourably with that of the English and American, even if it does not quite come up to that of the French author. But, whilst in the dialogue and characterization of the Irish author there is spontaneity and brilliance, whilst there is music and poetry in many of his most popular productions, there is in them something one does not expect to find in the works of a Celtic Irishman—and what one did not find in the Banim's, nor Carleton's, nor Lever's—namely, an unpleasantness in the love-making and in the women. The modern craving for independence—spiritual, mental, physical, and social independence—is, undoubtedly, responsible for this unpleasantness. To be independent, absolutely independent

of everyone and everything, is the motto of the twentieth century, and nowhere has it "caught on" more readily than in Ireland and England, where it is everywhere reflected in books and plays. It is a selfish motto, a demoralizing motto; and it may become a dangerous motto—dangerous to the happiness of the individual and to the State.

Besides the tendency in much of the literature of to-day to shock and break down the old-time principles and conventions of morality, there is in it a dearth of real originality and naturalness; and, although many of the less popular of the Irish writers possess these qualities, those that command the biggest public do not possess them, and seek to cloak their deficiency by "over-smart" dialogue and "over-clever" character drawing.

These remarks apply only to the novelists and dramatists; with the essayists it is otherwise. They are, for the most part, merely too academic; too much influenced by the university. Their work, though often faultlessly correct in composition, is too full of classicisms—too stilted, too imitative, too unnatural. It lacks ease and freshness; it is highly literary, but it is not creative. Only in the non-academic Irish essayists—who are, unfortunately, few—is there the richness of creation one ought to find in every Irish author.

The most popular, if not the most meritorious, of the Irish artists in England at the present time are: John Lavery, R.S.A., R.H.A., A.R.A., H.R.O.I., a native of Belfast, whose pictures are hung in galleries all over the world; and William Orpen, A.R.A., R.H.A., a prominent member of the New English Art Club.

Of present-day Irishmen in England distinguished in other walks of life, there are many, far too many to be mentioned in this work. Possibly the majority of these are Anglo-Irish, but the Celtic element, as a reference to *Who's Who* will attest, form a very large proportion.

A propos of the war with Germany now in progress—a war which is as warmly supported in Ireland as in England—it may be remembered that, as in the past so in the present, a large percentage of the officers and men in the English Army and Navy are Irish. The best known among them are: Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, Admiral Sir George Astley Callaghan, Admiral Beatty, the late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, Field-Marshal Sir John French, Major-General Sir Luke O'Connor, K.C.B., V.C., and General Sir F. R. Maunsell, K.C.B. The late Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley and Field-Marshal Sir George White, who performed such meritorious service in the Egyptian and South African Wars respectively, were also Irish; Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, who is now officiating at the War Office, was born in Co. Kerry, but, unhappily, the Irish cannot claim him as their countryman, since his parentage is undoubtedly English.

CHAPTER X

THE IRISH IN SCOTLAND AND WALES

THE date of Ireland's earliest associations with the Welsh, a remote one, may even be assigned to pre-missionary days, when the Irish chieftains used to land in Wales merely to maraud, to hunt, and to make love. The first of the well-authenticated visits of an individual Irishman to Wales is that of Niall of the Nine Hostages, recorded in the works of the Four Masters. This visit was made between the years A.D. 379-400, and was followed by the visits of various missionaries—St. Finen, St. Columcille, St. Finan, and others, who passed through Wales on their way to Iona, Lindisfarne, and Glastonbury.

In the wars which at various times were waged by the inhabitants of Wales against the Anglo-Saxons, several Irish chieftains rendered great assistance in driving back the invaders; thus helping to maintain Welsh independence. In 1243, however, when Ireland had established a more or less friendly intercourse with England, Felim O'Connor, Prince of Connaught, Maurice Fitzgerald, and Richard MacWilliam Bourke headed an expedition, chiefly consisting of Norman-Irish, to aid the English in their attempt to annex Wales. In this campaign the Irish distinguished themselves greatly at the siege of Gannocke, where Bourke was killed. In 1277 more Irish landed in Wales, and fought against Llewelyn in the South and David in the North; but owing to the popularity of Richard II in Ireland, due to his considerate

treatment¹ of her people, the Irish aided Owen Glendower in his rising against Henry IV, and contributed in no small measure to the success of Owen Glendower's long and desperate struggle.

After this the Irish were not seen again in a military capacity in Wales, excepting when passing through it on their way to England to take part in the risings of Warbeck and Simnel, in the Wars of the Roses, the Civil War of 1642–1649, the "1715," and the "1745." Nor were they again particularly associated with Wales, till the end of the eighteenth century, when coal-fields were opened up in the South, and Cardiff and Newport, beginning to grow into something like towns, attracted the attention of Irish traders. The latter then came over, and, settling in these towns, started businesses and shops; and the Irish labourer, following in their wake, sought and obtained employment in the mines and docks.

One of the only serious cases of friction—there have been several minor ones—that have occurred in Wales between the natives of the country and the Irish, was that at Tredegar on 8th July, 1882. For a long time previously the labouring classes in South Wales had been jealous of the Irish employed in the colliery districts, and in the Cardiff and Newport Docks; and taking advantage of the intense indignation roused throughout England at

¹ In order to ascertain the causes of discontent in Ireland, Richard spent nine consecutive months in the country, and in a letter to his Members in England, wrote thus: "In our land of Ireland, there are three kinds of people—wild Irish (our enemies), Irish rebels, and obedient English. To us and our Council, it appears that the Irish rebels have rebelled in consequence of the injustice and grievances practised towards them, for which they have been afforded no redress, and that, if not wisely treated and given hope of grace, they will most likely ally themselves with our enemies."—(Richard.)

the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke a Welsh mob attacked the Irish Colony in Red Lion Square, Tredegar.

The riot lasted for some time, and many Irish were injured and their houses wrecked. Thanks to Mr. Parnell, who took the question up in Parliament with even more than his accustomed vigour, and insisted upon Mr. Harcourt taking immediate steps, the disturbance was at last quelled; but a considerable time elapsed before the ill-feeling entirely blew over and the Irish could go about their business without fear of molestation. Mr. Sullivan, brother to the Irish poet, added to his reputation by his brilliant defence of two Irish labourers, who were charged with being aggressors in the riot.

Since 1882 matters have remained tolerably tranquil. The Irish have gone on slowly increasing in numbers, and to-day the colony is a very large one.

In all, there are probably close on 100,000 Irish—the majority Anglo, or Scotch-Irish—in South Wales; in North Wales there are nothing like so many. The majority are still engaged in the South Wales coal mines, and in the docks at Cardiff, Newport and Barry.

THE IRISH IN SCOTLAND

If Ulster owes its present prosperity mainly to Scotland, Scotland at any rate owes its name to Ulster, for from Ulster, somewhere about A.D. 250, came the Picts and Scots to the country then known as Alba; and Alba subsequently took the name Scotland from Scotia, the home of the Scots in Antrim.

The object of these visitors from Ulster was colonization,

and they took a piece of territory in Argyle, which they named Dalriada, after one of their chieftains, Carbie Riada, of the Cinel Conaill. In or about A.D. 498, Fergus, son of Erc, King of Dalriada (also of the House of Niall of the Nine Hostages, and ancestor of the O'Neills, MacNeills, O'Donnells, MacDonnells, O'Connells, Fargus and others) went over from Ireland to help the settlers in their struggles with the natives. Finding the country much to his liking, Fergus sent for his brothers Lorn and Angus ; and all three decided to remain. Fergus took possession of Cantire, Lorn of the district which yet bears his name, whilst Angus seized Islay. Gradually these chiefs and their descendants extended their conquests until the whole of the land north of the Clyde fell into the hands of these Ulstermen, who changed the name of the country they had conquered from Alba to Scotia Nova. In course of time these Picts and Scots became known only as the Scots, and then only as the Highlanders, which name was adopted in order that they might be distinguished from the Lowlanders, who were entirely of Anglo-Saxon origin and had migrated North from England. It will be thus seen that the Highland Clans, the various Macs, the Stuarts, the Ogilvies, Campbells, Camerons, are all of Irish descent, and came from precisely the same stock as the O's and Mc's. The Royal House of Stuart traces its genealogy to Niall of the Nine Hostages.

After the arrival of Fergus, son of Erc, the next event of any great importance was the advent of St. Columcille, or Columba. Accompanied by twelve of his disciples, he came to visit his relative, Conal of the Cinel Conaill, son of Congal, King of the Scots, who, at his request,

gave him the Island of Iona on which to build a monastery. Having accomplished this project, Columba first of all converted Brude, King of the Picts, and then set about his great task of converting the whole country. He and his disciples travelled across the Pictish mainland, the Western Islands and the Orkneys, establishing monasteries on their way, and not desisting from their work until the whole land had been traversed from end to end, and all its inhabitants made Christians. The parent House of Iona retained supreme authority not only over these monasteries, but over those Columba had established in Ireland, and those founded by his followers in the North of England.

One of the many acts done by Columba in Scotland was that of consecrating Aidan, the successor of Conal, an authentic record of which is inscribed on the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, brought from Ireland to Alba by Fergus of the Cinel Conaill, first King of the Scots. It is now under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. One of the most important events in Scottish history is connected with Columba. During the early part of Aidan's reign, a meeting was held by the Cinel Conaill in Drum-Ceath, Ireland, to consider the question of levying an annual tax on the Scots in Alba, as it was adjudged by some only right and proper that they should do something for the mother country, in return for all the mother country had done for them. The tax was strongly opposed by Aidan, who referred to St. Columba, and the latter gave his verdict in favour of Aidan. So highly was Columba esteemed by his relatives, that his counsel was at once accepted, and Alba was pronounced freed from Ireland. It was thus due to the great Irish

saint and his relatives, the Cinel Conaill, that the Scots first gained their independence and became a separate nation. There were at that time four tribes in Scotia Nova—the Picts and Scots holding the greater part of the country, the Britons still retaining Strathclyde, and the Anglo-Saxons Northumbria.

To the end of his life St. Columba continued to visit various parts of Scotland, particularly the neighbourhood of the Clyde. In 593 his health began to fail, but so great was his vitality, that, though hardly able to move, he lived on to the year 597, when he died, a little after midnight, as he knelt before the altar of his church in Iona. The identical copy of the Psalms alleged by some to have been the cause of the rupture between St. Columba and St. Finnian, and the subsequent battle of Cuil-drevne, A.D. 561, has remained ever since St. Columba's death in the possession of the O'Dohmnaills (O'Donnells); Sir Richard O'Donnell, Bart., of the branch of Niall Garv O'Donnell, presenting it to the National Library in Dublin.

This copy of the Psalms, one of the oldest manuscripts in existence, is supposed by many to have been compiled by St. Columba, and also in connection with the latter may be mentioned the Banshee, which is thought by some to owe its origin to the battle of Cuil-drevne, and to have been the spirit, either of the mother or wife of one of the chieftains killed in it. Those, however, who have actually seen the Banshee, describe the head as of a type one cannot imagine contemporary with Columba, and are inclined to attribute it—if at all to anything that was ever human—to a type belonging to a prehistoric age.

After St. Columba's death the friendly relationship between Alba and Ireland was continued. In 843 the two tribes of the Picts and Scots amalgamated, and Kenneth—a lineal descendant of Fergus—was elected King. Alba then, for the first time, became known as Scotland. The Danes were now a great trouble to the Scots; neither coast was free from them; they landed on the East direct from Scandinavia, and they came to the West from their settlements in Ireland; which country they had begun to infest in A.D. 795. The Irish were too much harassed themselves to be of much assistance to the Scots, but several small expeditions were, from time to time, dispatched from Ulster, and these met with varying fortunes.

In 937 Constantine, King of the Scots, made friendly overtures to the Danes, and, together with the Strathclyde Welsh, assisted Anlaff and his Irish Northmen against the English at Brunanburgh. This good turn on Constantine's part met with ill-response, for in A.D. 985, the Danes invaded Iona, and on Christmas Eve, when the bells of the monastery were ringing out tidings of "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men," suddenly burst in on the affrighted priests and slew, in the most barbarous fashion, the abbot and fifteen of his servitors. So indignant were the Scots and Irish at this massacre that a joint expedition was got up between the two countries. Iona was re-taken and 300 of the Danes were killed. The vacancies caused by the death of these monks were mostly filled by men direct from the mother country, which had never ceased keeping in close touch with Iona. Among those who had recently gone over from Ireland to fill posts in the Alban church

were Kentigern, Bishop of Glasgow, and Maldulf, who afterwards went South and founded Malmesbury Abbey.

The year 1014 was made memorable by the total defeat of the Danes by Brian Boroihme (Boru) at Clontarf, a victory that caused almost as much rejoicing in Scotland as in Ireland. On the Northmen's side there had fought every available Dane in Ireland, the Orkneys, and the Hebrides, together with Danes from Scandinavia, and certain Irish chieftains dissatisfied with the *régime* of Brian. Among the latter were Maelmordha, King of Leinster, Dunlaing (ancestor of the O'Tooles) and Brogarbhan, tanist of Offaly. On Brian's side had fought Malachy, Brian's former enemy and late King of all Ireland, with all the forces of Munster and South Connaught, and levies from the Eo-ganachts of Scotland. The two armies, consisting of the flower of Denmark, Ireland and Scotland, met on Good Friday, April 23rd, a sinister day, according to astrologists, and a titanic contest ensued. The Danes and their allies lost close on 7,000 killed ; but for full particulars of the battle reference should be made to a work entitled *The Wars of the Gaedhill with the Gaill*.

Other events tending to show the friendly feelings that existed between the Irish and the Scots were the sending of an Irish expedition to Scotland to help Somerled, Lord of the Isles, and ancestor of the MacDonalds, in his struggle against the feudal system ; and the visit, in 1250, of Donnell Oge, the son of Donnell More O'Donnell, to Scotland, to the Court of his kinsman, the Scottish King, to complete his education. On his return to Ireland, Donnell Oge was elected Chief of the Cinel Conaill.

In 1295, and again in 1298, Irish expeditions went over to Scotland to help the Scots against Edward I ; and in 1315, Robert Bruce, as the oldest living descendant of Fergus, son of Erc, and thus the rightful representative of the old Irish-Scottish Colony, was invited by the Irish in Ireland to be their King. He refused, but transferred the invitation to his brother Edward, who went over to Ireland, accompanied by the Earl of Moray and 6,000 men, and took the field against the Anglo-Irish, or Pro-English party under Richard de Burgh, the so-called Earl of Ulster. The chief events of the campaign were briefly these : The occupation of Dundalk by Bruce and the patriotic army in August ; the defeat of De Burgh by Bruce at the battle of Connor, on 10th September ; the fruitless siege of Carrickfergus, whither part of De Burgh's force had retreated, which lasted from 30th September to the end of the year ; the defeat of Edmund Butler, the Anglo-Norman justiciary and forbear of the Ormondes, at Ardkull, near Athy, by Bruce, in the spring of 1316 ; the wholesale rout of Sir Roger Mortimer, another Anglo-Norman, at Kells, by Bruce, also in the spring of 1316 ; the crowning of Bruce at Dundalk by the great clans as King of all Ireland, May, 1316 ; the arrival of Robert Bruce with reinforcements from Scotland, in or about June, 1316 ; the capture of Castleknock by the two Bruces, 24th February, 1317 ; the capture of Dublin, prevented through the skill and bravery of the Mayor, Robert de Nottingham, March, 1317 ; the victorious career of the Bruces through the English pale, where the name of Bruce struck such terror in the hearts of the Anglo-Norman settlers that many of them fled to England, April, 1317 ; the return of Robert Bruce, who had lost

heart at the lack of unity among the Irish chieftains, to Scotland, May, 1317; and the defeat and death of Edward Bruce at the battle of Faughart, 14th October, 1318. The Anglo-Norman force, under Sir John Birmingham, numbered just three times as many as that of Bruce's, but, in spite of this, the contest was fierce and protracted; nor is it by any means certain the Anglo-Normans would have won, had it not been for the killing of Bruce at the outset of the fray by John de Maupas. On receipt of this news, Robert Bruce hastened to Ireland, but he was too late; all that remained of his brother was his headless, mutilated trunk, nailed by his enemies over the gateway of Faughart Castle.

After the death of Edward Bruce, and the return of Robert to Scotland, the next event of any note associated with the two countries was the arrival in Scotland of a Norman-Irish Brigade, officered chiefly by "Fitz's," to help Edward III. They took part in the battle of Halidon Hill, 1333, where they did no little to secure Edward the victory.

From the time of St. Columba, the Cinel Conaill had been most constant in its visits to Scotland; and to the Scottish Court. Godfrey O'Donnell, chief of the Cinel Conaill in 1248, invariably sojourned in Scotland, when he was not fighting in his own country against the Fitzgeralds and O'Neills; his brother, Dohmnaill Oge, who succeeded him as "The O'Donnell," and was responsible for the well-known message to The O'Neill, *go mbriadh a domhan fein ag gach fer*—in English, "Every man ought to have his own world,"—was educated in Scotland; and in 1495 Hugh Duv O'Donnell paid a visit to James IV, who welcomed him most effusively. Between

these two young men a compact was made that, should either ever be in need of help, the other should render him immediate assistance. They were in every respect kindred spirits. Both were young, romantic and chivalrous ; both adored women ; both loved the beauty and freedom of the hills and forests, and abhorred the artificialities of their life at Court ; and both lived by the sword and died by the sword—James IV being slain at Flodden, and Hugh Duv receiving his death wounds in action against the O'Neills.

The next of the O'Donnells to visit Scotland was Manus, Lord of Tirconnell, the son of Hugh Duv, who went to see his father's old friend, James IV, and took back to Ireland, as his third wife, the daughter of MacDonnell of Islay.

His son Calvagh, with whom he quarrelled, went to Scotland to seek aid from his uncle, James MacDonnell, elder brother of Sorley Boy, whose ambition in life was to go back to the original cradle of the Scots and settle in Antrim. James MacDonnell received Calvagh favourably, and lent him troops and artillery, with which he returned to Ireland, and which he used so successfully against Manus, that he made him capitulate. Whilst in Scotland, Calvagh married Catherine Maclean, widow of Archibald Campbell, fourth Earl of Argyll, and she it was, who, when Calvagh was defeated and taken prisoner by Shane O'Neill, became the latter's mistress.

Hugh Roe O'Donnell, grandson of Manus O'Donnell, and better known to history as "Red Hugh," frequently visited the MacDonnells of Islay, as well as the Scottish Court, as also did his brother Rory. Between the O'Neills and the Scottish branch of their Cinel, the

MacNeills, and between the O'Neills and the Scottish Court, there does not appear to have been the same intimacy as there was between the O'Donnells, and MacDonnells, and the Kings of Scotland. Hugh, Shane, and Owen Roe O'Neill are all said to have visited Scotland, but the authentic records of their visits are few and meagre in the extreme.

The Irish did not again figure prominently in Scotland till the great Civil War was well in progress, when an Irish expedition landed on the banks of the Clyde to support Montrose.

This Irish Brigade rendered conspicuous service at Tippermuir, 1644, where their charges demoralized Lord Elcho's soldiers, and finally led to their rout; at the capture of Perth, 1644; at Inverlochy, 1645, where Montrose defeated Argyll; at Aldern, 1645; at Alford, 1645, where they chased Baillie's grenadiers from the field; at Kilsyth, 1645, where they again struck terror in the heart of Baillie's "crack" regiments; and at Philiphaugh, 13th September, 1645, where, in the general rout of Montrose's army, most of them were killed. In this battle the remnant of Prince Rupert's Irish Brigade, who had fled northwards after Naseby, also took part. The survivors of the Irish still stuck to Montrose, and perished in his defeat at Corbiedale, 21st May, 1650.

The occasion on which the Irish next figured in Scottish history was the Rebellion of 1715, when a small party of Irishmen crossed the water and joined the Earl of Mar. They took part in the battle of Sheriff Muir, in which battle there also fought, but on the side of the English, a regiment of Anglo-Irish troops, chiefly recruited in Dublin.

In 1722 six Anglo-Irish regiments were sent over from Ireland to England, to be held in readiness for eventualities in Scotland, which eventualities, however, did not happen ; and the great Rebellion of 1745 was wholly pioneered, officered and financed by the Irish, the Scots preferring to wait till it had progressed "a wee bittie," before aiding it. The Waterses, father and son, Irish bankers at the time in Paris, advanced Prince Charles Edward 180,000 livres, whilst a large sum was contributed by the officers of the Irish Brigade then serving in France. An Irishman named Walsh, at his own expense, fitted up *La Doutelle*, a privateer of 18 guns, for the venture ; and the entire planning and arranging of the campaign was done by Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, the Prince's agent in Paris. Though Prince Charles Edward was nominally in command of the expedition, the actual command fell on the shoulders of his Irish Adjutant and Quarter-master-General, Sir John O'Sullivan, Colonel in the French Service.

Colonel O'Sullivan was born in Ireland about 1700. Intended for the priesthood, he was educated in Paris and in Rome. On the death of his father he would probably have remained in Ireland, but being forbidden by the Penal Laws to reside upon his estates, without renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, he sold them and returned to France. Entering the French Army, he rose with remarkable rapidity, subsequently acquiring fame through his adoption of guerilla tactics in the Corsican Campaign of 1739. It was this success that brought him to the notice of Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, who recommended him to the Prince as a fitting person for the part of Adjutant.

On 13th July, 1745, Prince Charles Edward and O'Sullivan embarked at St. Nazaire on the Loire, in *La Doutelle*. Other Irishmen of note on board *La Doutelle* were Sir Thomas Geraldine, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Colonel Lynch and Captain O'Neill; and in the expedition were included two Irish chaplains, namely Fathers O'Reilly and O'Brien.

After encountering wretched weather, which delayed them considerably, the small party landed at Lochnanuagh on the North coast of Scotland, the first week in August, and on the 19th the Royal Standard was unfurled at Glenfinnan. A grey and dismal day, combined with a disappointment respecting the Highlanders, who, it had been hoped, would have flocked to the Royal Standard by the thousands, instead of by ones and twos, had a chilling effect on the brave expedition, and even the intrepid O'Sullivan, as he gazed from the great, gloomy mountains frowning down on them from all sides, to the thin, straggling line of Scots in front of him, felt some misgivings. That such a bare handful of men could turn any cause seemed impossible, and to aid that of the Prince, had all Scotland come, there would have been none too many. But O'Sullivan, like the brave man he was, set aside his apprehensions and prepared to do his best. Among the Highland chieftains present were Clanronald, Cameron of Lochiel, and the Laird of M'Leod, and their total following numbered 1,200. O'Sullivan took command of them, and then waited for reinforcements from Dunkirk. These came before very long—some seven or eight hundred Irish and French in one ship, and 1,000 more, under Drummond, in another. They disembarked at Montrose and joined the Prince at

Glenfinnan. The story of the march to and from Derby is well known, and, therefore, need not be recounted here. Much of the credit of the Prince's victories at Prestonpans and Falkirk lies with O'Sullivan and the Irish and French Brigade. O'Sullivan was the actual commander on each occasion, and the Irish and French contingent came in for the brunt of the fighting. Culloden, though a defeat, was far from being a disgrace either to O'Sullivan or his army.

The battle, which took place on 16th April, 1746, was fought against tremendous odds. Not only did the English outnumber the Prince's force by two to one, but their pieces of artillery were three times as many, and were also of a much heavier calibre. O'Sullivan, selecting the spot he thought most suitable to the Highland method of attack, drew up his troops, consisting of 5,000 men, in two lines, the O'Givilies, Gordons and Murrays in the first, the Irish and French in the second line. His cannon he arranged as follows: four on each wing and four in the centre. Opposed to this array, the English army of 10,000 men was formed in three lines, with two guns between every two regiments of the first and second line. The action began at noon, and before evening half the Prince's troops were killed. The English soldiers, spurred on by Cumberland, "the butcher," saw red that day, and a general massacre of the Highlanders would have occurred had it not been for the Irish pickets and Lord Gordon's regiment, which covered the retreat of their companions by a well-sustained fire.

Stapleton then led the surviving Irish and French from the field to Inverness, where he obtained for them fair and honourable terms of capitulation; whilst

O'Sullivan, O'Neill, and a Sedan carrier called Burke, followed the fugitive Prince. These three men stuck to Charles Edward with the most heroic and unswerving loyalty. When he was weary, one or the other of them carried him ; they foraged for food and cooked it for him ; they risked capture to procure wine for him ; when he felt the cold they gave him their clothes ; and when he was ill they dispensed with their own rest and tended him.

Nor did they dream of leaving him until they reached Long Island and fell in with Flora Macdonald, in whose custody they deemed him safer than in their own. O'Neill remained within call of the Prince, whilst O'Sullivan hunted around for a means of getting the Prince out of the country. Eventually he succeeded, and on 15th September, 1746, *L'Heureuse*, a French vessel, with Captain Sheridan, Mr. O'Beirne, and several other Irishmen on board, ventured in search of the Prince, found him, and brought him safely away. For his faithful services on this occasion, O'Sullivan was knighted by Prince Charles Edward in 1747. The rest of his life passed uneventfully in France, and the exact date of his death is unknown. His son, Thomas, after serving with some distinction in the Irish Brigade in France, went to America, and entered the British Army. Tiring of the latter service, he joined the Dutch and, attaining the rank of Major, died at The Hague about 1824.

Since the "1745," Ireland's associations with Scotland have been entirely connected with peace. The Irish first began to migrate to Scotland for business purposes about the middle of the eighteenth century—and their first colony was in Glasgow. Those who were employed

in the docks and factories congregated by the rivers, where their housing accommodation was of about the same quality as that afforded them in Liverpool. Their relations with the Scotch, however, with the exception of occasional disturbances, which, as in 1780 and 1850, were due to their difference in creed, have on the whole proved amicable, and to-day the Irish in Glasgow are still more numerous than in any other town in Scotland.

One fact with regard to the Irish in Scotland that may not be generally known is that a large percentage of the rank and file of Highlander regiments are recruited from them—chiefly from those residing in the counties of Ayr, Edinburgh, and Wigton. Comparatively few Highlanders enter the Army nowadays, save in war time, the natural tendency of the Scot being to follow a more lucrative profession.

CHAPTER XI

THE IRISH IN FRANCE

THE INDIVIDUAL HISTORY OF THE REGIMENTS COMPOSING THE IRISH BRIGADE

IN the spring of 1690, while Patrick Sarsfield was hurrying his green-coated battalions along the lanes of Sligo, to defend Galway against Ginkel's hybrid legions, there landed in France, to serve under Louis XIV, five regiments of infantry, the nucleus of what was destined to become the famous Irish Brigade.

The original commanders of these regiments were Lieut.-General Justin McCarthy, Lord Viscount Mountcashel, Colonel Daniel O'Brien, Colonel the Hon. Arthur Dillon, Colonel Richard Butler, and Colonel Robert Fielding. Directly after their disembarkation, however, the force was re-organized and formed into three regiments, each regiment consisting of fifteen companies of 100 men, giving in all a total of about 1,600 rank and file. Lord Mountcashel commanded, and the three regiments were known respectively as Mountcashel's, O'Brien's, and Dillon's. In Mountcashel and O'Brien the Brigade had two *bond fide* Celts, members of the very oldest of the Irish clans.

The MacCarthys belonged to the royal race of Desmond, who for 900 years ruled South Munster, and the O'Briens to the Dalcassian Princes of Thomond, who, for a similar period, held sway over North Munster. Both claimed descent from the old King of the South, Olil-Olum—the

MacCarthys through his eldest son, Eogan, or Eugene More, and the O'Briens through his younger son, Cormac Cas ; whence it may be seen that Lord Mountcashel and Colonel O'Brien were kinsmen, albeit very distant ones.

The pedigree of Colonel Arthur Dillon was very different. His claim to Irish lineage did not extend further than the Norman Invasion. The founder of the Dillons was the Chevalier Henry Delion of Aquitaine, who, in 1185, was sent over to Ireland in company with the De Burghs, Fitzmaurices, De la Poers, and other of Henry II's rapacious myrmidons. Long before the seventeenth century, however, the Dillons had amalgamated to such an extent with the old clans, that a casual observer might have mistaken them for Celts, and in sentiment, at least, they were as truly Irish as any of the O's or Mac's.

From the moment the three regiments landed in France, though virtually in the service of Louis, they still looked upon James II as having the prior claim to their allegiance. There is, in fact, no more touching case to be found in history than the loyalty of these Irish soldiers to their fugitive King.

Deprived of land and home, and forced to flee across the waters, they were never known to murmur, and, although James seldom even paid them a compliment, they were content to go on serving him without any hope of reward to the end of their days. Their uniforms, arms, etc., were all paid for out of their own private purses, for they would not touch a penny of their King's money, and, in order to enhance his friendship with Louis, they declared themselves willing to accept acknowledgment of their services in accordance with the French system of ordinary pay, instead of receiving the higher

pay of foreign auxiliaries to which they were privileged. When this decision was made known to James, he is stated to have been moved to tears. It was, if we can believe our historians, almost the only occasion in his lifetime on which he showed any sign of being genuinely touched.

Up to the time these Irish soldiers in the service of France received their pay, and even to some extent afterwards—for the pay was ridiculously small—they had to depend for their food on their own private resources, those who had incomes generously drawing on the same for their less fortunate comrades. In October, 1691, immediately after the signing of the Peace of Limerick, the Assembly was hastily sounded, and they were marched to Brest to welcome some 19,000 more of their fellow-countrymen, who arrived from various Irish ports in a motley assortment of seventy odd ships, ranging from three-decked men-of-war to Galway fishing ketches.

The new-comers represented the flower of the Irish army that had so valiantly upheld the Stuart cause in Ireland throughout the desperate campaign of 1689–1691, against Ginkel and his Dutchmen. Commanded in turn by Richard Talbot (the successor to the O'Donnell's Earldom of Tirconnell), Boiselleau, the Duke of Berwick, St. Ruth, D'Usson and Patrick Sarsfield, they had borne the brunt of the fighting at the Boyne, Athlone, Ballyneety, and Aughrim, and, to their everlasting credit, it is said that never, in the jubilation of their few well-merited victories, were they guilty of excesses, and never, in the blackest hour of their long series of hairbreadth defeats, were they sullied by cowardice. Irish and English

historians alike credit them with a bravery rarely equalled in modern warfare, and most certainly never excelled. Ginkel fondly hoped that on their capitulation at Limerick the entire force would enlist in the service of William, but, to his intense mortification, only about 1,000 assembled under his banner, the remaining 19,000 announcing their unalterable determination to serve under the French flag. Compelled to vacate their homes, but allowed sufficient time to collect together their household goods, in company with their wives and children, and under the leadership of their old general, Sarsfield, they sailed for Brest. There they were joined by the three regiments already referred to, and the whole force thus united was reconstituted by James into the following divisions : two troops of Horse Guards, two of horse, two of dragoons *à pied*, that were to serve as infantry, eight regiments of foot, and three independent companies. To these were subsequently added several more infantry battalions formed from fresh recruits from Ireland—the Brigade, at its fullest strength, numbering about 30,000 men. The headquarters of the entire force was at Brest, but after a few months it moved to Paris, whence the greater portion of it was speedily dispatched on active service.

Following the career of certain of the regiments, we will begin with the history of

THE REGIMENT OF MOUNTCASHEL

Though not actually the oldest in the Brigade, the Regiment of Mountcashel can claim to have been the first regiment of the Brigade mobilized in France. It was originally formed in 1683 out of a number of Irishmen, who volunteered for service in Tangiers, but

was speedily recalled from Africa and disbanded. In 1688 it was re-formed by one of its old officers, Colonel James Butler, and saw service under him with James's Army in Ireland. Butler soon resigned the command, Viscount Mountcashel succeeding him, and, on the latter's defeat at Enniskillen, what was left of the regiment, together with fragments of other regiments, took ship for France, there to be organized and re-organized within a short time of their landing. On the removal of the Brigade to Paris, Lord Mountcashel took supreme command, his regiment marching at the head of the infantry battalions. After remaining in Paris some months, just long enough for the soldiers to become thoroughly enamoured of that city, the Regiment was ordered to the front, and, along with other corps of the Brigade, joined the army of the victorious Marshal de Catinat, in Piedmont. The fighting had been of the most desperate nature, and soon after their arrival the Irish underwent their baptism of fire near Saluzzo, in August, 1690. On this, as on every subsequent occasion, their conduct was remarkable, the fury of their attack carried everything before it ; and it was largely owing to them that Victor Amadeus was defeated.

" Ma foi, what soldiers ! " he is alleged to have said. " If only I had a few thousand such, not only Piedmont but the whole of France would be mine to-morrow." Nor was Catinat a whit less emphatic in his eulogies. He paid a visit to the quarters of the Brigade the day after the battle, shook hands warmly with many of the officers, and complimented all of them on their exceptional bravery.

The gallant conduct of the Irish, as has been already

remarked, was not confined to one battle. In every encounter of the campaign, at the captures of Urgel and Valence ; at Boy, where the Allies were utterly crushed ; and at Pratz-de-Mollo, where the Allies retreated, leaving behind them half the men of their army either dead or dying—in all these contests it was the Irish Brigade that first crossed swords and bayonets with the enemy.

“The French are no longer men but devils,” one of the Allies’ generals is said to have remarked to a Macdonnell, who was acting as his aide-de-camp, at Valence—having, in 1691, after the capitulation of Limerick, chosen the Austrian service in preference to the French.

“It is because of my countrymen, the Irish,” was Macdonnell’s rejoinder ; “the crafty Louis, knowing there are no fighters like the Irish in the world, has lured them into his service. It is they who are responsible for all these wild rushes ; the French are trying to keep up with them.”

The reputation thus created speedily spread, and long before the end of the campaign the valour of Louis’s Irishmen had become proverbial throughout the Continent. On the temporary cessation of hostilities in Italy, the Mountcashel Regiment was hurried to Germany, and there in one of its first engagements it lost its gallant Colonel, Justin MacCarthy, Viscount Mountcashel. Colonel Andrew Lee succeeded him. Lee was a veteran who had seen many years’ service. He had first served in the Regiment of Hamilton, levied in Ireland in 1671 by Count George Hamilton for service in France. He was present at Minden, where he was specially mentioned in

dispatches ; in Flanders, where he fought under Luxembourg ; and in Piedmont, where he commanded the Regiment of O'Brien.

The death of Mountcashel was followed by fighting of the most desperate nature. The Regiment was present at Kehl, Höchstädt and Kempten, where it brilliantly enhanced its reputation, but lost so heavily that the slain almost outnumbered the survivors. But sad as was the fate of those who fell so far from the land they so passionately loved, infinitely sadder was the lot of those who were left to mourn for them.

"The Irish Brigade daily grows thinner," one of its officers is said to have observed ; "pray to God that the lot of holding the last wake does not fall on me." And again, after Kempten : "The number of our widows grows faster than the shamrock round Kenmare ; pray to Heaven a few of us will be left to tell them how we died—how we thought of them—and of Ireland."

The Regiment won the golden opinions of Louis. So pleased was he at its conduct at Kempten, that he decorated Colonel Lee with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Louis.

In 1715, to help fill the large gaps in its ranks, it was strengthened by half the Regiment of O'Donnell, the other half of the latter Regiment being transferred to the Regiment of O'Brien, then under the command of Major-General Murrough O'Brien. In 1734, Colonel Andrew Lee died, and was succeeded by Count François de Bulkeley, scion of an old English Jacobite family. By this time there were none of the original members of the Mountcashel Regiment left in it ; all had either been killed on active service, or had died from natural

causes when too old to fight any longer ; and, although fresh recruits had periodically arrived from Ireland to take their places, a certain percentage of the privates were French.

In 1743, at Dettingen, under the generalship of De Grammont, they had the gratification of meeting their hereditary enemies, the English, under their much-hated King, George II, and, although ultimately defeated, the Brigade rendered such a good account of itself that all Europe rang with its praises, and its members were immortalized in song and verse.

Two years later, at Fontenoy, they again encountered the English, and this time with a very different result. Stampeding in turn the white-coated Austrians and blue-tunicked Dutch, they came on at no double, but at a speed resembling the rush of a tornado, and, with terrific shouts of "Remember the Boyne and Dettingen," hurled themselves on the cream of Cumberland's infantry. In vain did the English officers bid their men remain firm, in vain did their Grenadiers throw grenades, and their artillery belch forth grape and canister. The Irish came on like an avalanche, the most conspicuous regiments being the Dillons, the Mountcashels and the Murrough O'Briens. For height and broad shoulders, for strength of limb and beauty of face, there were none like them on the field, and when the sun's rays caught and burnished the gold of their epaulets and sword handles, the steel of their cuirasses and bayonets, even the men they were rushing on gave vent to exclamations of admiration and envy.

Before their advance the battle had gone ill with the French, and Saxe was in despair ; but the madness of

their onslaught caused an instant and complete change. The English, who throughout had shown themselves to be the backbone of the Allies, wavered, broke, fled. Fontenoy was won—the Boyne was avenged. Never had the Irish Brigade shown to such advantage. Its survivors were feted everywhere they went, its fame became universal. The Mountcashel Regiment went into action several hundred strong, they came out a mere handful. They fought again at Merrin and Ypres, in Flanders, but, although their courage was as great as ever, they were not attended with the same success.

In 1756, Count François de Bulkeley died. His son succeeded him as Colonel, but his reign was short. In 1775, the Regiment, now Irish only in name, ceased to have an individual existence, and was incorporated with the Regiment of Dillon.

THE REGIMENT OF O'BRIEN AND CLARE

The Regiment of O'Brien and Clare was the second Regiment of the Irish Brigade to be mobilized in France. It dates back to the landing in France, in the spring of 1689, of the first division of Irishmen under Mountcashel. It consisted of fifteen companies of 100 men each, numbering in all about 1,600 rank and file, and owed its arms and accoutrements to the munificence of its first Honorary Colonel, Daniel O'Brien, third Viscount Clare, who provided them out of his own private purse.

On leaving Brest, the Regiment moved to Paris, where it was strengthened by 200 veterans from Greider's Corps—all Irishmen—and placed under the command of its first proper Colonel, Andrew Lee. The Regiment then proceeded to Piedmont, sharing with the other

regiments of the Brigade the honours of the campaign. On the promotion of Lee to the command of the Mountcashel Regiment, Richard Talbot was appointed Colonel of the O'Brien and Clare Regiment, and was almost immediately afterwards thrown in the Bastille for offending one of the King's mistresses. His place was taken first by Charles and then by Murrough O'Brien, of Carrigo-gunnell, Co. Limerick, a direct descendant of Conor O'Brien, "King of a thousand fights." Under Charles the regiment fought at the siege of Valenza, and with the Army of the Meuse and in every battle it conducted itself with conspicuous valour. It was in Flanders that an incident is said to have occurred relating to Villeroi and a lieutenant of the Irish Brigade. Seeing one of the French regiments in front of him begin to waver, Villeroi in vain tried to rally them by his example and command. At length, finding it still inclined to retreat, he turned to a young officer of the O'Brien Regiment, who was hurrying past with a message to the Colonel of the Dillon Corps.

"Come here," he shouted, "see if you cannot infuse some of your Irish dash and courage into these faint-hearted countrymen of mine."

"Willingly, sir," the Irish officer replied, and, tearing off his sword belt, he threw it into the ranks of the onpressing enemy.

"Now to recover it," he exclaimed, and pushing past the faltering Frenchmen, he hurled himself into the thickest of the fray. Those who witnessed the feat were ashamed to desert him. They followed, leading others, for courage is infectious, and what had, at one time, looked like a certain retreat, rapidly became an assured victory.

Villeroi was delighted, and immediately after the battle dispatched one of his aide-de-camps to search for the heroic Irishman. After a long time away, the aide-de-camp returned with the news that the young officer was dead.

"Dead," said Villeroi, bitterly, "a thousand pities. Had he but survived to-day he would have lived to be a marshal!"

This prediction is said to have come true. The young Irish officer was, after all, only wounded, and ten years from that very day saw him wearing the uniform of a Maréchal-de-Camp.

On the termination of hostilities in Italy, the Regiment was immediately hurried to the Netherlands, where for the first time it was pitted against the English. It was present at Oudenarde, Malplaquet, the Defence of the Lines of Arleux, Douai, Bouchain and Quesnoy, and, in fact, at nearly all the engagements of the campaign of 1708-12. Like the other regiments of the Irish Brigade, it had proved a thorn in the side of Marlborough and Eugène, who, never knowing when it would prick them, owed to it, on more than one occasion, the complete failure of their most carefully prepared and preconceived plans.

"There is no counting on anything when those Irish firebrands are about," one of Marlborough's staff is alleged to have said. "They appear when least expected, do what is least expected, and render tactics, strategies and generals equally hopeless and abortive. There is one thing to be thankful for, however, their recruiting ground is a long way off."

In 1720, during the piping times of peace, Murrough

O'Brien died and was succeeded in the Colonelcy by Charles O'Brien, sixth Viscount Clare, son of the Daniel O'Brien to whom the Regiment owed its name and origin. From the fact that Charles O'Brien was usually styled "Mi lord Conte de Clare," the Regiment became known as the O'Brien or Clare Regiment. In 1733 it took part in the battle of Kehl, and in 1734 in the taking of Philippsburg. In 1738 Charles O'Brien assumed the title of the ninth Earl of Thomond, which title had previously been given to his Protestant kinsman, Murrough O'Brien, son of the Earl of Inchiquin, who, for some time, fruitlessly disputed it. From 1743-56 the Regiment was again at the front, earning for itself imperishable glory in the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, Laffeldt and Bilsen, and so heroically did Charles O'Brien lead it, that honour after honour was bestowed on him, and he was eventually made a Marshal of France.

On the conclusion of peace with the Allies, the Regiment was stationed in the South of France, where the whole of the Mediterranean command was entrusted to its Colonel, the new Field-Marshal. In 1761 Charles O'Brien died. He was buried with great honours, many of the highest dignitaries of France, together with all the rank and file of the Irish Brigade, attending the funeral.

He was succeeded in the Colonelcy of the Regiment by Brigadier James Fitzgerald, who, in 1762, was created Maréchal-de-Camp, and died in 1763. The next Colonel was the Chevalier de Betagh, or Biatagh, of Irish-Danish extraction, and grandson of a gentleman whose lands in Ireland were seized after the Restoration and given to an English settler. Following in the steps of his two

predecessors, De Betagh was made Maréchal-de-Camp, and, on his leaving the regiment in 1770, he was succeeded by another semi-Irishman, Colonel de Meave. The latter stayed with the regiment till 1775, when it terminated its individual existence and became incorporated with the quasi-Irish infantry regiment of Berwick.

THE REGIMENT OF DILLON

The third Regiment of the Irish Brigade to be mobilized in France was that of Dillon, raised by Theobald, seventh Lord Viscount Dillon, at the same time as those of Mountcashel and O'Brien. Its first Colonel was the Hon. Arthur Dillon, and it numbered at its formation sixteen hundred rank and file. After moving from Brest to Paris, it accompanied the rest of the Irish Brigade to Italy in 1693, and was present at most of the important engagements in Piedmont. In 1694, much to its surprise and regret, it was detached from the other Irish regiments and dispatched to assist the Duke of Berwick in Spain, where it increased its fame by performing prodigies of valour in the capture of Barcelona, 1697.

For his conduct at the taking of that town, as well as for his skill and bravery in the series of encounters that immediately followed, Dillon was made a Maréchal-de-Camp. In this capacity he was present at the defeat of the Allies at Toulon, and had the satisfaction of seeing his old enemies, the English, in full retreat. He died in 1733 and was succeeded in the command of the Regiment by his son, Charles.

Charles's tenure of the Colonelcy, however, was of the briefest duration. He had seen much fighting for his years and now wanted a spell of peace. Moreover, he

was head over ears in love with his cousin, whose blue eyes and artless smiles proved far more deadly missiles than the bullets of the Allies. He left the Regiment, married, returned to Ireland, and died in London in 1741. He was succeeded in the command of the Regiment by his brother, Henry.

From the date of the battle of Toulon to the year 1743 the Regiment had remained inactive. Plunged in despair at the long continuance of peace, at one time garrisoning Brest, and at another time Rouen, it had just moved to near Paris when it was suddenly ordered to Germany. There it joined the rest of the Irish Brigade, from which it had been parted for 47 years. It was in the extreme front at Dettingen, close beside the regiments of Dillon and Mountcashel, and it enjoyed with them the privilege of crossing bayonets with the English Grenadiers.

Shortly after the battle it lost its Colonel, who, on account of the new Act of Parliament which forbade any British subject to serve in a foreign army under penalty of having his land confiscated, retired, and, returning to England, married Lady Charlotte Lee, daughter of the second Earl of Lichfield.

The two succeeding Colonels, James and Edward Dillon, brothers to Charles, were killed at the head of the regiment at Fontenoy (1745) and Laffeldt (1747), respectively.

Lord Henry Dillon, though in England, was now made nominal Colonel of the Regiment, which appointment he held till his youngest son, Arthur, was old enough to take the actual command.

From 1748 to 1777 the Regiment was employed in garrison duty in France, and then, in 1778, for the second time in its career, it was detached from the other regiments

of the Irish Brigade and sent to North America to assist the American Colonists under Washington, in their struggle for independence.

On arriving in America it joined the main American Army under Washington, and, although taking part in many minor engagements with varying success, does not appear to have been in any very important encounter till the close of the war, when it formed part of the Army that besieged Lord Cornwallis in Yorktown, and finally forced him to capitulate. From the United States the Regiment went to the West Indies, where it aided in the captures of Grenada, St. Eustacia, Tobago and Savannah. In 1780, Arthur Dillon retired as Brigadier, and was succeeded in the command by Comte Theobald Dillon—or de Dillon, as the family was usually called—better known as “Le Beau.” All the Dillons were extraordinarily handsome.

Returning to France at the conclusion of the war with England, the Regiment remained either at Paris or Versailles till 1792, when it served under Dumouriez in the campaign against the Austrians in Flanders. By this time it was Irish only by name and reputation, nearly every man in it being French.

Suspecting Theobald Dillon of being a Royalist and in league with the much-hated countrymen of Marie Antoinette, the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Regiment resolved to get rid of him and the other officers. An opportunity soon presented itself. Finding themselves suddenly confronted by 3,000 Austrians, who, taking advantage of the inattention of the French sentries, had crept up unawares, they raised loud cries of “We are betrayed! A bas les Aristocrats! A la lanterne!”



From an engraving by Ridley, after a picture by Drummond

ARTHUR MURPHY

[See p. 107]

Some of the officers fought desperately, others were taken unawares—nearly all were killed. The fate of a few of them has been specially commented on. M. Berthon, while hurrying to the stables to find his horse, was met by a dozen or more of his privates, spat at, insulted, buffeted, then seized from behind and thrown on the ground, and finally borne shoulder high to the nearest tree and hanged. Theobald Dillon was in his carriage when the mob found him. Without evincing the slightest sign of fear or emotion, he told them how misguided they were, and bid them recollect their first duties as soldiers and repulse the Austrians. In reply to this they fired on him. Some of their bullets broke his thigh bone, causing him the most excruciating pain, and in this condition he was allowed to linger, until the more humane of his persecutors put an end to his life with their bayonets.

With his death the Dillon Regiment dropped all associations with the Irish Brigade, and became known as the 87th Regiment of the Line. It was the only Irish regiment whose Colonels, for close on 101 years, had all been chosen from the same family. By a curious coincidence the 87th Regiment of the Line in the English Army is the Royal Irish Rifles.

It may be well to say here a few words about the fate of Arthur Dillon, who had resigned his command of the Regiment in 1780, on being promoted to the rank of Brigadier. In 1784 he was made Maréchal-de-Camp, being shortly afterwards appointed to the Governorship of Tobago. At the termination of his office in 1789, he was recalled to France and created a Deputy. In 1792 he was given the command of a division against

the Prussians, afterwards eliciting great praise from Dumouriez by his clever and daring capture of Verdun. The following year he was back again in Paris, discussing with Lord Edward Fitzgerald the possibilities of a French expedition to Ireland to help the Irish in their long and keenly anticipated rising. Like Dumouriez and one or two other of the more promising young generals, Dillon had secret enemies, who, after several fruitless efforts, at length succeeded in causing his arrest. Accused of conspiring with certain other well-known suspects against Danton and the Republic, he was subjected to a mock trial and condemned to death. In the last few moments of his life the natural characteristics of his race were most markedly emphasized. Outside the door of the prison, in which he and a number of other aristocrats had been confined, was the scaffold—a crude wooden structure, mud-besplashed and blood-spattered. Around it, and as close to it as they could possibly squeeze, were hundreds of men and women, some tawdrily dressed in tolerably decent garments, others barely covered in the foulest of mere rags and tatters—all inconceivably cruel-looking and depraved. In the interval between the executions they laughed, chatted, partook of refreshments, and wagered heavily as to the sex of the next victim, whose appearance on the platform, no matter whether man or woman, was greeted with a terrific outburst of groans, hoots and jeers, to be followed by every imaginable ribald taunt and disgusting epithet.

It was no wonder, therefore, that the frailer of the captives watched the prison door open in abject terror, while even the most courageous were seen to turn

pale and falter. One by one the prisoners had gone shrinkingly to their doom, till there were only two left, Arthur Dillon and a lady. The latter's name was called.

"Oh, Mons. Dillon," she exclaimed, "surely this is an occasion on which a woman's privilege may be set aside. Will you go first?"

"Why, certainly, Madam," Dillon replied with a bow, "I am only too happy to oblige a lady."

He passed out, and, as the hideous clamour rose to greet him, he shrugged his shoulders with an air of the utmost indifference and accompanied his guards to the platform. There his whole demeanour, utterly unlike that of the shrinking captives who had preceded him, was so entirely unexpected and arrestive, that the cowardly mob instantly became silent. What would this extraordinary man do next, they one and all asked themselves. Passing his hands carelessly over his cravat and hair, he calmly approached the guillotine, and, contemptuously ignoring the executioner, who roughly told him to kneel, he drew out a white lace handkerchief and waved it in the air. "Vive le roi," he shouted gaily. Then, dropping on his knees, he placed his neck fearlessly in the reeking notch of the machine. The knife fell, and the bravest of all the gallant Dillons passed into the Great Unknown.

A regiment of the Irish Brigade, conspicuous for its number of O's, was the Corps of the Horse Guards, formed by James II in 1689, almost on the eve of the battle of the Boyne. Consisting of two troops only, it served through the Irish campaign of 1689-91 with distinction, and accompanied Sarsfield to France in the

autumn of 1691. As a consequence of the reduction of the Irish Brigade by Louis XIV in 1697, the Horse Guards were drafted into the Royal Irish Regiment, and thus metamorphosed into infantry. The Royal Irish Regiment, forming part of the Brigade that fought in Piedmont, Germany and Flanders, lost a very large number of men and, being unable to obtain fresh recruits, disbanded in 1710.

Of somewhat later origin than the Royal Irish Regiment was the King and Queen's Regiment of Horse. This Regiment was formed at the commencement of the year 1692 out of the remnants of Tirconnell's, Abercorn's, Westmeath's, Sutherland's, Purcell's, Lucan's, Luttrell's and O'Brien's cavalry regiments, that came over to France with Sarsfield. The exact period of its existence is not known. Being a small regiment, it probably suffered the same fate as the Royal Irish Regiment, and, after serving through two or three campaigns, became extinct.

Of even briefer existence than either of these two regiments was that of the King's Regiment of Dismounted Dragoons. Created as early as 1685, it earned its baptism of fire at the Boyne, and, after taking part in several other engagements of the '89-'91 campaign, followed Sarsfield to France. In 1698 it was incorporated with the Athlone Regiment, otherwise known as Colonel Walter Bourke's Regiment of Foot.

Formed about the same time as the above was the Queen's Regiment of Dismounted Dragoons. Commanded by Colonel Francis Carroll, or O'Carroll, of the ancient clan of Eile, which dates back to Olil Olum, King of Munster in the third century A.D., the Regiment fought at the Boyne and siege of Limerick, and afterwards

sailed with Sarsfield to France. In 1698, when serving in Piedmont, it was incorporated with Sheldon's Regiment.

In point of age, no regiment of the Irish Brigade could claim greater antiquity than that of the King's Royal Irish Regiment of Foot Guards, created for service in Ireland by Charles II in 1662. Its first Colonel was James Butler, the first Duke of Ormonde. Seeing active service for the first time in 1689, it was present at the sieges of Derry and Limerick, and at the battle of the Boyne. In 1691 it accompanied Sarsfield to France, and served throughout the various campaigns in Flanders and Germany, winning great distinction for itself at Landen, Charleroi and Höchstädt. Dettingen and Fontenoy also figured in its colours. It remained in existence till 1791, when, no longer Irish save in name, it followed the example set by most of the other Irish regiments and mutinied against its officers. It thus dissolved itself, but was reorganized directly afterwards, when it became known as the 92nd Regiment of the Line. It had lasted 129 years, far longer than any other regiment of the Brigade, and, if some of the other corps established for themselves a wider reputation, none could point to a better record of sound and steady service. The Regiment has sometimes been called the backbone of the Brigade, an appellation it well merited.

In striking contrast to this veteran Corps was the Queen's Regiment of Infantry, which existed only seven years. Raised directly after the siege of Limerick by the Hon. Simon Luttrell, its first and only Colonel, it accompanied Sarsfield to France, where, in 1698, it was amalgamated with Tirconnell's Corps and others, that

were welded together to form the King and Queen's Regiment of Horse.

Of greater longevity than many of the Irish regiments, and remarkable for its vicissitudes, was the Infantry Regiment of the Marine. Raised in Ireland in 1689 by Lord Henry Fitzjames, and first of all known as Le Régiment de la Marina, it rendered yeoman service to the Jacobite cause at Drogheda, the Boyne, and Limerick. It was then also designated Fitzjames's Regiment. After the capitulation of Limerick, Fitzjames was succeeded in the Colonelcy by Nicholas Fitzgerald. Accompanying Sarsfield to Brest, the Regiment was for two years stationed on the coast of Normandy, after which it was transferred to Germany, where it remained from 1693-95. Its first Colonel, Fitzjames, being created an additional Duke of Albemarle by James II, the Regiment changed its title to that of the "Régiment d'Albemarle." Under that name, with a Fitzgerald still leading, it was moved to Italy, where it joined other regiments of the Brigade. In 1702, in recognition of the gallantry of its Colonel at Luzzara, Brogoforte and Nago, it again changed its appellation to that of the Régiment de Fitzgerald. At Arco, Vercelli, Ivrea, Verrua, Chivasso, Cassano and Turin, it well sustained its reputation, being over and over again signalled out for special commendation by the Duke of Vendôme, Commander of the French, Spanish and Piedmontese forces. On the cessation of hostilities in Italy, the Regiment was moved to the Netherlands, and there its distinguished Colonel was fatally wounded while heading a charge at the battle of Oudenarde, 1708.

Daniel O'Donnell, who had served in the Corps ever since its formation, and who had already attained the

rank of Lieut.-Colonel, succeeded him, and the fickle Regiment immediately changed its name to that of the Regiment of O'Donnell. Under their new commander, the Regiment was present at Malplaquet, Arleux, Denain, Douai, Bouchain and Quesnoy, and was frequently mentioned in dispatches for its bravery by the Duke of Savoy as well as by Villeroi. From Flanders the Regiment hastened to Germany, where, forming one of the units of the Grand Army under Marshal Villars, it took part in the siege of Landau, the battle of Freiburg, and the forcing of General Vaubonne's entrenchments, which led to the Peace of Rastadt between France and Germany, March, 1714. In 1715, the Regiment of O'Donnell came to an end, one-half of it being incorporated with the Mountcashels, the other half with the Murrough O'Briens.

OTHER REGIMENTS OF THE BRIGADE

In addition to those regiments already mentioned, there were several other regiments, some of them, however, so small as scarcely to equal in point of numbers half a battalion, or even a full-sized company. The names of some of these corps were :—the Limerick, Dublin, Athlone, Galway, Clancarty, Bourke, Sheldon and Berwick. They were mostly infantry, and, dating their origin from 1689–91, all saw active service either in Italy, Germany, or Flanders. Four of them, namely, the Berwicks, Galways, Bourkes and Sheldons, fought under the Duke of Berwick in Spain, where they acquitted themselves most creditably. The bulk of them either were disbanded for lack of numbers, or were incorporated with other bodies between the years 1712 and 1715. Only

a few survived till 1792, when the Brigade, owing to the refusal of the Dillons, Major Walsh, and others of its officers, to serve under the tri-colour, may be said to have terminated its existence, although, according to some writers, we may deduce a somewhat eventful and melancholy sequel.

CHAPTER XII

THE IRISH IN FRANCE (*continued*)

WOLFE TONE AND THE UNITED IRISHMEN IN PARIS

ABOUT the year 1800 a new Irish Brigade was formed out of the nucleus of the old Brigade and the many United Irishmen that had settled in France ; but it never acquired the reputation of the Old Brigade. During the French campaigns in Algiers, between the years 1830 and 1856, many Irishmen served as officers in the Expeditionary Forces under General Berthezene, the Duke of Rovigo, General Avizard, General Desmichels, General D'Erlon, Marshal Clausel, the Duke of Orleans, General Bergeaud, General Canrobert, General St. Arnaud, General MacMahon—himself an Irishman—and General Pelissier, respectively, and were over and over again commended for their bravery, which was especially noticeable at the captures of Bona, Mediak and Tlemcen, and in the following battles : the River Makta, 28th June, 1835, where the French were defeated with great loss, and would probably have been totally annihilated but for the bravery of some Irish officers ; the River Sikak, 6th July, 1836, where General Bergeaud completely routed the Arabs under Abd-el-Kadir, and rescued a number of prisoners, including several Irishmen, who had suffered the most diabolical tortures and were to have been buried alive ; and at the River Isby, 14th August, 1844, where the Emperor of Morocco, who had joined in the war as the ally of Abd-el-Kadir, was totally

defeated and pursued for miles by the French cavalry, led for some distance (till he fell) by an Irish officer.

The Irish were also conspicuous for bravery in June, 1845, when General Pelissier, having shut up a whole tribe of Arabs in a cave, and blocking up the mouth of it with fires, would have suffocated them all to death, but was prevented by his Irish officers, who pleaded with him on behalf of the victims ; in 1852, when the campaign in Eastern Kabylia was commanded by General Mac-Mahon, who had on his staff several officers of Irish extraction, and was in every way successful ; and in the Algerian Rebellion of 1864, when several Franco-Irish officers again figured conspicuously, and were complimented on the field for their intrepidity.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, with the establishment of peace and some kind of law and order in Paris after the Revolution, a fresh influx of Irishmen began. The pioneers of the immigrants were Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Wolfe Tone sailed from America to France, and landed at Havre de Grace on 2nd February, 1796, the object of his visit being to persuade the Executive Directory of France to send an expedition to Ireland to assist the Irish in a rising against the English. Tone had repeated interviews with M. Madgett, M. Carnot, President of the Directory, M. De la Croix, and General Clarke, afterwards Duke de Feltre, who claimed to be Irish, but was utterly ignorant of contemporary Irish affairs. In all these interviews Tone was treated with great courtesy, but his patience was sorely tried by the vacillation of the Ministers, who were at one moment in favour of sending a strong expedition, and at another of dispatching one

which, in Tone's opinion, would be far too weak to accomplish anything. At one meeting it was actually proposed by the Ministry that, in order to minimize the cost of the expedition, all the Irish prisoners taken in the campaign against Great Britain should be granted their liberty, and substituted for French soldiers in the proposed expedition to Ireland. Tone, of course, strongly opposed such a preposterous proposition. It was French troops, he told Carnot, he wanted, not Irish ; he had plenty of Irish at home ; and he was particularly averse from utilizing the services of the surviving officers of the recently disbanded Irish Brigade—another suggestion of the Directory—on the ground that they were of mixed nationalities and had not displayed any great loyalty either to the Brigade, or to France, or to Ireland.

Despite, however, of its aggravating reluctance to arrive at any conclusion, the Directory was undoubtedly in favour of Tone's scheme, and, when he had almost abandoned all hope of success, it surprised him by suddenly informing him that it was prepared to send a far greater supply of arms and ammunition than it had at first intended, and that it would be glad if Tone would accept a commission in the French army.

This offer Tone joyfully accepted as a safeguard in the event of his being taken prisoner ; for he concluded the English Government would regard all who took part in the Rising as rebels, and, if he were wearing an Irish uniform or civilian's clothes, he would stand a very good chance of being hanged for treason, whereas, if he wore a French uniform, he would have to be treated with the honour shown by all civilized nations to a prisoner of war. One of the most interesting incidents in connection

with Tone's stay in Paris was his first meeting with General Hoche, who had been appointed by the Directory as Commander of the expedition.

Tone was seated in his little apartment, studying tactics, when a knock came at his door and a handsome young man, in a brown coat and velveteen knickerbockers, entered. Tone took him for a *chef de bureau*, and was none too pleased at being disturbed. Imagine, however, his astonishment when the stranger, upon being asked his name, quietly observed : " Eh bien, je suis le Général Hoche ! " Tone was struck dumb with astonishment, for Hoche was the man who, the Directory had announced, might be sent in command of the expedition. And here he was—Hoche, one of the most brilliant of the many brilliant leaders in the French Army, a man whose name had for some time been on the lips of all Paris ; and he looked like a farmer—just a healthy, very ordinary farmer.

He asked Tone many questions, especially on the points that had already arisen, namely, the possible conduct of the priests, the amount of influence they had over the people, especially with regard to prejudicing them against the idea of a Republic ; the number of English soldiers there were in Ireland, and the resistance they might be expected to offer ; and—a matter which had not been broached before—namely, the supply of bread in Ireland. On all points but the latter, Tone had been able to satisfy the General, and he was just beginning to explain that, even if there were not enough bread, there were plenty of potatoes, when Carnot entered, and, knowing Hoche's weakness for rolls, burst out laughing.

"When you go to Ireland," he said, "you must do as the Irish—eschew rolls and chew bacon and potatoes instead."

Carnot was in excellent spirits. To Tone's delight, he informed him that the Directory had fully decided on the expedition, and all that remained for him to do was to draw up the final plans. He then invited Tone and Hoche to dine with him. That night, after having been introduced to Madame Carnot and various members of the Carnot family, Tone went back to his humble rooms almost too excited to sleep. He had met Hoche and had been fêted by the President of the Executive Directory of France—honours enough for one day, and honours he had little dreamed would ever fall to his lot. The following day still another surprise awaited Tone—he was gazetted *chef-de-brigade* (or colonel) in the French infantry.

The history of the Expedition and of its failure owing to fog and storm, and the subsequent events in Wolfe Tone's life, have been too often narrated to bear repeating here. When he was in prison, daily anticipating his execution, he wrote to the Secretary of State of the French Republic, commanding his wife and three children, who were then almost penniless in Paris, to the protection of France, and be it to the eternal credit of the French Directory, steps were at once taken to gratify his plea.

The sum of 1,200 francs from the funds of the Navy and three months' pay from the War Department were sent to his widow. Bruix, Minister of the Marine, offered to adopt one of his sons; Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, the other; whilst General Kilmaine expressed himself willing to take charge of both. Mrs. Tone,

however, decided that she could not part with either of her children, and Talleyrand, arranging for their education, wrote as follows to François de Neufchateau, the Minister of the Interior—

“ DEAR COLLEAGUE,—You are informed that the Executive Directory have decreed that the two sons of the brave and unfortunate Tone, who died in Ireland, a victim in the cause of liberty, should be educated in the Prytaneum. I satisfy a duty, dear to my heart, in addressing to you the interesting mother of these children, who desires to present to you the expression of her gratitude in order that you may transmit them to the Directory. I have not hesitated to promise her the most favourable reception from you, and I am convinced that I did not venture too far in doing so.

“ Health and Fraternity,
“ TALLEYRAND.”

The two young Tones, William Theobald Wolfe and Francis Rawdon, were then placed at the Prytaneum, whilst their mother and sister dwelt close by. A great many people interested themselves in the Tone family, particularly Thomas Wilson, Tone's greatest friend ; Jean Frederic Giauque ; three Irish officers, namely, General McDonnell, Captain Corbet and Lieutenant Hamilton, all of whom held appointments in the French Army ; Lucien Bonaparte, President of the Five Hundred, who obtained from the French Government the sum of 600 francs for Mrs. Tone, and 300 for each of her children “on the first funds available in the Ministry” ; and the Emperor Napoleon himself, who granted Mrs. Tone a

pension of 1,200 livres, and each of her children 400 livres. Indeed, nothing could have been kinder than the behaviour of the Bonapartes to this stranded Irish family. In certain memoirs of the family we read of Citoyenne Bonaparte sending an invitation to Citoyenne Matilda Wolfe Tone to dine with her, and of there being present at the banquet Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte, General Bernadotte (afterwards Charles XIV of Sweden), the beautiful Madame Leclerc, and many other distinguished people, all of whom vied with one another in their attentions to the Tones. Madame Leclerc, who afterwards became the Princess Borghese, took William on her knees, just as Francis, recognizing in General Bernadotte the object of his hero-worship, ran up to him, crying out, "There is Bernadotte! Bernadotte, will you go and drive the English out of Ireland and kill Pitt?"

But sad times were in store for Mrs. Tone. In 1813 her daughter, Maria, died of consumption; three years later, Francis succumbed to the same fate; and soon William showed signs of the same disease. The latter was taken to Boston for the sea voyage, and though, at the end of a year, he returned to Paris practically all right, it was not deemed advisable to keep him too much to his lessons. Hence, we read of him and his mother taking many walks in the fields about the Boulevards of Mont Parnasse. It is interesting to note that among the Tones' advisers was Wolfe's old friend, General Clarke, who was created Duke de Feltre and made Minister of War. He was very anxious that William should join the Irish Legion, a revival of the Irish Brigade, which had been formed, about the year 1800, out of the nucleus

of the Old Brigade and the many United Irishmen that had settled in France ; but Mrs. Tone, not liking the Duke de Feltre's suggestion, and having consulted Mr. Wilson, who advised the French cavalry, William left the Lyceum and entered the School for Cavalry at St. Germain-en-laye. His mother could not keep far from him. She took rooms in the Hôtel de la Surintendance, on the Parterre, where she could see him every day exercising beneath her window ; and, whilst she was thus occupied, she became imbued with the ambition to see the Emperor and to entreat his sympathy on her son's behalf. Setting to work, she wrote a long memorial relative to her husband and his love of France, and also relative to William, his career at the Lyceum, and all his hopes and aspirations ; and day after day, in fair and foul weather, stood with her missive by the lodge waiting for an opportunity to present it to the Emperor. At last the chance came. Napoleon, clad in his usual costume, namely, his little white great-coat, which he wore in all his battles, drove up in his carriage, and, quick as lightning, she darted forth and presented her memorial.

One easily understands why Napoleon was so beloved by the French, when one reads of his behaviour on this occasion. He did not order his coachman to drive on at once, or merely reward her with a haughty stare, but he took the manuscript from her hands and read it all through. Then he said some very encouraging words to her, and with the final remark, "Your child shall be well naturalized," drove on. The Emperor was as good as his word. When Talleyrand Perigord, Prince of Benevent (who had always interested himself in the Tones), and the

Duke de Feltre mentioned to him that Madame Tone had as much as she could do to pay for the education of her son, he at once had all the money she had paid for William returned to her, and her annuity increased; and, be it again to the credit of Napoleon and France, despite the many upheavals through which the nation had to pass, Mrs. Tone received her pension right up to the day of her death, which took place at Georgetown, D.C., in 1849.

On leaving the Military School, through the influence of the kindly Talleyrand, William Tone was gazetted sub-lieutenant to the 8th Chasseurs, commanded by Talleyrand's nephew, the Count Edmond de Perigord.

He saw active service in the campaigns of 1813 to 1815; and for his heroic conduct at Leipzig—when he was attacked by a number of lancers, whom he fought till he fell from his horse and was left for dead—he was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. After Napoleon's abdication he left the French Army, visited Ireland, and, in 1824, settled in America, entering the United States Army as second lieutenant.

In 1825 he married Catherine Anne, daughter of William Sampson, a noted Irish lawyer; and in 1828 he died, and was buried on Long Island. He left one child, Grace Georgiana, who married Lascelles Edward Maxwell, Judge Thomas Addis Emmet giving her away. She subsequently resided in Brooklyn, N.Y., where she died in 1900. Before going to America, Mrs. Tone, Wolfe's widow, married Thomas Wilson, of whom Wolfe had said, in his farewell letter to her eighteen years before, "I think you have a friend in Wilson who will not desert you."

Shortly after the failure of Tone's expedition, two other leaders of the United Irishmen, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor, came to France, passed through Paris, and interviewed Hoche on the French frontier.

This was Lord Edward Fitzgerald's last visit to the Continent ; the following year witnessed the Great Rising of 1798, and his untimely death. Arthur O'Connor, however, was destined to spend many years of his subsequent career in France. He returned thither in 1802, and, as has already been stated, entered the French Army, married a French lady, Elisa Condorcet, daughter of the great philosopher, bought Mirabeau's old estate of Bignon, near Nemours, which he devoted to agricultural uses, and remained there, off and on, until his death in 1852.

Another United Irishman hardly mentioned in English history, but well enough known to posterity in Ireland and France, was Miles Byrne. Byrne, the son of poor parentage, was born at Monaseed, Co. Wexford, in 1780. An enthusiastic patriot from his cradle, he became a United Irishman when he was barely sixteen, and, on the outbreak of disturbances in 1798, joined the insurgents under the Rev. John Murphy, at Corrigrua, Co. Wexford. He was present at the capture of Gorey ; at the unsuccessful attacks on Arklow—where he commanded a division of pikemen (the majority of the insurgents were only armed with pikes, whereas the English had muskets and cannon, and were all highly-trained soldiers)—and Newtownbarry ; and at the two crushing defeats at New Ross and Vinegar Hill, where they were overwhelmed by the most appalling odds. Byrne, who fought with a

bravery akin to madness, cut his way through the English soldiers with an antique sword, and escaped. Collecting a few of the survivors round him, and joined by some colliers from Castlecomer, he captured Goresbridge, where he was unable to stop his men avenging picketing and pitch-caps by killing a dozen or so English prisoners in cold blood. At Castlecomer he was defeated and, after being engaged in a few skirmishes of varying success, he was finally obliged to take refuge in Dublin. There he met Robert Emmet, with whom he planned a rising for the summer of 1803. This, however, was nipped in the bud through treachery. Emmet fled to Rathfarnham, whilst Byrne sailed to France to seek aid for Ireland from the French Government. He landed at Bordeaux, proceeded to Paris, interviewed one of the Ministers, and was told that France, having already spent a great deal of money on two hopelessly unsuccessful expeditions, would attempt nothing more. This was final, and Byrne, desisting from any further petitioning, accepted a commission in the new Irish Brigade. Everything now went well with him ; he served with distinction in Spain, the Low Countries and Germany, won the Legion of Honour, and rose from rank to rank, till he was appointed *Chef-de-Bataillon*, in 1830, when he retired. He died in Paris, 24th January, 1862, and was buried at Montmartre. To the last moments of his life his whole thoughts were centred on Ireland, and his final utterances were full of hope for her eventual emancipation. Few nobler Irishmen have ever breathed on French soil.

Of the many other United Irishmen who visited France, the most prominent were the two Emmets, the ill-fated Robert and his brother, Thomas Addis. Robert first

visited France about 1800, when he was touring through Belgium, Switzerland and Spain, with the purpose of sounding the Governments of these countries with regard to their attitude towards Ireland, studying at the same time their respective military systems. On his way back he was joined by Thomas Addis (just let out of prison) and the two visited Paris. There, in company with other United Irishmen, they were granted an interview with Napoleon and Talleyrand, at the Luxembourg. Neither of the brothers was at all favourably impressed with Napoleon—he appeared to them cold and selfish, and although he gave them his assurances in writing that, if he aided in effecting the separation of Ireland from England, he would guarantee complete Irish independence, they mistrusted him.

They believed that Napoleon merely meant to use Ireland as a cat's paw, and that, after landing a few troops there to aid in a general rising, he would subjugate England and Scotland, and then add Ireland to his conquests. They resolved, however, to conceal their apprehensions, let England be conquered, and then protest, if necessary with arms, for their own liberty. The rising in Ireland was to take place simultaneously with Napoleon's invasion of England—that is to say, in August, 1803. It is a matter of history how the rising and invasion both failed, and—as all rational Irishmen must now agree—failed fortunately.

The night before his departure for Ireland, Robert Emmet dined in the Rue du Bac—the very same street where Wolfe Tone had so often dined, and so often trod with similar feelings of hope in his breast—with two other United Irishmen, Lord Cloncurry and Surgeon

Lawless. Of Robert Emmet's speech at this farewell banquet, Lord Cloncurry gives the following graphic description : " When he spoke it was with extreme enthusiasm—his features glowed with excitement ; the perspiration burst through the pores, and ran down his forehead." Robert Emmet left Paris quietly, with none but his most intimate friends to see him off—a very different departure from that of Wolfe Tone.

Thomas Addis Emmet spent several years in France. After his release from prison in 1800, his wife and children, Robert, Thomas and John, joined him, and, after short stays in Hamburg and Brussels, they settled in Paris. Here, at the end of September, 1803, he received news of his brother's barbarous execution, and in the following December he presented a memorial to Bonaparte relative to the sending of a French expedition to Ireland. Napoleon agreed to the proposal, and preparations were at once made for the sailing. The actual number of French troops intended for this expedition is not known, but, in all probability, there were to have been in it many more than in either of the former expeditions. An Irish Brigade, consisting of United Irishmen and other Irish residing in France, and commanded by General MacSheehy, was formed, and Emmet was given a command in it. All his hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment. In April, 1804, Napoleon had to alter his plans, and the expedition was postponed—for all time. This decided Emmet. During his stay in France he had experienced nothing but a series of misfortunes—first of all his father had died, then his mother, then Robert, and then his sister—whilst the one thing on which, above all others, he had built his expectations,

had been fated never to come off. He sailed with his wife and family, to America, settled in New York, achieved great success as a barrister, and died there on 14th November, 1827.

William Lawless, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin, though of lesser note than the Emmets, was none the less enthusiastic as a United Irishman. He was one of the first to join the National movement, and was a leading spirit in planning the Great Rising of 1798. The Government, on ascertaining that he was implicated in the conspiracy, at once issued a warrant for his arrest, and he would have been taken, had not timely warning been conveyed to him by Mr. Steward, then acting as Surgeon-General in Dublin. Flying to France, he obtained an introduction to Napoleon, who gave him a commission in an infantry regiment. His subsequent career was one of unchequered success. A lieutenant in 1800, he was a general in 1814, and the only misfortune that occurred to him was the loss of a leg at Dresden. He died in Paris in 1824.

A distant relative of his, and a great sympathiser with the United Irishmen, although never actually one of them, was Valentine Browne Lawless, Baron Cloncurry. Baron Cloncurry was born in Merrion Square, Dublin, was educated first of all at Dr. Burrowes's School at Blackrock, and then at Trinity College. On leaving the University, he became acquainted with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Emmets, and other of the United Irishmen, and, his friendship with them having been brought to the knowledge of the Government, he was arrested in London and committed to the Tower. At the end of six weeks he was liberated, but was arrested again, and

incarcerated in a cell literally swarming with vermin. On his release this time he at once repaired to the Continent, staying first of all, in Rome, and then in Paris, where many of his old friends amongst the United Irishmen had settled.

On his return to Ireland, despite his well-known anti-Union views, he was created a Peer of the United Kingdom and a Privy Councillor. But, although so strongly in favour of an independent Government for Ireland, he held strictly aloof from Daniel O'Connell, and had nothing whatever to do with him or his followers, the Repealers. In 1849 he published a volume of *Personal Recollections*. He died in 1853, and was buried in the family mausoleum a few miles out of Dublin.

One of the most all-round talented of the United Irishmen was William Putnam M'Cabe, who was born near Belfast, about 1775. The story of how he became an active Patriot can be told in a few words. Hearing Wolfe Tone speak at a public meeting in Belfast, he was so much impressed in his favour, and fired with enthusiasm for his cause, that he joined the National movement on the spot. It is stated in his biography that he continually evaded capture through his wonderful power of mimicry. On one occasion, caught by some Highland soldiers when acting as one of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's body-guard, he immediately got released by affecting a broad Scottish accent, and pretending that his arrest was all a mistake. He joined Humbert's expedition, fought with the utmost recklessness at Ballinamuck, where he was one of the last to leave the field, and, after hiding for awhile in Wales, managed to reach Paris. Stranded in France with practically no capital, he,

nevertheless, set up a cotton factory at Rouen and soon amassed a respectable fortune. He visited the British Isles three times and, though arrested on each occasion, always managed to obtain his release. He eventually died in Paris in 1821, and was buried alongside several of his old comrades-in-arms in Vaugirard Cemetery.

The last United Irishman connected with Paris, and of sufficient note to be mentioned here, was Bartholomew Teeling, who was born at Lisburn in 1774. Joining the United Irishmen soon after the movement started, Teeling went over to Paris, enlisted in the French Army, and came over in Humbert's expedition as a captain. He was captured at Ballinamuck, and, despite the fact that he was wearing his French uniform, and that Humbert made every effort to save him, he was executed like a common criminal.¹

¹ A full account of his death and burial in "The Croppy's Hole," at Arbour Hill, is to be found in *The Narrative of the Irish Rebellion of 1798*, written by his nephew.

CHAPTER XIII

THE IRISH IN FRANCE (*continued*)

THE IRISH BRIGADE OF 1870; THE IRISH COLLEGE AT PARIS; MADAME MAUD GONNE, AND OTHER PRESENT DAY IRISH MEN AND WOMEN IN FRANCE

IN connection with the revival of the Irish Legion, of which a brief mention was made in the last chapter, an interesting account of the flags of the old and new Irish Brigades appeared in an article written by Miss M. Barry O'Delany to the *Daily Independent*, 4th November, 1901. According to a statement in this article, it appears that the flags captured by the Irish Brigade, together with other trophies won by the prowess of the Irish Army, had been, from the time of Louis XIV up to the year 1814, in the Hôtel des Invalides, but that at 9 p.m., on 30th March, 1814, to celebrate the downfall of Napoleon, Maréchal Serurier caused a bonfire to be kindled in the Cour d'Honneur de l'Hôtel, and all the flags and banners, together with the sword of Frederick the Great, perished in the conflagration. In all, 1,500 flags, including several won from the English by the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, were thus destroyed. To quote from Miss O'Delany's graphic account : "The veterans of the Old Guard stood round the funeral pyre, in a silence more eloquent than words, and, as the precious relics were thrown in, it is said that the tears rolled down their furrowed and scarred faces, and that as they gave the farewell salute their strong hands trembled."

In 1829, three flags taken in Morocco were hung in the Chapel of St. Louis, and to these were added, later on, 72 flags won from the Dey of Algiers, many of them having been captured through the conspicuous valour of the Irish Brigade.

In the Crimean War there were several companies composed exclusively of Irishmen, but hardly a Brigade in the ordinary sense of the word ; and it was the same in the Franco-Austrian and Franco-Prussian campaigns of 1859 and 1870, respectively.

In the latter campaign, however, an Irish Fighting Corps, which, combined with an Irish Ambulance Corps, was commanded by Captain M. W. Kirwan—who numbered among his officers Dr. Macken, Mr. M'Alevey and Mr. Cotter—and was known as the 2me Régiment Étranger, played a prominent part. Getting plenty of hard fighting, it left many of its members behind on the fields of Montbéliard and Busy ; and suffered still more in routs that followed so many of the French defeats.

To quote Captain Kirwan's own words relative to the disaster at Montbéliard, 20th January, 1871 : “ As we retreated through the beautiful country watered by the Doubs, over hill and through dale, in wet and cold, dropping with fatigue, and exhausted by suffering, I could not help speculating that to man alone is left a power of endurance which the beasts of the field could scarcely endure. But we had four hard days on that desperate retreat—days of famine, of cold, of hunger, and of danger ; from early dawn until long after dark, it was a trial of speed, and then but little repose on the slimy soil, torn up with thousands of horses and waggons,

and the tramp of tens of thousands of men. Everywhere we had to sleep was converted into an ocean of mud."

But the Irish soldiers in spite of all this—in spite of the fact that they had hardly a rag to their backs or piece of leather to their feet, and were dripping with blood from wounds and sores that hurt "like hell"—were cheerful. They assured each other that their sufferings were all on behalf of France, *La Belle France*, to whom they owed so much, and in so doing they were undoubtedly consoled. Nor did the French deny them their meed of praise. After a desperate encounter with a large troop of Uhlans, whom they had by a superhuman effort at last succeeded in driving off, General Rebillard rode up to them.

"What regiment are you?" he demanded.

"*La Compagnie Irlandaise, Régiment Étranger, mon général,*" Lieutenant Cotter replied.

"Then," said the General smiling, as he glanced at the line of ragged Irishmen before him, "I would rather have *la Compagnie Irlandaise* than a battalion of *Mobiles*." The Irish Company went into the final battle of the war some 55 strong; they came out of it a bare score, and enjoyed the distinction of having fired the last shots at the enemy. They were, too, actually crossing bayonets with the Germans when a horseman, bearing the white flag, bore down on them—and the bugles rang out "*Cessez le feu, cessez le feu.*"

In this campaign the Irish had again and again been brought into close touch with the crack corps of the Prussian Army, and, although usually outnumbered, had invariably rendered a good account of themselves—a

circumstance the more commendable when it is remembered that few of the Irish had ever seen active service before this war, whereas nearly all the Prussians were well seasoned soldiers fresh from the campaigns of 1864 and 1866.

The Division of the French Army which came best out of the ordeal was the Second of the Fifteenth Army Corps, to which the Irish Company was attached. In his Proclamation to the Army of the East on the cessation of hostilities, General Rebillard, who almost alone among the French Generals had had his reputation enhanced rather than diminished by the war, wrote thus—

“ . . . Your conduct in the East does you the highest honour. You have bivouacked on the snow when the thermometer marked fifteen degrees below zero, often without fire, and sometimes without provisions, in consequence of the impossible arrival of the convoys. At Mont-Chevis you stood up bravely for three days under the murderous fire of a powerful artillery. You fought before Busy, to cover the fatal movement of the Army upon Pontarlier. During the armistice, you cut a new line of defence before Besançon, to supplement the insufficient fortifications of that place.

“ Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Soldiers of the Second Division, I shall ever remember with pride and happiness that I have had the honour of marching with you against the enemy for the period of five months. Under the grievous circumstances in which our country is placed, endeavour to maintain order, and guard the national dignity in presence of

the foreigner, who is to occupy our soil, until we can take revenge.

“ (Signed) REBILLARD.

“ General of Division.

“ General Headquarters, Berne (near Besançon).

“ 9th March, 1871.”

La Franche Comté, one of the most influential papers in Alsace during the French *régime*, published the following paragraph by way of a farewell to the Irish Corps—

“ Amongst the volunteers who have come from all parts of Europe to place their swords at the service of France, when she was invaded and her independence threatened, we cannot forget the Irish Company, which formed part of the Army of the East. Officers and soldiers, sons of green Erin, they remembered in the hour of our danger the ties of strong sympathy which have for a long time united Ireland and France. Having been the first to come to us, they are the last to leave us, after having borne a brilliant part in the different combats of the East. At Montbéliard they were the last to leave the field of battle. At Busy they were complimented by General Rebillard. In the name of our poor France thanks, once more thanks, to our Irish brothers; we shall take care faithfully to remember their courage and their devotion.”

This was a sad farewell, and sad times were to follow. But happily, perhaps, times, both sad and glad, must change; and maybe Alsace will once again belong to the French Republic.

It should not be concluded, from the giving of so detailed an account of the Irish Brigades in this chapter,

that Ireland's only associations with France have been those of a military nature. It is true that amongst the Irish population in France, as well as in other of the Continental countries, the military element has ever been the most conspicuous, and, possibly, the most worthy of note ; but it is also true that the Irish who are civilians in these countries—especially in France—can point to many persons of distinction, and form, as a whole, a community of no inconsiderable importance. In all probability, the first Irish emigrant to France was no soldier but a saint, for there are very few records of an Irishman in France—and none, perhaps, authentic—of an earlier date than those relating to St. Fiacre,¹ who went to Meaux about A.D. 610, accompanied by his sister Syra, to look for the tomb of St. Savinien, first Bishop of Sens.

However, according to an article in *The Daily Independent*, by Miss Barry O'Delany, entitled "Feast of a great Irishman celebrated in Paris," there was an Irish Saint in Meaux at the time of St. Fiacre's arrival, called St. Faron, and he greeted St. Fiacre thus : "I beg of you to hide nothing from me. What is your origin ; the place of your birth ; what are your desires ; where are you going ; and what is your name ?" To which St. Fiacre replied : "Ireland, island of the Scots, is my birthplace and that of my parents. Desiring to live a hermit's life I left my country and my parents, and now seek a solitude in which I may pass my days in peace. My name is Fiacre."

¹ Owing to the number of hackney coaches that used to drive to the shrine of this Irish Saint, they at length became known as "Fiacres."

The same authority asserts that St. Faron, delighted beyond measure to meet a fellow-countryman, at once gave Fiacre permission to live in the forest at Breuil, near Meaux, whilst he arranged for Syra to take up her quarters in the Convent of Faremoutier, of which his sister, St. Fare, was abbess. To St. Fiacre all sorts of miracles were—and still are—ascribed. In his lifetime he was said to have had the power of causing the ground to open and trees to fall at his will, and his spirit is declared to have smitten Henry V of England—for the latter's sacrilegious pillage of the Abbey of St. Fiacre—with a fatal malady.

Amongst the many famous people who used to visit the shrine of St. Fiacre, in the belief that they would have their prayers there immediately answered, were Anne of Austria and Louis XIV of France. The cholera epidemics of 1832 and 1849 at Meaux were said to have ceased on the exposure of certain of the relics of St. Fiacre, whilst many people still imagine they can be cured through his intervention. Fêtes in honour of St. Fiacre are held annually on the 30th of August, at St. Cloud, Bois-Colombes, Maison-Lafayette, and other Paris suburbs, as well as in the Department of Seine-et-Marne, of which Fiacre is the patron saint. St. Fiacre, contrasting oddly with his fellow-countrymen in this respect, was irremediably a woman hater.

Ever since the days of St. Fiacre, Irish priests have been wont to visit France. During the Middle Ages they flocked thither in great numbers, either to study in the theological colleges, or to sojourn for awhile in the religious houses.

John Lynch, D.D., who was born in Galway in 1600,

and eventually became Archdeacon of Tuam, was educated and ordained priest in Paris, whilst Michael Moor, D.D., who was born in Bridge Street, Dublin, in 1640, and afterwards became Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, was also educated in Paris. A curious story is told of Michael Moor in connection with James II of England. Preaching before the King in Dublin, Moor took for his text, "If the blind lead the blind both shall fall into a ditch," and James, happening to have at the time a Jesuit confessor with extremely short sight, looked upon the quotation as an intentional insult both to himself and to his private chaplain. He sent for Moor, scolded him severely, deprived him of his preferments, and ordered him to leave the country. Having many friends in France, Moor went to Paris, and was eventually appointed Rector of the Paris University. He died there in August, 1726.

One of the most famous religious institutions in France is the Irish College in Paris. In 1571, Father John Lee, an Irish priest, with a number of Irish students, came to Paris and settled in the very old College of Montaigne, which possessed a rather unenviable reputation for extreme poverty and scanty diet. After remaining in these quarters for some time, the Irish priests moved to the College of Navarre, where their members increased so rapidly that they soon had to rent an additional house in the old Rue de Severs, Quartier St. Germain. It was here that they conceived the idea of a College entirely for themselves, and in 1677 Malachy Kelly and Patrick Maginn obtained leave from Louis XIV to utilize the dilapidated premises of the Collège des Lombards as a permanent headquarters for the training and housing of

Irish ecclesiastics, and thanks to the members of the Irish Brigade and other Irish residents in France, who subscribed liberally, enough money was obtained to rebuild the College, and to add to it a spacious chapel.

In 1776, the students having again become too numerous for their quarters, money was once more collected, and a house and garden bought in the Rue de Cheval Vert, which subsequently became known as the Rue des Irlandais, the new College being named the Collège des Irlandais. Into this building all the Irish students were joyfully removed, whilst the priests continued to occupy the old premises.

In 1790, Dr. Walsh, who was then Administrator of the Collège des Lombards, saved both the buildings from being confiscated by the anti-religious Government by declaring that the properties were British, since they had been purchased with the money subscribed by British subjects ; and later on, in 1793, the same anti-religious Government, although it confiscated the Irish ecclesiastic establishments at Toulouse, Douay, Lille and Ivry, and the Church of St. Eutrope, Bordeaux, allowed the Collèges des Lombards and des Irlandais to remain unmolested.

During the Reign of Terror, the Collège des Irlandais afforded protection to a large number of priests, who fled thither to escape the fury of the populace, and, although it was found expedient to close the premises during the early nineties, they were re-opened—albeit on the understanding that nothing of a religious nature should be taught therein—under the control of the Abbé McDermott, in, or about, the year 1800.

In 1801 a Vigilance Committee was formed in Paris

by the Government for the supervision of all foreign institutions, and Dr. Walsh, Administrator of the Collège des Lombards, was appointed Director. Under his administration the two Colleges grew in prosperity, and after the fall of Napoleon were able to resume all the religious work for which they had been intended.

In 1858, owing to certain disciplinary difficulties, the Bishops of Ireland, with the sanction of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, handed over the government of the Collège des Irlandais to the Irish Vincentian Fathers, in whose hands it rests at the present time. During the Franco-German War of 1870-71 the College was used as a hospital for wounded French and Irish soldiers, and escaped molestation from the Germans through the hoisting of the British flag, permission for this having been obtained from Lord Lyons, who was at that time the British Ambassador in Paris. Since then, the College has gone on quite uneventfully, and with little variation in the number of its students. Among the many notable Irish clergymen who were trained there, are the following : Cardinal Logue, the Most Rev. Dr. McSherry (Vicar-Apostolic of Port Elizabeth), the Right Rev. Denis Kelly (Bishop of Ross), and the Right Rev. Monsignor Danie Kelly (Dean of Cloyne).

Apart from the military and ecclesiastic Irish element in France, there is—and for many years has been—a very fair sprinkling of Irish writers. Sterne, Lever, Lady Morgan and others, biographical notices of whom have already been given, all spent prolonged periods of their lives in Paris, studying the cosmopolitan population and getting local colour for their books.

A writer who has not been mentioned hitherto, namely,

Julia Kavanagh, spent nearly all her life in various parts of France. Born at Thurles, in 1824, she moved with her parents to Paris about 1830, was there educated privately, and there began her literary career when she was between 19 and 20 years of age. She was not a prolific writer, the whole of her output amounting to some six or seven books, the best known of which are : *The Three Paths*, a tale for children, published in 1847 ; *Woman in France During the Eighteenth Century*, published in 1850 ; *Englishwomen of Letters and Frenchwomen of Letters*, and *Natalie*, a novel. According to *The Athenaeum*, " Her pictures were faithful and accurate. Her writing quiet and simple in style, but pure and chaste, and characterized by the same high-toned thought and morality that was part of the author's own nature. Her short stories were beautiful and touching pastorals. . . . In her *Englishwomen of Letters and Frenchwomen of Letters*, she showed discerning, discriminating and analytical powers far beyond anything she attempted in her simple and touching novels." She was subject to the most excruciating attacks of what was then thought to be neuralgia, but which would, in all probability, now be ascribed to cancer, and from this complaint she died suddenly at Nice, in 1877.

Up to the eighties or before the time of Miss Kavanagh's decease, there was no one part of Paris especially associated with authors ; but for the past thirty or so years authors as well as artists have shown a decided partiality for Montparnasse, which has now become known as the New Latin Quarter.

Scarcely a year goes by without some Irish writer or other taking up his abode there, usually temporarily,

in a flat let to him by one of the ever-increasing horde of cosmopolitan artists. It is a mistake, however, for the poor Irish author to suppose that the New Latin Quarter offers any advantages in the way of cheap living, for, even by exercising the very strictest economy, he must spend at least twice as much money in Montparnasse as he need spend either in Dublin or in London. Among the Irish writers who have stayed in Paris of recent years are the late Oscar Wilde, the late John Millington Synge, W. B. Yeats, and James Stephens.

Miss M. Barry O'Delany, author of *Will the Wisher*, and many other works, and contributor to *The Paris World*; *L'Irlande Libre*; *The Southern Cross* (Buenos Ayres); *The Ave Maria* (Indiana), and *The Daily Independent* (Dublin), lives in Paris, and is, perhaps, the first authority on all matters relating to the Irish in France. She has, in addition to her numerous newspaper articles, written many beautiful poems and a number of clever and thrilling short stories.

To-day, the most striking personality in the Irish Colony in Paris is, without doubt, Madame Maud Gonne. This lady, whose father held a prominent position in the British Army, spent the early years of her life in the neighbourhood of Dublin. Roaming at will on the hills and moors, in her fondness for the country, she acquired, during those early years, more than a superficial knowledge of the Irish peasants, and, moreover, learned to love them. Later on, when brought to London to complete her education, the closeness of the atmosphere compared with the soft, pure air of Wicklow, and the confinement of the schoolroom compared with the freedom of the life she had been leading

in Ireland, speedily made her ill, and she was taken to the South of France. There she learned from her French governess much with regard to liberty, and much that influenced her after life. When she returned to Dublin, on the completion of her education, it was naturally expected that, with everything in her favour—namely, youth, beauty and position—she would be fond of and create a stir in Society ; and for a year or two she certainly fulfilled these expectations. But at length, growing heartily sick of mere fashion and frivolity, and, above all, impatient of the senseless abuse of the peasants by those in her own station of life, she retired from Society altogether, and devoted herself to a study of the many problems connected with the condition of the Irish tenantry. A change for the better in the circumstances of her beloved peasantry was sadly needed. What, she asked herself, could she do for them ? Wages were inordinately low, rents—thanks to the middlemen—to the greedy, exacting, blood-sucking agent—were out of all proportion high, and, consequently, evictions were being executed everywhere, without delay and without remorse. Stirred by these pitiable scenes—scenes she daily saw enacted amongst her old friends the peasants—Maud Gonne sought an interview with Michael Davitt, and, having obtained it, told him of her whole-hearted desire to aid the cause he represented.

Though at first silent and even unwilling to listen to anything she had to say, possibly because he thought she might be a spy employed by the Government, Davitt gradually grew less taciturn, and in the end became communicative and even friendly. Soon after this first interview with Michael Davitt, which, after all, resulted

in a life-long friendship, Madame Maud Gonne met Charles Stewart Parnell, Mr. Harrington and other prominent members of the League, all of whom were apparently impressed with her ability and personality, Mr. Harrington frequently asking her to speak at elections. Madame Maud Gonne's next step was to join the "Sinn Fein," founded by Mr. Arthur Griffith; and for this Society she constantly wrote and lectured, working hard for it both in Ireland and America.

After the lapse of the Land League movement, Madame Gonne came to the conclusion that it was the English Government that was responsible, in the main, for the hardships of the Irish peasantry, and, consequently, against the Government rather than the landlords she now proceeded to direct her energies. At the same time, however, hearing that many peasants were still being evicted in Donegal, she immediately set to work, and reinstated many of them in the very houses from which they had been ejected. Falling ill whilst she was thus engaged, she was ordered abroad, and went to France; but finding it impossible to remain inactive—although she knew it was necessary for her health—she there wrote an article on the present state of the Irish peasantry, entitled "*Un peuple opprimé*," which appeared in one of the leading French journals.

On her return to Ireland, Madame Gonne learned that a number of her fellow-countrymen were imprisoned at Portland and Dartmoor for political offences, and at once determined to secure their liberty. She visited the prisoners and made collections on behalf of the Irish Political Prisoners' Amnesty Association, in order to enable the prisoners' friends and relatives to visit them.

She spoke on their behalf on public platforms in England, Scotland, France, Holland and America, before audiences that seldom numbered less than a thousand ; she published a leading article in the *Figaro*, which not only evoked eulogistic references to herself in the French papers, but drew no small amount of attention to the cause she was espousing ; and afterwards, partly in order to give the matter still further publicity, and partly in order to air fresh questions connected with Ireland, she started a paper called *L'Irlande Libre*, the first issue of which was published on 1st May, 1897, and numbered amongst its contributors E. Duboc, Jean Richepin, A. Saissy and John Daly—who gave a graphic and detailed account of his experiences as a political prisoner in Chatham and Portland—and, of course, Madame Gonne herself, who was the Editress. Working thus strenuously and successfully, Madame Gonne achieved the task she had set herself, for it was chiefly through her heroic endeavours on their behalf that the Irish political prisoners were at length liberated. Among the more recent contributors to *L'Irlande Libre* are : Mlle. M. Barry O'Delany, Patrice France, Jean Sévère, Leo Claretie, P. de Burgh, Emile D'Arnaville and Magalhaes Lima.

In 1898 Madame Maud Gonne took a prominent part in the celebration of the centenary of the French expedition to Ireland. The spot chosen for the celebration was Ballina, near Killala Bay, where the French landed, and there the foundation stone of a monument to General Humbert was laid, the monument being duly erected the following year. A large concourse of people from all parts assembled to witness the ceremony, and, in

order to be present, many of the very poor tramped all through the night. One of these—an old peasant who had obviously hobbled miles—accosted one of the visitors and, in a voice trembling with excitement, enquired, “Where are the French? Where are the French?” “Why, there they are,” the visitor replied, pointing to the two delegates who had come from France. “I don’t mean them,” the old man said, “I mean the Army—the French Army. Where is it?” And great was his disappointment on learning that it had been left behind. The graves of the French soldiers who fell in that expedition of more than a hundred years ago are all marked with crosses and beautifully kept. This is a point of honour with the Irish; for even in the darkest days of famine and eviction the last resting-places of those gallant French soldiers never ceased to meet with regular attention.

During one of her annual visits to Dublin (she is now living in France), Madame Gonne started a woman’s society for helping on the National cause, which she named “The Daughters of Erin.” One of the initial works of this Society was the organizing of evening classes for children; and it has since, from time to time, got up entertainments calculated to arouse the spirit of patriotism. One of the plays performed for this purpose a few years ago was *The Deliverance of Red Hugh*, written by Miss Alice Milligan, a clever dramatist and a most indefatigable worker in the Nationalist cause. Madame Gonne still presides over “The Daughters of Erin.” The Young Ireland Society, even more Nationalist in its aims, was also founded by Madame Maud Gonne, and it has branches both in France and

Ireland. *L'Irlande Libre* is the Young Ireland Society's organ.

Latterly, Madame Maud Gonne has espoused the cause of the free feeding of school children in Dublin, and, in co-operation with others imbued with the same laudable motive, has worked with such zeal that between four and five thousand youngsters are now fed regularly, and can apply themselves to their lessons with some degree of energy and comfort.

In addition to her literary, histrionic, and oratorical gifts, Madame Maud Gonne possesses an extremely rare talent for painting. She specializes in illuminating—a process in water colour on parchment—and her very beautiful illustrations in Miss Young's *Celtic Warden Tales* are fine examples of this interesting branch of art. Madame Gonne studied at Julien's and Humbert's, and she has also worked with M. Granié, the famous French portrait painter.

Versatility and the power of concentrating—so seldom to be seen combined—are the qualities which are most conspicuous in Madame Gonne; and they give her a touch, perhaps,—merely an elusive and fascinating touch—of the uncanny. Despite her all-round genius, however, her far-reaching knowledge of politics and social problems, her extraordinary grip on character and situations, she is essentially a woman, and is possessed of a never failing courtesy, a charm of manner, and—last, but certainly not least—a beauty, that are irresistible. In a word, Madame Maud Gonne is, undoubtedly, the most gifted, patriotic and pre-eminent Irishwoman of to-day; and it is not easy to conceive a cause with which she is associated any other than successful. In the

prelude to an altogether charming little book, called *Will-the-Wisher*, written by Mlle. Barry O'Delany, and dedicated to Seaghan, Madame Gonne's only son, may be found the following verses. (They are quoted here, not only on account of their very accurate description of Seaghan, who certainly resembles his mother, but also on account of their not inconsiderable literary merit.)—

Seaghan of the limpid eyes
 Reflecting changing skies,
 Seaghan of the sun-lit hair
 O'er roses and lilies fair !
 Seaghan of the rippling smiles
 And the resistless wiles,
 In love of the Angel Guide
 For ever at thy side :
 Be there a likeness still
 'Twixt thee and dark-eyed " Will " :
 Little Seaghan Gonne !

Seaghan, my best for thee—
 Beyond all other—
 Is that each year thou'l be
 More like that mother !—
 Green Erin's hope and pride,
 And in all else beside,
 Worthy of her, thou dear
 Son of Maud Gonne !

A well-known Irish Society in Paris with which Madame Maud Gonne is connected is " L'Association de St. Patrice," which was founded in Paris on the 16th March, 1893. At its inaugural meeting, presided over by Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, were present many Frenchmen of Irish descent, including : Mr. Antoine d'Abbadie, Mr. Charles de Kirwan, Mr. A. Lecoy de la Marche ; Canon E. Connelly, General MacAdaras, Colonel MacBrady, Count Margerin de Crémont ; Messrs. W. C. O'Connolly, A. O'Callaghan, Nemours Godré, Charles O'Keenan ; General O'Farrell, Count O'Kelly de Galway

and Admiral O'Neill ; and the members of its first Council were : Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone (President), Mr. E. Connelly and Mr. A. d'Abbadie (Vice-Presidents), Count O'Kelly de Galway (Secretary and Treasurer), Mr. A. Lecoy de la Marche, Margerin de Crémont, Mr. Nemours Godré and Mr. Charles O'Keenan.

The aim of the Association was—and is, for it still exists—to forward any movement tending to the welfare of Ireland, and “to organize manifestations of sympathy for Nationalist Ireland with regard to her past and to her future, especially by the religious and patriotic celebration of the Irish Feast of St. Patrick.” To quote again from the Prospectus : “‘ L’Association de St. Patrice ’ has become for Frenchmen and Irishmen alike a bond of sympathy between France and Ireland, a visible symbol of their union of soul, a renewed echo of the glorious past which consecrated, throughout the centuries, the brotherhood of two noble nations.”

The flag of the Association is the flag of Erin—green with a gold harp, surmounted by a cross ornamented with shamrocks—and its motto, also, is that of Ireland—the immortal Erin-go-Bragh. The headquarters of the Association are at 57 Avenue de la Grande-Armée, Paris, the house of the present President, Count Margerin de Crémont, who is a lineal descendant of the old clan of MacGrian of Leinster. The General Statutory Meeting of the Association on 6th February, 1910, was remarkable for the large attendance, which included : Madame Maud Gonne, Mlle. Barry O'Delany, le Comte et la Comtesse MacGregor de Glenstroë, M. de Courcy MacDonnell, la princesse Odescalchi, la Vicomtesse de Milleville, la Comtesse des Grottes, la Comtesse de

Ploeu, le Vicomte du Coudray, Mlle. Bouhon, Mme. de Lannoy and the Comte du Houx. At this meeting, Madame Maud Gonne, in the course of a very interesting speech, remarked that "one of the chief aims of the Irish at present was to make themselves economically independent and to extend their relation with foreign countries, and especially with France. They desired to trade with this country and without the interposition of middlemen. . . ." The same year, St. Patrick's Day saw a monster gathering of the Association on the occasion of the Franco-Irish pilgrimage, and in the evening a huge banquet and ball. The large hall hired for the latter occasion was draped with French and Irish flags. That the Association is in a very flourishing state may be gauged from its list of members, the length and strength of which would come as a surprise to those who are unaware of the existence of a large Franco-Irish Colony in Paris, a colony professing the warmest sympathy with the Nationalist movement.

Before quitting this subject of "L'Association de St. Patrice," mention must be made of the late Abbé Connelly, who was at one time its Vice-President. The Abbé Connelly, Ancien Doyen of the Cours de Cassation, was a descendant of a Connelly who fought at the Boyne, and was a very well-known figure in Paris. His great-grand-daughter is the wife of M. Archdeacon, whose ancestor, Edmond Archdeacon, migrating to France directly after the Boyne, settled at Dunkirk, and, entering the French Navy, rose to a prominent position in it. M. Archdeacon, who is an ardent Nationalist, was elected President of the Franco-Irish Press Committee in Paris in 1902.

Besides these members of "L'Association de St. Patrice," there are, of course, many other people in France of Irish or semi-Irish extraction. The Empress Eugénie is said to have an Irish strain in her, through some Spanish ancestors who settled in Ireland ; whilst the late Theobald Chartran, the famous artist, was a great-grandson of General Count Theobald Dillon, and a descendant of General Count Arthur Dillon of the Irish Brigade.

Boulogne has always been a favourite resort of Irish-men of letters. John Banim frequently stayed there at the house of Sir Joshua Meredyth. He was always ailing, and used to wander about the grounds wrapt in an old white shawl. Sir Joshua, who reverenced genius, also entertained Byron and Shelley—a chair in his house was named "Shelley's chair," because the poet invariably singled it out to sit in when he called—and Lady Morgan, author of *The Wild Irish Girl*, who, when staying in Boulogne, used to take her manuscripts to Sir Joshua and read them to him.

CHAPTER XIV

FAMOUS IRISHMEN IN FRANCE, 1690-1900

OFFICERS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

SIR Charles MacCarthy, a descendant of Justin MacCarthy, Viscount Mountcashel, who died at Barèges, 1694, from wounds received in action on the banks of the Rhine, was in the Irish Brigade at the time of its disbandment in 1791-92. He then entered the British Service and was stationed in New Brunswick, where he raised and trained a corps consisting exclusively of local men, and, however ridiculous it may appear, it was this very exclusiveness that gave rise to the idea, that some of the regiments of the Irish Brigade had gone over *in toto* to the English Army. In 1811 Sir Charles MacCarthy was appointed to command Cape Coast Castle and, in 1824, he lost his life whilst leading an expedition against the Ashantees.

An Irishman who enjoyed an equally distinguished, and even more adventurous, career than Sir Charles MacCarthy, was Count Daniel O'Connell. Born at Darrynane, in Co. Kerry, in 1740, the Count entered Lord Clare's regiment of the Irish Brigade in France when he was fourteen. Serving with honour throughout the Seven Years' War, he was subsequently attached to the Engineer Corps, and became one of the most prominent engineers in France. He distinguished himself greatly at the sieges of Port Mahon and Gibraltar in 1779 and 1782, respectively. During the assault on the latter place he

was wounded in nine places, and was promoted to the rank of Inspector-General.

On the outbreak of the Revolution, Carnot offered him a high post in the Republican Army, which, however, he declined, declaring his wholehearted loyalty to Louis XVI. Eventually he joined the French Princes at Coblenz, and took part in the disastrous campaign of 1792. He then quitted the Continent and, returning to Ireland, accepted the command of an Irish regiment in the British Army. After the peace of 1802, he visited France to look after his property. On learning of his advent, Napoleon at once gave orders for his arrest, and had him committed to prison, where he remained till 1814. The restoration of the Bourbons to power saw him once more an officer in the French Army ; but, refusing to take the oath of fidelity to Louis Philippe in 1830, he was deprived of his rank as General and dismissed the Service. He then retired to the seat of his son-in-law at Madon, near Blois, where he died in 1833. Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, was his nephew.

Charles O'Brien, seventh Viscount Clare, who was a generation or two earlier than Count O'Connell, also achieved much meritorious service in the Irish Brigade. He died at Paris in 1774, and, as he was without issue, the branch of the family which he represented became extinct. This is to be noted, as various people have, from time to time, professed to be descendants of the Clares.

Count Daniel O'Donnell, first Colonel of the O'Donnell Regiment of the Irish Brigade, and known as Daniel of the Cathach, was a descendant of Thurlough O'Domhnaill, of the line of Niall of the Nine Hostages, through Niall Garv, younger brother of Shane Luing. (From *Shane*

Luing are descended certain of the South of Ireland O'Donnells, who are much scattered, some being in Ireland, some in England, and some in the United States ; and from Niall Garv are descended the Sir Richard O'Donel, Bart.'s, branch, the Larkfield O'Donnells, and the Tetuan O'Donnells, in Spain.)

Count Daniel left no children. His history has already been sketched up to the time of the amalgamation of the O'Donnell Regiment with the "Mountcashels" and "Murrough O'Briens." After that event, he remained for some time attached to the Murrough O'Briens as Supplementary Colonel. In 1719 he was made Brigadier-General, and in, or about, 1725 he returned to St. Germain-en-Laye, where he died, 7th July, 1735.

Whenever Count Daniel O'Donnell went into action, he took with him a talisman in the form of a psalter, written in Latin by St. Columba, the kinsman and patron saint of the O'Donnells, and enclosed in a jewelled casket. It was known as the "Cathach of Columbcille," and it was believed—not without reason—that as long as it remained in the possession of the O'Donnells no adversity would befall their clan. For some time after Count Daniel's death it remained in a Belgian monastery, and then fell into the hands of Sir Neale O'Donel, Bart., of Newport, Ireland, whose son, Sir Richard O'Donel, lent it to the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. On the death of the latter in 1818, it was inherited by his son, Sir George O'Donel. A history of the psalter and its case is to be found in National MSS. of Ireland. An account of facsimiles, edited by Sir Edward Sullivan and John I. Gilbert, was published in London (H.M. Stationery Office) in 1884.

Another Daniel O'Donnell, who must not be confused with the above, was Captain Daniel O'Donnell,¹ of the Limerick branch of O'Donnells. Captain Daniel O'Donnell served with distinction under Sarsfield, with whom he was connected on his mother's side, and accompanied him to France with the Irish Brigade. He fought in Italy and Germany, and died of wounds received in action. His brother, John O'Donnell, who married Margaret Creagh, of Limerick, also served gallantly under Sarsfield, and in the Irish Brigade in France. He died in Ireland in 1712.

Contemporary with these two brothers was Colonel Simon Luttrell, born in 1654 at Luttrellstown, near Lucan. In about 1686 he raised a regiment of dragoons for James II, was made Governor of Dublin, and entered Parliament. He took part in the war of 1689-1691, and on the capitulation of Limerick came over to France with the Irish Brigade. Serving with the Queen's Regiment of Guards, he saw action in Germany and Italy, and quickly rose to be Colonel. He died in France, 1698, and a monument was put up to him in the chapel of the Irish College in Paris.

General James O'Moran, born at Elphin in 1735, entered Dillon's Regiment of the Irish Brigade, and rapidly rose to be a Major-General. One of the few Irishmen to remain in the French Service after the Revolution, he saw service under Dumouriez in Belgium, was made a General of Division, and was entrusted with the Government of Condé. In 1792 he captured Tournay

¹ Captain Daniel O'Donnell's father, James, married Helena Sarsfield, daughter of James Sarsfield, great-uncle to General Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan.

and Cassel, and, in 1794, having incurred the jealousy of his enemies in Paris, he was falsely accused of treachery and, after a mock trial, was guillotined.

The most illustrious of all the officers of the famous Irish Brigade in France was Patrick Sarsfield. He was born at Lucan, near Dublin, about 1650, and on his father's side was descended from William Sarsfield, Mayor of Dublin, who was knighted in 1566 for his services against Shane O'Neill; whilst on his mother's side he was descended from Rory O'More.

His elder brother, William, having married Mary, sister of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, Patrick was brought into close contact with the English Court. He thus obtained a commission in the Life Guards, and fought under Monmouth on the Continent, and against him at Sedgemoor. On his brother William's death, he succeeded to the family estates, and married Lady Honora de Burgh, daughter of the seventh Earl of Clanricarde.

When the Irish War of 1689-91 broke out, he at once sided with James II, and won for him in quick succession Athlone and Galway. His subsequent doings in Ireland may be read in detail in any of his biographies, and in Mr. Lenehan's *History of Limerick*, and in Story's *Wars of Ireland*. After the surrender of Limerick, Sarsfield, refusing Ginkel's solicitations to enter the service of William III, sailed away with the bulk of the Irish troops he had with him in Limerick, and landed with them in France. As soon as the Irish Brigade was properly organized, Sarsfield was given the command of the second troop of Guards. He led them at Steinkirk in 1692, and was complimented by Marshal Luxembourg on the share



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

[See p. 115]

he had had in the action. In the following March he was appointed Maréchal-de-Camp, and almost immediately afterwards was dangerously wounded in the battle of Landen. On being removed to Huy, fever at once set in, and he died about 23rd August, 1693. There is, perhaps, no better description of him than the following : “Patrick Sarsfield may be quoted as a type of loyalty and patriotic devotion. In his public actions, firm and consistent ; in his private character, amiable and unblemished ; attached, by religious conviction and hereditary reverence for the right divine of kings, to the falling house of Stuart, he drew a sharp sword in the cause of the monarch he had been brought up to believe his lawful sovereign, and voluntarily followed him into exile when he could wield it no longer.” Sarsfield possessed a very rare combination of military qualities—he was a leader, organizer and tactician ; in addition to which he was the quintessence of bravery and humanity. His widow married the Duke of Berwick in 1695 ; whilst his only son, James, accompanying the Irish Brigade to Spain, was decorated on the field by Philip V for his gallantry during the capture of Barcelona.

IRISHMEN IN FRANCE OTHER THAN THOSE IN THE IRISH BRIGADE

Count Thomas Conway, who was born in Ireland, 1733, was educated in France, and entered the French Army in 1748. For his services at Dettingen and Fontenoy he received the decoration of St. Louis. In 1777 he went to America, entered the American Army, and for his gallantry at Brandywine and Germantown was made Major-General. To Conway’s discredit, he

plotted against Washington, and was one of a small clique of officers who wished to see Washington's place filled by Gates. Fortunately for America the plot failed, and it was Conway himself who had to resign. His exposure made him very unpopular, and he was challenged to a duel by General Cadwallader, who defeated him. Believing himself mortally wounded, Conway wrote to Washington apologizing for what he had done and asking for forgiveness, which Washington, with his usual magnanimity, accorded him. On recovering from his injuries, he returned to France, and worked so hard to retrieve the reputation he felt he had forfeited, that in 1784 he was made Maréchal-de-Camp, and the following year was appointed Governor of Pondicherry and of all the French Possessions in India. He continued there, constantly intriguing against the English, till the Revolution broke out, when he was obliged to fly, and was only saved from destruction through the intervention of the very race he had striven so assiduously to harm. Returning to Europe, he died, so it is supposed, in Ireland, somewhere about 1800.

John B. MacMahon, another Irish soldier of distinction in France, was born at Limerick in 1715. Entering the French Army at an early age, he was awarded the estates of Burgundy and made Marquis D'Eguilly, on satisfactorily proving he was a descendant of Brian Boroihme, of the Royal House of Ireland. The date and place of his death are uncertain. His brother, Maurice, who was created Lord of Moguien in Burgundy, was given an appointment as Captain in Prince Charles Edward's expedition to Scotland, 1745. The grandson of the Marquis D'Eguilly, the most famous of all the

MacMahons, was the second President of the third French Republic.

Charles Jennings Kilmaine, yet another Irish soldier in the service of France, was born in Dublin in 1754. In his fifteenth year he went to Paris and enlisted in the cavalry regiment of Lauzun. Serving under Lafayette in the American War of Independence, he rose to be a Sub-Lieutenant. His sympathies being entirely democratic, he remained in the French Army after it had transferred its allegiance to the Republic, and served with the greatest distinction in the campaign of 1792. Incurring jealousy through his successes, he was thrown into prison by order of Robespierre, but was rescued from execution through the opportune intervention of some of his friends, who happened to belong to the extreme Revolutionary Party. In 1795, he aided General Pichegru in his defence of the National Convention against the Faubourgs, and, as a reward, was appointed to the command of a division of the Army in Italy. Marching with Napoleon across the Alps, he fought with conspicuous gallantry at the siege of Mantua, February, 1797, and the following year was appointed to command the centre of the army intended for the invasion of England. On St. Patrick's Day, 1798, he attended a great banquet of Irishmen in Paris, at which Thomas Paine and Napper Tandy were present. The toast of the Irish Republic was proposed, everyone became extremely hilarious, and, on setting out to return to their homes, not a few missed their way and found themselves in Montmartre, or some equally remote suburb. The invasion of England and the liberation of Ireland not having been attempted after all, Kilmaine

was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Switzerland, but had to resign almost immediately owing to ill-health. He died in Paris in 1799.

Sir George Forbes, sixth Earl of Granard, who spent all the latter years of his life in Paris, was born in Ireland in 1768. Educated at Armagh, Sir George entered the English Army, commanded the Longford Militia at Castlebar, and took part in the battle of Ballinamuck. Though opposed to the Rising of 1798, he was not in favour of the Union, and, in company with his brothers-in-law, Lords Moira, Kingston and Mountcashel, was one of those who signed the Peers' protest against the measure. In 1806 he accepted the post of Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper, and was made a peer of Great Britain. Wearying of political life, and thirsting after the country whither so many of his compatriots had migrated, he went to Paris and lived there until he died in 1837.

Henry Essex Edgeworth, first cousin of Richard Edgeworth, the father of the distinguished novelist, migrated to France when a boy, and was educated for the priesthood at the Sorbonne. Owing to his remarkable talents and piety, he speedily rose to eminence. In 1789 he was appointed confessor to Madame Elisabeth, and became the friend and confidant of the Royal Family. When the Revolution broke out, he was forced to take refuge at Choisy, whence he was called to attend the unhappy Louis XVI on the scaffold. The famous words, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" are said to have been uttered by the Abbé Edgeworth on this occasion; however, when questioned afterwards, he could not remember having spoken them.

After escaping arrest and many other dangers, he

managed to reach England, where he stayed for awhile, and then, returning to the Continent, joined Louis XVIII at Blankenburg. As the result of a fever caught whilst administering to the French prisoners of war at Mittau, he became seriously ill, and, despite all efforts to save him, died, 22nd May, 1807. He was attended on his death-bed by the daughter of Louis XVI; all the exiled Royal Family went into mourning for him; and Louis XVIII composed his epitaph.

The Abbé Nicholas MacCarthy, another Irish ecclesiastic in France, and contemporary with the Abbé Edgeworth, was born in Dublin in 1769. Educated at the University of Paris, he so greatly distinguished himself in Hebrew and philosophy that he was ordained when he was still in his teens. During the Revolution he was obliged to hide in Toulouse. When order was restored in Paris, he came out of his sanctuary and speedily won a great reputation for his oratory, which was unrivalled in France. His sermons drew immense crowds, and his appeals for funds to help the sick and needy resulted in the largest collections ever made in a church in France. So moved were his congregations that those who had omitted to bring money gave watches, jewellery, and even notes of hand. Refusing the bishopric of Montauban, he entered the Society of Jesus, retired to Italy, and died at Annécy, May, 1833.

Marie Edmé Patrice Maurice de MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, of Irish descent, was born in France soon after the commencement of the nineteenth century. He was educated at St. Cyr, and first saw active service in the Algerian campaign of 1833. Appointed Brigadier-General

in 1848, he led the assault on the Malakoff in the Crimean War, and for his victory over the Austrians at Magenta, in 1859, the title *Duc de Magenta* was conferred on him.

In 1861, he represented France at the coronation of William III of Prussia, and in 1864 he was made Governor-General of Algeria. On the outbreak of war with Germany in 1870, he was given the command of the Irish Army Corps, which was entrusted with the defence of Alsace. No general had to cope with a greater combination of adverse circumstances. Lack of food and clothing—the commissariat department bungled everything—made his troops dissatisfied and, as a consequence, ill-disciplined. The cavalry ran short of horses and the infantry of ammunition ; whilst, to add to the confusion, he was continually receiving contradictory orders from Paris. Hence, it is small wonder he was unsuccessful.

He began with disaster. Beaten at Woerth, the first engagement of importance in the war, he was obliged to abandon the line of the Vosges, and to retreat to Nancy. There he was given a fresh army and ordered, much against his will, for the step appeared most injudicious to him, to join Bazaine. Shut up with his new army in Sedan, and surrounded on all sides by overwhelming German forces, he was eventually compelled to undergo the greatest ignominy that can befall a general, namely, capitulation. On the restoration of peace, he returned from captivity to France, and was entrusted by M. Thiers with the second siege of Paris and the suppression of the Communists. This he achieved so successfully that, in May, 1873, he was elected President, which post he continued to occupy till 1879. He then retired

to his country residence, where he died, 17th October, 1893. Though he can hardly be described as a great general, no one who suffered such reverses could be justly awarded that epithet, he was without doubt an honest one, and, but for Bismarck and Von Moltke, it is even possible that, in circumstances still more adverse, he might have been successful. Fate must, indeed, have owed him a grudge, since he was called upon to combat not only with one but with two of the greatest military geniuses this or any other period has produced.

The name that figures last on this list is that of Augusta Patricia Holmes, a lady who died about eleven years ago. Miss Holmes was born in Paris on 16th December, 1850, of Irish parentage. She made her *début*, when only thirteen, at a concert given at the Grand Hotel, Paris, Madame Nillson, the singer, and Sivori, the famous violinist, appearing on the same occasion. Her success was immediate and most marked. Her father, however, objected to her taking up music as a profession, and, in spite of her constant pleadings, remained obdurate. Then Augusta grew desperate. Taking down one of the innumerable weapons that ornamented the walls of her parents' house, she succeeded in stabbing herself with it, and would most certainly have bled to death had she not been discovered and the bleeding stopped. Her father subsequently withdrew his opposition, whereupon Augusta immediately commenced her career as a professional. She studied first under Henri Lambert, organist at the Cathedral of Versailles, and then under the famous composer, César Franck. In her case, however, there was no necessity for a long or tedious

course of study. In 1880 she won for herself a prominent position in the musical world with a composition entitled *Les Argonautes*, and from that time onward she steadily added to her reputation. One of her chief works, namely, *La Montagne Noire*, is remarkable as having been the first and the only woman's composition that has ever been performed at the Paris Grand Opera. In 1889, for the occasion of the centenary of the French Revolution, she composed the *Ode Triomphale*, which was performed at the Palais de L'Industrie, 900 artistes taking part in it. She also achieved some fame as a poetess. To quote from the biographical notice in the *Daily Independent*, Dublin, 1903, by Miss M. Barry O'Delany : " It may not be generally known, and, indeed, I believe has never been stated before, that, though she is more often spoken of as a musician than as a poet, Augusta Holmes, in her own opinion was more of the latter than the former."

Her first musical composition was published when she was fourteen ; the following year she wrote *La Chanson de la Caravana*, for chorus and orchestra, which was played by Pasdaloup at a concert given by Baron Haussmann at the Hôtel de Ville ; and in 1878, she obtained the prize at the Concours de la Ville de Paris for her dramatic symphony *Lutèce*. Perhaps the best of all her compositions is the *Poème Symphonique Irlande* ; but, in addition to the works already mentioned, she composed over 300 melodies for voice and pianoforte. During the Franco-German War of 1870, Madame Augusta Holmes had an ambulance of her own in Paris ; and also did much to relieve poverty. It is said that, in order to save one poor family from being frozen to death, she insisted

that her grand piano should be chopped up for firewood. Madame Holmes, without doubt the greatest woman composer of her time, and well in the front rank of poets, too, died in Paris on 28th January, 1903. She was buried at Versailles.

CHAPTER XV

THE IRISH IN SPAIN

As with France, England, Scotland and Wales, Ireland's earliest associations with the land of the olive were ecclesiastical. Irish monks crossed the seas and visited the religious houses in Andalusia and other Spanish Provinces, whilst Spanish priests came over to Galway and Donegal, and there paid their respects to the heads of the Irish monasteries.

The next phase in the relationship between the two countries was the establishment of an Irish Colony of priests and students in Valladolid, somewhere about the middle of the thirteenth century ; similar colonies being established elsewhere in Spain in due succession. Their growth, however, was slow, until the latter part of the sixteenth century, when the English invasion of Ulster and the persecution of the Irish Catholics drove hundreds of the latter to Spain as well as to France. The number of the Irish students in Valladolid then increased so rapidly, that it was deemed essential to establish for them a recognized headquarters ; a College, for instance, like the many religious training colleges in the great University town of Salamanca. Hence they appealed to Philip III, and in response to their appeal received the following letter. (This copy is reproduced from a paper read at the Eucharistic Congress in Madrid, in 1902, by the Right Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Zamboango, Philippine Islands ; and published in

The Catholic Times and The Irish World and American Industrial Liberator.)—

“ TO THE RECTOR, MASTER OF THE SCHOOLS AND CLOISTER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

“ As the Irish people who have been living in a kind of community in this city have resolved to avail themselves of the opportunities it affords for advancement in letters and languages, a house being prepared for them, in which they intend to live under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, besides allowing them this letter to charge you, as I do, to regard them as highly recommended, so as not to allow them to be maltreated in any way but to favour and aid them as far as you can: that as they have left their own country and all they possessed in it, in the service of God our Lord, and for the preservation of the Catholic Faith, and make profession of returning to preach and suffer martyrdom in it, if necessary, they may get in that University the reception they are hoping for.

“ I am certain you will do this and become benefactor to them, so that with your subscription and with what I am sure the town will give—to the authorities of which I also write—they may be able to pursue their studies with content and freedom, and thereby attain the end they have in view.

“ Valladolid, 2nd August, 1592.

“ YO EL REY (I, the King).”

In consequence of this letter, Salamanca welcomed the Irish students open-armed. It is not known for certain

what building was first allotted to the Irish, but they certainly had no permanent one of their own till 1610, when a College was presented to them in the name of the States of Castille. It was formally made a Royal College, and placed under Royal patronage, and on the stone over the hall door were inscribed these words : " This College was built by the Kingdom of Castille for the support of the Catholic Religion in Ireland in the year in which Philip III, the Catholic King, expelled the Moriscos enemies of the Faith, 1610." The College was attached to the University, where the Irish enjoyed exactly the same privileges as the Spanish. The founder and first Rector of this College was the Venerable Thomas White, a man renowned for his energy and holiness, who also founded the Irish Colleges in Lisbon and Santiago, and had no small share in the establishment of those in Madrid, Alcala and Seville. He died in Santiago, May, 1622. Other Irishmen associated with the foundation of the College in Salamanca were Fathers Archer and Conway, both Vice-Presidents.

Owing to the large number of Irish students who kept pouring into Spain in the hope of gaining admittance to one or other of the Colleges, another Irish Hospice was established in Madrid, where they could wait till there was room for them in Salamanca or other of the training centres. About this time, too, that is to say, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was built, in Madrid, the Irish Church " La Iglesia de los Irlandeses," which still stands. In the reign of Charles, all the Irish Colleges in Spain were amalgamated with the Irish College in Salamanca, which, to quote the words of Dr. O'Doherty, " thus became the heir of the other

establishments, of which she may also be considered the mother."

The fortunes of the Irish College at Salamanca may be said to have varied with those of Spain. When Spain was at peace the College flourished, and when Spain was at war it fell into a very sorry condition. In 1790 the number of students was about thirty ; from 1800 to 1825 the numbers dwindled almost to nothing ; but after 1825 there was a gradual increase. During the War of Independence, the College was almost razed to the ground, and the students had to seek sanctuary in the house of the Rector. It was eventually restored, however, and is still in existence. All through the long years of its existence, that is to say, from 1592 up to the present time, there has been no instance of friction between the Irish students and the other inhabitants of the town—nothing but cordiality and the warmest friendship ; moreover, the long list of eminent ecclesiastics the College has turned out provides an ample proof of the excellence of its training.

Father Andrew Sall, who was born in the town of Cashel, and was Rector of the College from 1651 to 1654, stated that, in the then sixty years of its existence, it had sent to the Irish Mission 389 theologians, of whom thirty suffered martyrdom. Amongst these theologians, were a Primate, four Archbishops, five Bishops, nine Provincials of various religious Orders, thirteen famous writers, and twenty distinguished doctors of theology. Further testimony of the efficiency of the College was given by another of its Rectors, Father Joseph Delamar, a native of Dublin, who, at the end of the seventeenth century affirmed that, up to that time, the Irish College

at Salamanca had sent out 510 missionaries, of whom 130 became conspicuous members of various religious Orders, four of them being Archbishops, and thirty masters of celebrated Universities of Europe.

Nor has the reputation and prosperity of the College waned with age, for, whilst in 1825 all six of the Irish Archbishops in Europe had been trained in Salamanca, in 1914 not only has the general standard of the students' work been well up to the average, but the finances of the College have never been sounder.

The closest tie, then, between Ireland and Spain is that of religion. Both countries are Roman Catholic, and both, in spite of periodical desertions and dissensions, are devoted to their creed.

In Spain, however, the Church plays a far more important *rôle* in politics than it does in Ireland ; the priest is a very much greater force in the everyday life of the layman in Spain than in Ireland ; and in Spain, whereas the Church has always been intolerant, in Ireland it has been the reverse ; and therein, perhaps, lies the chief and only difference in the religions of the two countries.

In temperament, apart from the fact that both races are naturally artistic, musical and dramatic, there is very little resemblance between them. Climate makes the Spaniard, even more than it makes the native of the West of Ireland, lethargic ; and, like the Irishman, the Spaniard is a dreamer ; but his dreams are of a nature entirely different from those of the Irishmen ; they are of the physical rather than of the super-physical. In short, there is little of the mystic in the Spaniard, and, contrary to the idea popularly formed of him, he is much

more the materialist than the psychist. The passionate qualities of the Spaniard—his quickness to take offence, and his deep-rooted thirst for vengeance—need no comment here ; but these qualities are not seen in the Irishman, at least to nothing like the same extent. The Irishman is, perhaps, much more subtle than people think him, rather more sensitive ; and nothing like as boisterous. In hospitality the Spaniard certainly excels him ; in fact, the latter may be regarded as the most hospitable person in the world. Also he is the most honourable. The Irishman has a very high sense of loyalty and devotion to his country, his religion, and any cause he represents ; but for all-round honour—the sort of honour that looks with loathing on what is styled tact—no nationality comes up to that of the Spanish. A Spanish gentleman's word is his bond ; it is never even compromised, let alone broken.

Taking into consideration the widespread popularity at one time of the Spanish in Ireland, it is rather surprising that Irishmen have not settled in Spain in larger numbers. Up to the present, the emigration of Irishmen to Spain has been chiefly confined to clergy and soldiers. To-day there are, probably, not more than a thousand Irishmen in Spain, at the most, inclusive of those who are the descendants of the sixteenth and seventeenth century immigrants, and, consequently, only partly Celtic.

FAMOUS IRISHMEN IN SPAIN, 1602–1914

The O'Donnells, a famous Irish family, have figured most prominently in the history of Spain ever since the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The night after the defeat of Red Hugh and Rory O'Donnell, and Hugh O'Neill, together with their Spanish allies under Don Juan d'Aquila, at Kinsale, on 3rd December, 1602, the Irish princes rallied their forces and encamped at Innishannon, on the banks of the river Bandon. Here it was decided that O'Sullivan, Prince of Beare and Bantry, and one of the most trustworthy of the Irish generals, should hold Dunboy as a landing-place for the Spaniards if they sent reinforcements ; that Hugh O'Neill should return to Ulster and support himself there as well as he could ; that Rory, Red Hugh's brother, should assume command of the men of Tirconnell, and that Red Hugh himself should proceed at once to Spain and try to persuade Philip III to send an expedition to Ulster. These plans were no sooner conceived than executed, and on 6th January, 1602, Red Hugh, accompanied by a few of his principal officers and Father Florence Conry, his confessor, embarked at Castlehaven for Spain. According to the Four Masters : "when his resolution was learned by the people of O'Donnell's camp, it was mournful to hear the loud clapping of hands, the tearful mourning, and loud lamentation that prevailed. Ah ! they had reason for this at the time, for never afterwards did they behold as ruler over them him who was their leader and earthly prince in the island of Erin." After an eight days' voyage, Red Hugh reached Corunna. He was received there by the Duke of Caracena, who gave him his right hand, "which," says the Rev. C. P. Meehan, in his admirable Life of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, "within his government, he would not have done to the greatest Duke of Spain." The following day he visited the

Archbishop of St. James of Compostella, who, after celebrating the High Mass and administering the Sacrament to him, entertained him at dinner in his own palace, and presented him with a thousand ducats to help defray the expenses of his journey. From Corunna Red Hugh proceeded to Zamora, where he was accorded the most sympathetic welcome by Philip III, who promised he would lose no time in sending another expedition to Ireland under a far more competent general than Don Juan d'Aquila. He fêted Red Hugh sumptuously for several days, and then Red Hugh returned to Corunna to await the fulfilment of the King's pledge. He waited in vain. The war in the Netherlands taking an unexpected turn against Spain, Philip hardly felt justified in sparing any of his ships or soldiers to aid Ireland. Bitterly disappointed, Red Hugh determined to seek a second interview with Philip, in the hope of persuading him to do something for the Irish, however little.

Setting out for Valladolid, where Philip then held his Court, Red Hugh arrived at Simancas, where he was attacked with a violent sickness, due, so it was afterwards supposed, to poison administered to him in a very subtle way by a secret agent of Elizabeth. Convinced that he was about to die, Red Hugh sent for Fathers Florence Conry and Maurice O'Donlevy, both members of the Franciscan Monastery of Donegal, founded by the O'Donnells in 1474, and received from them his final consolations. He died on 10th September, 1602, aged 30 years, fifteen of which he had spent fighting for the liberty of Ireland.

"His early eclipse," say the Four Masters, "was mournful to many; for he was a mighty and bounteous

lord ; a vehement and irresistible destroyer of his English and Irish enemies ; a sweet-sounding trumpet, endowed with the gift of eloquence, wisdom, and comeliness of feature that captivated everyone that beheld him." At Philip III's command the body of Red Hugh was taken to the Royal Palace at Valladolid, " where," according to the Four Masters, " it was surrounded by a countless number of the King's State Officers, guards and Council, with luminous torches and bright flambeaux of beautiful waxlight burning on each side of it. From the Palace it was transferred to the Franciscan Church, whence, after Mass was duly sung, it was deposited with honour and veneration in the chapel of the chapter-room."

James Clarence Mangan, in his "Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tirconnell," writes of the burial of Red Hugh thus—

It is done ! All is over !
The too fond-hearted lover
Of his mother-land is lying in his crypt of marble stone.
May a blessed resurrection
Be the meed of that affection
That burned in his bosom for her, and her alone !
Many since have shared his doom,
 Of our noble-souled and true,
For woe is me, the brightest of the laurels Erin gathers
 Still bestow their barren bloom
 But on those, who, like to Hugh,
 Lay their bones far away from the valleys of their fathers !

It was round Red Hugh that the famous National Song "O'Donnell Abu" was written. It is known to every O'Donnell throughout the world, and is still played and sung in all parts of Ireland by every true-blooded Celt. These are the words—

1

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
 Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale ;
 Fleetly the steed by Loc Suilic is bounding ;
 To join the thick squadron in Saimear's green Vale :
 On, every mountaineer,
 Strangers to flight and fear ;
 Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh.
 Bonnought and Gallowglass
 Throng from each mountain-pass,
 On, for Old Erin—O'Donnell Abu !

2

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing
 With many a chieftain and warrior clan ;
 A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing,
 'Neath the borders brave from the banks of the Bann.
 Many a heart shall quail
 Under its coat of mail ;
 Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
 When on his ear shall ring,
 Borne on the breeze's wing,
 Tir-Conaill's dread war-cry : "O'Donnell Abu ! "

3

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling ;
 Fearless the eagle swoops over the plain ;
 The fox in the streets of the city is prowling ;
 All, all who would scare them are banished or slain !
 Grasp every stalwart hand,
 Hackbut and battle brand,
 Pay them back the deep debt so long due ;
 Norris and Clifford well
 Can of Tir-Conaill tell.
 Onward to glory—O'Donnell Abu !

4

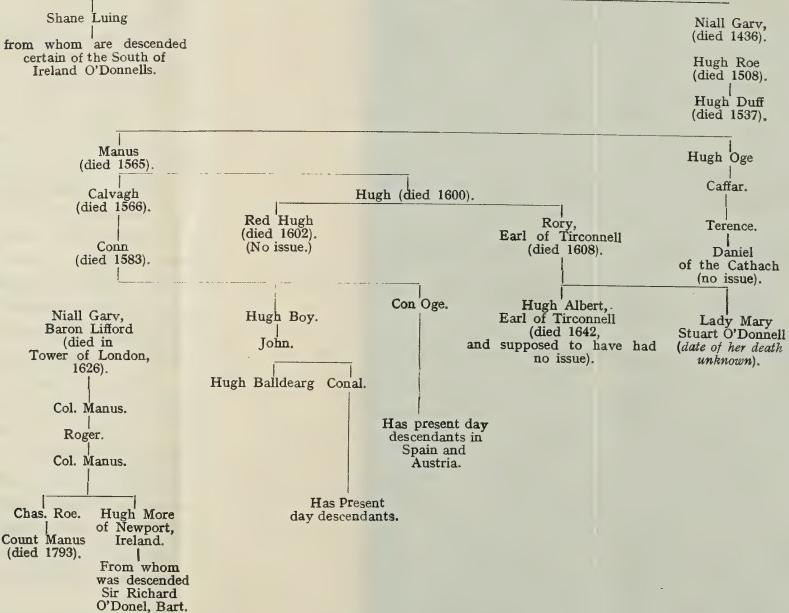
Sacred to cause that Clan-Conaill's defending—
 The altars we kneel at and homes of our sires ;
 Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—
 Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires !
 On with O'Donnell, then,
 Fight the old fight again ;
 Sons of Tir-Conaill, all valiant and true !
 Make the false Saxon feel
 Erin's avenging steel !
 Strike for your country—O'Donnell Abu !

According to the English historians, O'Neill, who was styled "the Brain of Ireland," planned all the battles,

whilst Red Hugh, who was designated "the Sword of Ireland," merely fought them. But this is not quite true, and English historians can neither have made a careful study of the two leaders, nor of the campaigns in which they were engaged. Had they done so, they would have learned that Red Hugh's counsels were always being sought after, and that, good as he was as a soldier, he was undoubtedly equally clever as a general. On this point the Rev. C. P. Meehan, who has written more ably on the O'Neills and the O'Donnells than any other writer, says : " Of Red Hugh's military and diplomatic genius you have heard enough ; nor can you doubt his excellence in both departments, when you remember that during his ten years war he maintained correspondence with Spain and Rome, defeated many of Queen Elizabeth's ablest generals, and constrained that powerful sovereign to expend more than nine millions of the present currency before she succeeded in crushing without subduing him." Red Hugh married the Lady Avelina, Hugh O'Neill's sister, but had no children by her. He was descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages—from whom Hugh O'Neill was also descended.

Hugh Balldearable O'Donnell, the son of John O'Donnell, was born in Ireland somewhere about 1650. He seems to have styled himself " The O'Donnell," a title to which he would seem to have had a doubtful right, as there were several older branches of the clan in existence. His father having property in Spain, Hugh Balldearable went there when a boy, and subsequently commanded, for the use of Philip III, a regiment of Irish horse. In 1690 he sailed for Ireland, and, arriving there just after the battle of the Boyne, visited James II, who

THURLOUGH O'DONNELL,
descendant of Niall of the Nine Hostages



was on board ship at Kinsale Harbour, preparing to make a hasty flight for France. Before his departure, James gave Hugh Baldearg an introduction to Talbot, who had usurped the earldom of Tirconnell (the rightful heritage of the O'Donnells, and even now regarded as theirs by all who are in any degree acquainted with Irish family history), and who was then commanding the Jacobite forces in Ireland. Tirconnell gave Hugh Baldearg permission to raise as many men as he could, and he at once gathered together over 10,000 recruits—chiefly from among the peasants of Leinster, on whom the name of O'Donnell acted like magic. There is a legend, still believed in among the Celtic population of Ulster and Connaught, that Ireland will never be an entirely free and independent country till her people unite together under the leadership of an O'Donnell, with a baldearg, or red spot, on the forehead or chest, which mark has always been a peculiar characteristic of the Clan Conaill. Hugh Baldearg, who continually declared he belonged to the oldest branch of the O'Donnells, was supposed to have this mark, hence the clansmen flocked to his call, and were led by him as no one else could have led them. However, his exceptional popularity arousing the jealousy of Talbot and his Anglo-Irish followers, all kinds of obstacles were thrown in his way—arms and ammunitions were denied him, exorbitant charges were made him for food and horses—and he eventually had to take the field with little over a thousand men.

At the front, the same kind of treatment awaited him—he was constantly harassed by all sorts of contradictory orders, and never allowed an opportunity of coming into

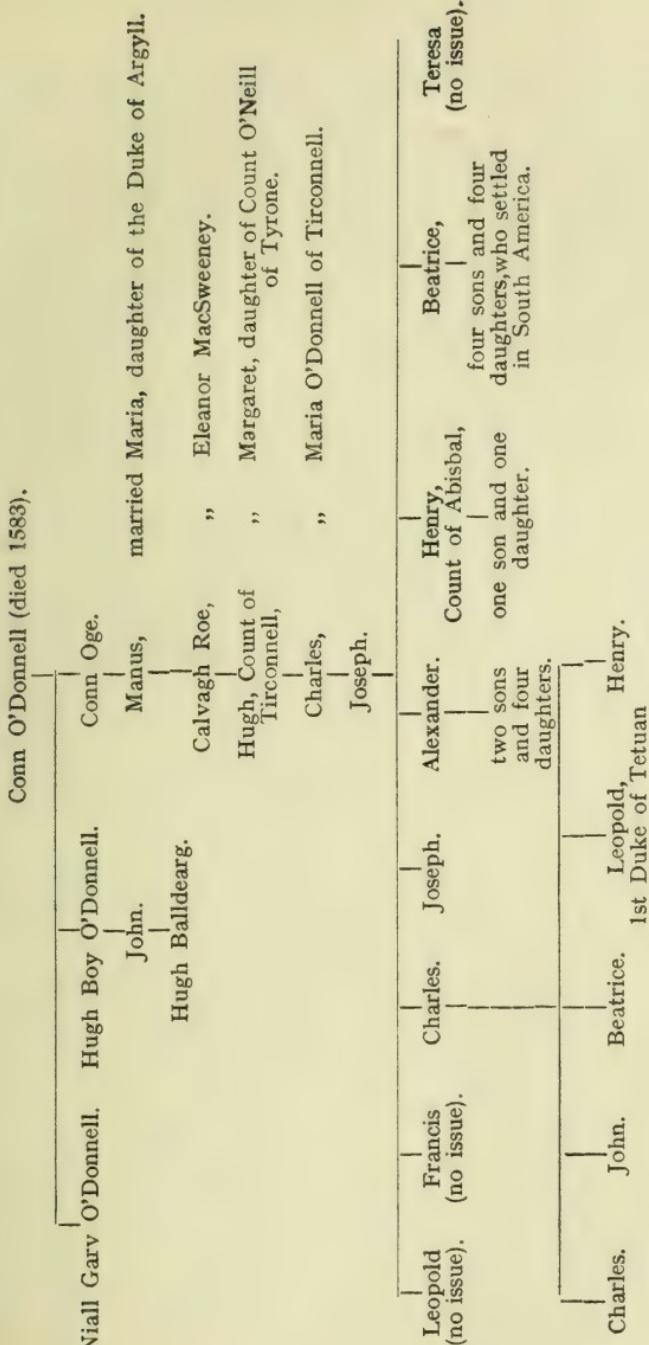
contact with the enemy. At last, thoroughly disgusted with Talbot's behaviour, he decided to throw in his lot with William. He approached Ginkel and offered to fight for him, provided he was awarded the earldom of Tirconnell and £2,000 towards his expenses in the field. An account of his negotiations appeared in the *London Gazette* for 13th August, 1690. William III, only too glad to win over so eminent an Irishman to his cause, bestowed a pension of £500 a year on him ; but neither gave him the earldom nor accepted his military services in Ireland, owing to the antipathy of the Protestants towards a Roman Catholic.

After obtaining his pension, Hugh Baldearg went to Austria, fought as a volunteer for that country in Italy and the Netherlands, and, on the termination of hostilities, proceeded to Spain. There he entered the Regular Army and, rising to be a Major-General, died in 1704.

Among a number of other Irishmen who fled to Spain after the rout of the Boyne was Hugh O'Donnell, Count of Tirconnell, great-grandson of Con Oge O'Donnell, who was brother to Hugh Boy, the grandfather of Baldearg. The genealogy¹ of the Count of Tirconnell is given on next page—

Hugh O'Donnell, like his great forbear, Red Hugh, was well received at the Spanish Court, and consequently settled in Andalusia. Of his descendants, all of whom were soldiers, the first two of any special note were Charles and Henry, the third and sixth sons, respectively, of Don José O'Donnell. Both served with considerable

¹ This genealogy is taken from *The History of Don Leopold O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan*, by Don Manuel Ibo Alfaro, published in Madrid (1867), and lent to Elliot O'Donnell, the author of this work, by El Excelentissima Señor Don Juan O'Donnell y Vargas, Duque de Tetuán y Conde de Lucana, Grande de España, Teniente Coronel ; and from other sources as well.



distinction in the Peninsular War. Charles rose to be Captain-General of Viega, Director-General of Artillery and Military Governor of the Plaza de Valencia. He was taken prisoner by the French and lodged in the fort of Vincennes. He married Doña Josefa Joris, and, dying in 1829, left four sons and four daughters. On the outbreak of the Peninsular War, known in Spain as the War of Independence, Henry was a Lieutenant in the artillery. Conspicuous for his bravery in some of the earlier skirmishes and battles, he speedily rose to be Lieutenant-General, and was eventually made Count of Abisbal. Returning to France about 1821, he died at Montpellier in 1823. He married Doña Ignacia Burgues de Gerona, and had two children, a son and a daughter.

Charles, known in history as "The General," left a widow who survived him many years. She held a post in the Household of Queen Amalia, King Ferdinand VII's third wife, and was the most intimate friend of the Princess Maria, wife of Don Carlos, brother of Ferdinand. When Ferdinand, the most cruel and tyrannical monarch of modern times, died, Spain was instantly divided into two parties—those who wished to see the Princess Isabella, the baby daughter of Ferdinand's fourth wife, Christina, Queen, and those who preferred Don Carlos, who had made himself very popular through his kindness and broad-minded views.

Mrs. O'Donnell, a woman of tremendous force of character and determination, without the slightest hesitation threw in her lot with Don Carlos, and commanded her sons to support his cause. All obeyed but Leopold, who, from beginning to end, never swerved in his loyalty to Isabella.

Charles, Mrs. O'Donnell's eldest son, after a brilliant career as cavalry leader under the Carlist General, Zumalacarreguy, was assassinated by a Cristino trooper, whose life he had generously spared ; John was captured whilst heading an attack on Barcelona, and handed over to the mob by the cowardly Governor of the citadel, to be instantly stabbed to death and torn to pieces ; Henry, although fighting bravely throughout the war, had no luck, and never occupied any post of great distinction ; and Leopold, alone fighting for the Cristinos, was the one destined to win the greatest fame.

The opening of the Civil War found the Cristinos in a very bad way. To begin with, they were split up into innumerable factions. Quesada, Escobra, Sarsfield, and Mirasol were all jealous of each other ; there was no discipline anywhere ; the soldiers had very little food and no pay ; and as the result of their disputes, Quesada was stabbed to death in Madrid ; Escobra was murdered by his own soldiers, paid to do the job ; Sarsfield, the first cavalry officer in Spain, and an indirect descendant of the Earl of Lucan, was also assassinated by bribed followers ; whilst Mirasol only escaped a horrible death by hiding for days in a cellar. It was this state of chaos that gave Leopold his chance. Boldly facing an infuriated mob of Cristino soldiery and civilians, who were thirsting for the blood of Mirasol and all the other Cristino Generals, Leopold bared his chest and dared them to do their worst. For a minute or so his fate hung in the balance, and had he shown the slightest symptoms of fear, all would have been over with him. But Leopold O'Donnell was strong, capable and fearless ; he was the man the moment demanded, and—albeit with an almost

superhuman effort—he won. A Spanish mob admires nothing so much as reckless courage—ordinary fortitude does not appeal to them ; they want an exhibition of utter recklessness, utter abandonment, such as they have never witnessed before—and in Leopold O'Donnell they got it. Instead of killing him, they rent the air with applause, and he at once became their idol. This event having taken place just after Sir George de Lacy Evans and his legions—without whom the Cristinos would have accomplished nothing—wound up their long series of successes by capturing Fontarabia and practically retired from the scene, the post of Captain-General of the Cristinos forces was vacated, and to this post Leopold O'Donnell, amid the frantic acclamations of both soldiery and populace, was at once elected. Directly after his appointment, he met and defeated the Carlists under General Cabrera, and was awarded the title of Count of Lucana.

Henry O'Donnell then left the Carlist party and joined his brother. On 29th August, 1839, peace was signed between the contending parties, shortly after which Queen Christina took everyone by surprise by suddenly abdicating the Regency, and retiring with her infant daughter to Montpellier. Her parting speech to Espartero, who filled her place as Regent—a post he was believed to have had his eyes on ever since Ferdinand's death—is almost too well known to bear repeating. " You owe everything to me, Espartero," she said, " I have created you Duke of Morella and Vittoria, and a grandee of Spain, but I have not succeeded in making you a gentleman." The moment Espartero was in power he began to use it. His *régime* was one of iron

severity, rapacity and cruelty. Risings took place in Barcelona, Catalonia, Galicia, Arragon and Andalusia, and they were all suppressed by wholesale massacre. At last, in 1843, Narvaez and Leopold O'Donnell proved too strong for him, and, forcing him to abdicate, brought back the little Princess Isabella from exile and placed her on the throne. Narvaez then assumed the position of President of the Cabinet, whilst O'Donnell became Captain-General of Cuba, and afterwards Inspector-General of infantry and a senator.

A new-comer now appeared in the form of a thoroughly unscrupulous German newspaper editor and proprietor, named Sartorius. By means of his journal, he pushed his way into notoriety, and was soon looked upon as a big factor in the political struggle, in which Narvaez and O'Donnell were opposed to Espartero, who had returned from banishment and established himself in luxury at Logrono. The rapidly increasing influence of Sartorius over Narvaez and the Cortes at length filling O'Donnell and Espartero with the gravest apprehensions as to his ultimate designs, they became friends and formed an alliance against the German. Sartorius, whose spies were everywhere, discovering the plot, at once procured their banishment. Espartero fled out of the country, but O'Donnell hid in Madrid, and for five months entirely baffled the ingenuity of the Spanish police to find him.

Then came a reaction. Public opinion, always fickle, but nowhere so fickle as in Spain, suddenly turned in favour of the refugees, and a loud clamour arose for their return. This was towards the end of July. Two months later, Spain was entirely in the hands of O'Donnell

and Espartero. For a long time there had been a growing conviction among the more progressive of the Spanish politicians that the Church had far too much influence over the State, and the moment O'Donnell and Espartero found themselves at the head of affairs, they determined to remedy that evil. Between them they drew up a document enabling both the State and private individuals to purchase Church property at a fair valuation, wherever and whenever they desired, and asked the young Queen to affix her signature. At first she refused—pleading her private convictions as an excuse. However, she at length yielded, and chiefly through the perseverance of O'Donnell was prevailed upon to sign. To attack Church Estates, as the present Liberal Government in England know, is always risky, but in no country in the world is it so risky as in Spain. Even to conceive such an idea in Spain was bold enough, but to give voice to it was bold beyond measure, and Leopold O'Donnell and Espartero—fearless though they were—found the odds against them were too strong. The Church at once brought about another Carlist Rising. O'Donnell put it down. It broke out again, and then, before O'Donnell could suppress it, public opinion in Madrid was roused against him. He retired from politics, and Narvaez became the paramount influence once again. But only for a short time. O'Donnell had a great reputation for honesty and liberalism—Narvaez had no such reputation. Moreover, of the two men, O'Donnell was generally recognized as by far the abler. The Church had put its man in office, but it could not keep him there. Public opinion turned once more; Narvaez was expelled from office, and Leopold O'Donnell at last became Prime

Minister. O'Donnell was undoubtedly the greatest man in Spain. His skill as a general, and bravery as a soldier, had been seen over and over again in his constant fights against the Carlists; whilst his wonderful tact and resourcefulness had alone enabled him to survive the innumerable intrigues of his enemies. Besides, whereas Espartero, Narvaez, Sartorius, and other Spanish political leaders cared not a jot for Spain, but only for their own aggrandisement, it was not so with O'Donnell. He alone, perhaps, of all the Ministers in office was actuated wholly and solely by patriotic motives. He had stuck to Queen Isabella through thick and thin—no other soldier in her service could point to so many scars obtained in fighting against her foes—and his one ambition was to see her at the head of a Government which should be as strong as it was honest and enlightened. Spain had lain long enough in a quagmire of moral decadence; it was O'Donnell's desire once more to see it in possession of its ancient glory and self-respect.

Queen Isabella was greatly attached to O'Donnell. His independence, even more, perhaps, than his courtesy and chivalry, his dignity and firmness of character, appealed to her. She scolded and browbeat Narvaez, Sartorius and Espartero, whom she despised as mere adventurers, but she never adopted any of those tactics with O'Donnell. Trusting him implicitly, she invariably listened to his counsel, and it was to him, and him alone, that she confided all her troubles, private as well as public. In order to revive the National feeling in Spain—and in his opinion this alone was sufficient justification for the act—O'Donnell suddenly declared war against Morocco. It was a bold stroke, and it took both nations by surprise. Neither

Spain nor Morocco anticipated war—and, consequently, neither nation was ready for it. But if O'Donnell was a past master in his sudden and unexpected declaration of hostilities, he was equally a past master in the speedy mobilisation of his forces. The war, in fact, was hardly announced before an expedition was on its way to Morocco, and he himself, albeit a Prime Minister, went with it. To have been fighting in Morocco and at the same time managing affairs in Spain was surely a phenomenal feat—but what to us must appear almost beyond the range of possibility, O'Donnell undertook with a serenity that was simply staggering. On the eve of his departure, he gave a few instructions to his Ministers, and, kissing the Queen's hand, smilingly assured her he would conquer Morocco and be back again in Madrid in time for the Christmas festivities. His rivals openly declared him mad; but they did not venture to attack him, for not only had he the Queen and the people at his back, but the Church, though she had regarded him with disfavour owing to the Church Lands Decree, now proffered him her friendship.

For the first time for over a hundred years Spain stood united—and now it only wanted a great national victory to see that union cemented with bonds no party of adventurers, however strong and cunning, could break asunder. O'Donnell was determined to win that victory. The first batch of 3,500 Spanish troops were landed at Ceuta on 19th November, 1859. It was the wet season, and the constant torrents of rain caused pneumonia and sickness, on the top of which cholera set in, and killed hundreds. On 21st December the first battle took place. The Moors attacked the Spanish force and were defeated

with tremendous losses. Leaving several thousands of his now much reduced force behind him to guard the base at Ceuta, O'Donnell at once pressed forward—his scheme being to march along the coast to the mouth of the Tetuan river, and thence strike inland to the capital of the country.

After advancing some distance, he was delayed by the lack of provisions, the transport steamers being unable to land food owing to the roughness of the sea. At last, however, the sea calmed, the ships disgorged themselves of their cargo, and the army forged ahead. In three days' time they arrived in sight of Tetuan, and preparations were made for an assault. On the 4th of February, 1860, the attack began. There were 25,000 Moors to 15,000 Spanish ; but the latter were vastly superior in cannon. The battle was soon over. Beaten at all points, the Moors retreated into the city, hastily plundered it, and made a precipitate retreat to the hills in the rear. On the 6th of February the Spanish flag was hoisted over the Emperor's residence, and Morocco was pronounced a Spanish province.

Out of the 35,000 O'Donnell had had with him at the start, about 29,000 remained, a fairly large number, considering the ravages of epidemics and the two big battles in which he had been engaged. On the whole, the campaign was a success, and O'Donnell considerably enhanced his reputation. All hopes, however, of Spain maintaining occupation of Morocco were dashed on the head. Lord John Russell, the English Prime Minister, declaring that a Spanish occupation of Tetuan would be "inconsistent with the safety of Gibraltar," pressure was put on Spain to withdraw its forces ; and Spain, of

course, had to give in. It was one thing to fight against Morocco, but quite another thing to fight against England.

In the meanwhile, however, Morocco had paid a war indemnity of 13,000,000 dollars, and O'Donnell was created Duke of Tetuan. On his return to Madrid he found himself more powerful than ever ; more powerful than anyone outside Royalty had ever been—he was Marshal, Prime Minister, and a grandee—and all had been won entirely through his own merit. He survived the war seven years, and died at Biarritz, 5th November, 1867.

CHAPTER XVI

FAMOUS IRISHMEN IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL, 1500-1914

JAMES Fitzgerald, cousin of the fifteenth Earl of Desmond, was born in Ireland in, or about, 1520. Early imbued with a desire for travelling, he left Ireland when he was in his teens, and visited France, Spain, the Low Countries, Germany and Turkey. He assisted most of these countries when they were at war, and was highly praised for his valour by the Emperor Charles V, the King of France, and the King of Poland. His adventures would fill several volumes. Coming over to Ireland in a Spanish ship in 1579, he was killed soon after landing. His wife and children were brutally murdered by the English soldiers during the Irish War of 1596.

William Walsh, contemporary with James Fitzmaurice, but a man of peace, was born in Dunboyne, about 1512. Educated for the Church, Walsh quickly rose to eminence, and in 1554 was appointed Bishop of Meath by the Pope. Disputing with his superiors in the Irish Church on certain matters relative to ceremonial, he was deprived of his bishopric and imprisoned. Effecting his escape, after being incarcerated in the gloomiest of dungeons for seven years, he went to France, but returned to Ireland soon afterwards, and resumed his priestly functions. The Pope, who had a very high opinion of him, both with regard to his ability and piety, sent him a brief empowering him to act for the dioceses of Dublin and Armagh. Unable to get on with his colleagues in the

Irish Church, however, Walsh retired to Spain, where he was appointed an Assistant to the Archbishop of Toledo. He died at Alcalá in 1577.

Father Florence Conry, no less famous than William Walsh, was born in Galway in 1561. Sent to college in the Netherlands and afterwards in Spain, Father Conry entered the Franciscan Order and distinguished himself as a student of St. Augustine's works. Coming to the notice of Philip II, through his vigorous defence of certain of the Roman Catholic doctrines, he was appointed Provincial of the Franciscans in Ireland, and sailed with the Spanish Armada. Wrecked on the Irish coast, he succeeded in reaching land, where he was received with every kindness by his own countrymen. A short time afterwards he met Red Hugh O'Donnell and was appointed his chaplain, which post he continued to hold till Red Hugh's death at Simancas. In 1609, he was appointed Archbishop of Tuam, but, unable to stay in Ireland owing to the severe Penal Laws against the Catholics, he crossed over to Belgium and founded the Irish College at Louvain. He died in 1629 in a Franciscan Convent in Madrid, and was taken to the College at Louvain to be buried. Among the many works he published are *Peregrinus Jerichuntinus* and *A Christian Instructor*.

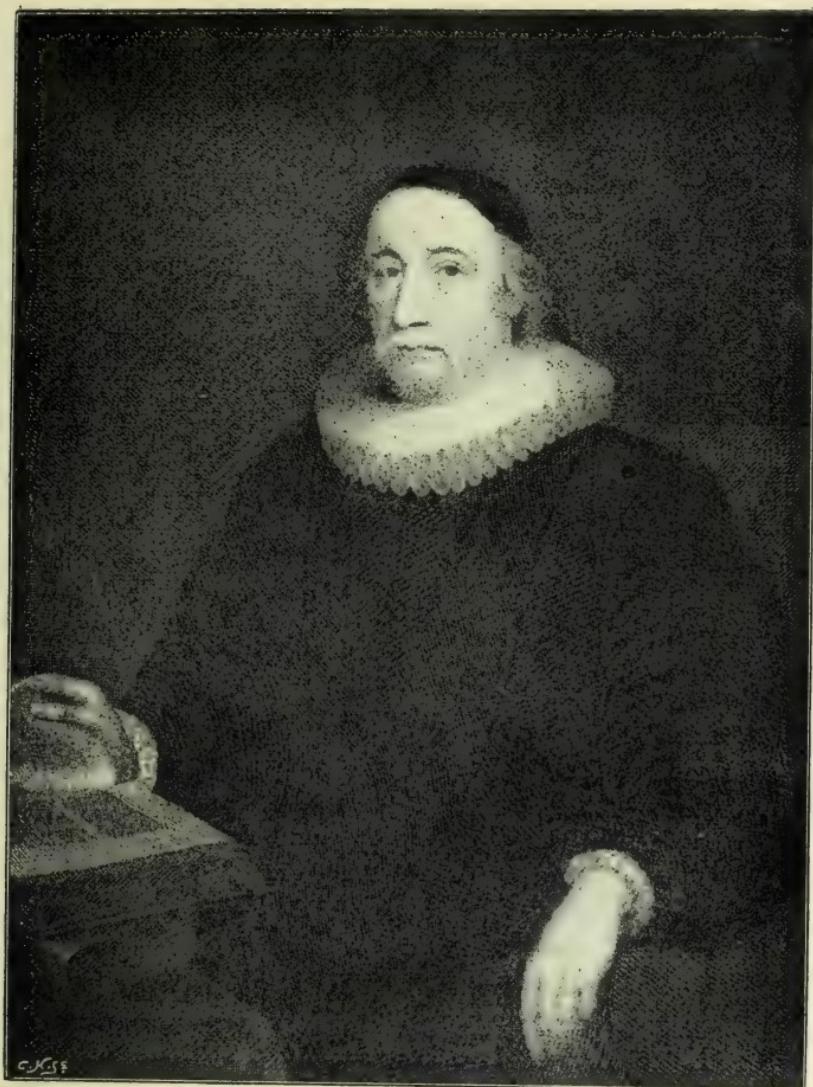
Thomas Stucley, a man of a very different calibre from Father Conry, was born in Ireland about 1525. Fighting for Shane O'Neill in the wars of 1565–1567, he went to Italy in 1570, to seek the Pope's aid in getting up an expedition against the Elizabethan forces in Ireland. The Pope received him extremely favourably, made him Marquis of Leinster and Earl of Wexford (the latter title had already been granted by Elizabeth to

Calvagh O'Donnell) and offered him 800 Italian soldiers. Whether Stucley accepted that offer is not known for certain, but at all events he never got to Ireland. Alleged to have met James Fitzgerald, when he was about to embark for Ireland, he was persuaded by him to go to Portugal instead, and, on arriving in the latter country, he was immediately inveigled into going on an expedition against the Moors. He perished in a skirmish in Morocco, somewhere about 1578.

Dominic de Rosario O'Daly, an Irishman who has left an indelible mark on the ecclesiastical history of Spain, was born in Kerry in 1595. Entering the Dominican Order at Lugo, Dominic O'Daly next went to Flanders, and thence to Madrid, where he acted as one of the Prince of Wales's agents in negotiating for the hand of the Princess Isabella. Later on he went to Portugal, and, distinguishing himself in the Revolution that freed that country from Spain, was appointed Father Confessor to the Queen. In 1655 he turned diplomatist, and for a short time represented Portugal at the Court of Louis XIV. On his return to Lisbon he was Censor of the Supreme Court of the Inquisition, and founded the Irish College of the Dominican Order in Portugal, of which he became the first rector. He had the misfortune to die a few days after the Pope issued a Bull appointing him Bishop of Coimbra. His death occurred in June, 1662, and he was buried in the Dominican College in Lisbon. Among several works of more or less ecclesiastical importance, was his *Initium, Incrementum, et exitus familiae Geraldinorum . . . ac persecutionis haereticorum descriptio* (published in Lisbon, 1655). He was admittedly a very able and loyal disciple of the Church, but his

reputation is for ever sullied through his connection with that so utterly and indefensibly infamous institution, the Inquisition.

Owen Roe O'Neill does not play a very large *rôle* in the annals of Spain. Son of Art O'Neill, and nephew of the great Hugh, he was born in Ulster in 1590, and educated for a priest in the Irish Franciscan Monastery of Louvain. Soon tiring of the religious life, for which he was utterly unsuited, he took an abrupt departure from the convent, and, coming to Spain, entered the Army. His career in the Spanish Service, where he was known as Don Eugenio O'Neill, was extremely brilliant. In 1640 he led an expedition of 1,500 men, a large proportion of whom were Spaniards, against the French, who were besieging Arras. He was obliged to retreat, but he enhanced his reputation by the skill with which he handled his troops, as well as by his personal valour. The campaign over without his having any further opportunity of distinguishing himself, he retired from the Spanish Army, and went to Brussels. There he was approached by a deputation from Ulster, requesting him to assume the supreme command of the Irish Catholic forces in their fierce struggle with the English. Accepting the post, and furnished with a large sum of money from the Pope, he sailed from Dunkirk in the frigate *St. Francis*, accompanied by his sons, Henry, Con and Brian; and by O'Cahan, Brian O'Byrne, Gerald Fitzgerald, Owen O'Dogherty, and a number of other Irishmen. He landed at Castledoe, in Donegal, and joined his army of 15,000 men at Charlemont. The rest of his days are entirely confined to Ireland. Before leaving Spain, he had married Rose, sister of Sir Cahir O'Dogherty.



Ja: Armachany.

ARCHBISHOP USSHER

[See p. 277]

Philip O'Sullivan-Beare, another Irishman of purely Celtic lineage, was born in his father's castle on Dursey Island, Ireland, and was sent to Spain in 1602 as a hostage for the performance of an agreement made between his father and Philip III. Educated at Compostella he entered the Spanish Navy, but seems to have devoted far more of his time to the composition in Latin of historical and religious works than to the study of Naval Science. He published several books, the most important of which are : *Historiae Catholicae Iberniae Compendium* (Lisbon, 1621), which contains, among other useful information, by far the best account of the O'Neill and O'Donnell wars ever written ; *Patriciana Decas* (published in 1629) ; and *Archicornigeromastix, sive Jacobi Usheri Heresiarchae Confutatio*.

For a long time he was engaged in a very violent controversy with Archbishop Ussher, relative to the Ancient Celtic Church, in which both abused each other freely. Ussher pronounced O'Sullivan-Beare to be "as egregious a liar as any that this day breatheth in Christendum" ; while O'Sullivan retaliated by calling him "a rude and insulting bear."

After the publication of his Compendium, O'Sullivan had the misfortune to lose nearly all his relatives. His sister, Helen, was drowned on her way to Ireland ; his father died suddenly—which was surely a matter of no great wonder, since he was 100 years old—and was buried in the Franciscan Church at Corunna ; his brother, Daniel, was killed in a skirmish with the Turks ; and his mother died of a broken heart. O'Sullivan survived them many years, living on in Spain till 1660, when he, too, died, and was buried in Madrid.

Richard Wall, who was one of the best known Anglo-Irishmen in Spain, was born in County Waterford, in or about 1694. Entering the Spanish Navy when still in his teens, he saw service against Sicily in 1718, distinguishing himself greatly in an engagement with the unfortunate Admiral Byng. Forsaking the Navy for the Army, he served in Montemar's expedition to Naples, and took no little part in the placing of Don Carlos on the throne of the Two Sicilies. The same year he went to America to make plans for a Spanish invasion of Jamaica. On his return to Spain, he was sent by that country as private agent to Aix-la-Chapelle and Holland, and, in 1747, as Ambassador to England. In 1752, he was granted the rank of Major-General; whilst, in 1754, he was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. During his long continuance in office, Wall always maintained a very friendly attitude to England, and acted as a great check to Charles III, who was a most pronounced Anglophobe. Owing to severe trouble with his sight, Wall was at last obliged to relinquish his duties and to relapse into private life. Loaded with honours and rewards for his long and meritorious services, he retired to his house at Mirador, but continued to pay periodical visits to the Court at Aranjuez up to the time of his death, which occurred at Granada in 1778.

Wall stands out prominently as one of the most honest and independent statesmen ever possessed by Spain, and it speaks volumes for him that, when he was about to retire, Charles III, with whom he had had many differences, tried his utmost to persuade him to remain in office. Wall is also remembered in connection with his efforts to preserve and restore the palace of the Alhambra.

William Bowles, another Irishman associated with Spain, went thither late in life to study natural history, and to try to create an interest among the Spaniards in mineralogy. He wrote several works on mineralogy and natural history, and a series of Peruvian plants has been named after him. He died in Spain in 1780.

Count Alexander O'Reilly, yet another Irishman of this period, contemporary with Wall and Bowles, and an intimate friend of the former, was born at Baltrasna, in County Meath, in 1722. Entering the Irish Brigade, which had been raised in Spain about 1700, he saw service in Italy, where he was severely wounded ; and in Prussia, where he distinguished himself greatly at the battle of Hochkirchen, in 1758.

The following year he quitted the Spanish Army, and entering that of France, fought at Bergen (1759), Minden and Rosbach. Re-entering the Spanish Service he was made Lieutenant-General, and defeated the Portuguese at Chaves in 1762. In 1763, during a sudden rising of the mob in Madrid, which was infuriated at the acceptance by the Spanish Government of the humiliating terms offered it by the English at the Conference in Paris, O'Reilly had the good fortune to rescue Charles III from being torn to pieces. As a reward for this he was made Field-Marshal, was entrusted with the remodelling of the army on the lines of that of Prussia, and was sent, as second in command of almost the entire forces of Spain, to Havannah.

In June, 1768, he added enormously to his fame by capturing Louisiana from the French, and, on his return to Spain, he was made Governor of Madrid and Inspector-General of Infantry. Soon after this he was sent in

command of an expedition to Algiers, but failed, owing to the jealousy of his subordinate Spanish officers. He was now unpopular, and Charles III, not daring to re-instate him in his governorship of Madrid, made him, instead, Governor of Cadiz and Captain-General of Andalusia. His enemies, however, would not let him alone; combining together, they proved so strong, that Charles III eventually gave in to them, and O'Reilly, deprived of all his emoluments, was obliged to retire into private life. Still looked after secretly by Charles III, who cherished the greatest affection for him, as, indeed, he did for all the Irish, O'Reilly went to live at Chinchilla, where he remained in ease and comfort till his death in 1794. He was generally recognized as the best commander Spain had had for several centuries, if not, indeed, the best she had ever had.

James Warren Doyle was born at New Ross in 1786. He was the posthumous son of a farmer—his mother, Ann Warren, a Quakeress, being of English extraction and quite illiterate. Educated at Mr. Grace's School near New Ross, Doyle commenced his novitiate in the convent of Grantstown, near Carnsore Point, and having taken all the necessary vows was received the following year into the Order of St. Augustine.

In 1806 he came to Portugal, and completed his education in the Monastery of Coimbra. Upon the outbreak of the Peninsular War, unable to resist the temptation of fighting, he hastily doffed his cowl and, shouldering a rifle, rushed off to assist the Spaniards. For more than a year he served as interpreter to the English forces, and then, finding it impossible to obtain promotion from the ranks, he returned to Ireland, where

he once again entered the service of the Church. His subsequent career was entirely spent in his native country, where he rose to be Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and died in 1834.

James Clarence Mangan was born at Fishamble Street, Dublin, in 1803. Of his parentage nothing is known, beyond the facts that they were "Irish and very poor." Mangan was educated at a school for quite poor children in Sauls's Court, Dublin, whence he went as copyist to a scrivener, changing his occupation, after two years, to that of clerk to an attorney. In the little spare time he had, Mangan took to writing, and, being successful in getting articles and poems taken by various Dublin publications, he threw up the office work which he loathed, and launched out as an author.

In or about 1830, with the few pounds he had scraped together from his publications, he made a brief tour on the Continent, and, amongst other countries, visited Spain. He saw a good deal of the Spanish peasants, whose simple mode of life, geniality and hospitality made a great impression on him. Returning to Ireland, after a year or two's sojourn in Andalusia, he worked assiduously at his writing, and quickly established a reputation as a poet and essayist. He was an ardent Repealer, and a keen supporter of John Mitchel, for whose papers, the *Nation* and *Irishman*, he wrote many articles.

Among the best known of his many publications are two poems—entirely Irish in sentiment and subject—"Dark Rosaleen" and "Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tirconnell"; and a translation entitled "German Anthology." In addition to the *Nation* and *Irishman*, he contributed to the *Dublin Penny Journal*,

the *Irish Penny Journal*, and the *University Magazine*. He died in Dublin in 1849, and was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery.

With regard to an individual Irish Brigade in Spain, though apparently there was such an organization, somewhere between the years 1700 and 1750, nothing very definite is known about it. Count Stanley O'Reilly was in it, and so were two Irish adventurers, Patrick Murphy and Dennis Kelly, who, it has been stated, served in Charles III's Irish Legion of Spain, and "had several very beautiful Moorish maidens for wives." The Brigade is alleged to have taken part in the Spanish campaigns in Italy, Sicily, Scotland (1719), and the West Indies ; but there is no doubt it has often been confused with the Irish Brigade of France, which saw much service, both in Spain and Italy.

The most eminent of the Irish officers who fought for Spain in the Peninsular War were General Charles O'Donnell and his brother Count Abisbal, Bourke, Lacy and Sarsfield, to all of whom Napier refers in his *History of the War in the Peninsula*.

During the earliest wars in Spain, many Irish officers were serving with the Spanish forces, either on one side or the other. Of these, in addition to the O'Donnells, the most distinguished were : General O'Daly, in command of the Government forces at the battle of Brihnega, in 1823, where he was beaten by the factious band of Bessières ; O'Doyle, a Cristina General, beaten near Vittoria by guerilla troops of Zumalacarregui, in 1834 ; and O'Farrel, Minister of War under Fernando VII, when Murat the French General occupied Madrid. Referring to this occupation, Murat boasted that the events of the

previous day had delivered Spain into the hands of Napoleon. " You are mistaken," replied O'Farrel, " they have for ever deprived him of it." And so it proved. The despised resistance of the populace of Madrid formed an example which was successfully followed by the entire populace of Spain.

In connection with the Irish in Spain, the following letter, addressed to Her Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain, by John Rooney, 44 The Broadway, New York City, editor and publisher of *Genealogical History of Irish Families, with their Crests and Arms*, may be of interest—

NEW YORK, September the 30th, 1896.

TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN-REGENT OF SPAIN,
DOÑA MARIA CRISTINA.

MADAM,—I have the honour to enclose through the favour of His Excellency the Spanish Consul-General at New York, Dⁿ. Arturo Baldosano, a copy of a book dealing with the genealogy of Ireland, which I have just edited and published. It has been suggested to me to send Your Majesty a copy of the work, in view of its subject being intimately connected with the history of Spain, whose respected sovereign you are, as also one of the distinguished daughters of the House of Hapsburg. The work contains an authentic chronicle of the principal Milesio-Irish families, with their crests and arms. These families are the descendants of the old Irish aristocracy, whose origin goes back as far as the children of Milesio, a King of Spain (or, rather, of that part of Spain which is known by the name of Galicia), who were the colonisers of Ireland more than a thousand years B.C. These families constituted the oldest aristocracy in the whole of Europe, and many of their descendants have come to occupy the highest positions in the principal nations of Europe: for instance, the O'Donnells, the O'Sullivans, and the O'Reillys in Spain; the Kavanaghs, Nugents, and Taaffes in Austria; the McMahons in France; the Lacy's in Russia; etc.

Since the arrival of the Spanish Milesians until the conversion of Ireland to the Christian faith, brought about by St. Patrick in the sixth century, there reigned in Ireland 118 sovereigns of the Hispano-Milesian dynasty. This is the longest succession of the same family known to history, and has been the admiration of numerous English antiquarians and historians. This dynasty lasted until the invasion of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans in the twelfth century; while some of its branches, to wit, the O'Donnells and O'Neill's, Ulster princes, kept their independence and patrimony until the time of James I.

During the three centuries in which the Penal Laws were in force, and under which the Irish were subject to such hard oppression on account of their nationality and religion, many thousands of the principal families sought refuge in the Continent, and particularly in Spain.

They arrived not like strangers, but as sons who return to the house of their ancestors, and they found in Spain a home and the education they were denied in their country.

In those times, an Irish Celt, on proving his Milesian descent, was recognized as a nobleman in Spain, many of them being inscribed in the Spanish and Portuguese Peerage, and contracting marriages with the ladies of the aristocracy. During the War of Succession, Spain had five Irish regiments whose commanders were O'Reilly, O'Gara, Lacy, Wogan, and Lawless, and many generations of Irish served in the Spanish Army.

Among the Irish then established in the Continent, as I point out in the Introduction to my work, were the Kavanagh and Nugent Aulic Councillors in Austria; another Kavanagh was a Polish nobleman; the Bavarian Count Harolds; Sutton Comte de Clonard, the tutor of the French Dauphin; McMahon, one of the first United States agents, where he was decorated with the Order of Cincinnati; Browne, Governor of Deva in Austria; another Browne, Governor of Livonia, in Russia; the Count Thomond, Viceroy of the Languedoc; Lally, Governor of Pondicherry, in India; O'Durjer, Commander of Belgrade; Lacy, Governor of Riga; and Lawless, Governor of Mallorca. Another Lawless was the Ambassador of Spain, in France; O'Daly, Portuguese Ambassador in France; Nugent, Austrian Ambassador in Berlin; Clarke, Duke de Feltre, Napoleon's War Minister; and in our days, the Count Taaffe, Prime Minister in Austria, and one of the cleverest statesmen in Europe. There was a moment, in which more than thirty Irish generals were in the service of Austria, and, according to the statement of the Archduke Charles, "the Austrian Army never had better officers."

Many generations of priests were also educated in Salamanca and other Spanish centres, when the Catholic instruction and religion were forbidden in Ireland, and Spain sent, again and again, expeditions to save the Irish nation from their English oppressors.

There is still the old affinity of the Iberian and Hibernian races, and the twenty millions of Irish who reside in America, as well as those who live in Ireland and other countries, preserve reverently to this day the historical remembrances common to both nations and the debt of gratitude to Spain.

These are some of the causes which inspired me to present Your Majesty this chronicle of the Irish Milesian families.

Wishing Your Majesty all happiness, and a long and prosperous reign to His Majesty the future King Don Alfonso XIII,

I am, with the greatest respect, Your Majesty's obedient servant.

CHAPTER XVII

THE IRISH IN AUSTRIA, GERMANY, BELGIUM, SWITZERLAND AND SCANDINAVIA

THOUGH there were Irishmen in Austria before 1740, the history of the Irish in that country may be said to date from the day Frederick the Great declared war on Maria Theresa. The glamour attached to Maria Theresa, who was very young, and, it was rumoured, extraordinarily pretty and fascinating, directly appealed to all Irishmen, who are ever tender towards women. Maria Theresa, moreover, stood alone, whereas Frederick—well, Frederick was not a woman, and, according to all the Irish had heard of him, he was a very overbearing and brutal man. Hence, as soon as the news reached Ireland that the young Queen needed recruits for her army, there was a rush of Celtic “young bloods” to Vienna. No actual Irish Brigade was formed; the volunteers were either attached to regiments of the Regular Army, or were incorporated in corps that were being formed from recruits of various nationalities.

During the campaign, many of these Irishmen distinguished themselves, and, receiving as a reward for their services titles and land, took up their permanent abode in Austria, where many of their descendants still live.

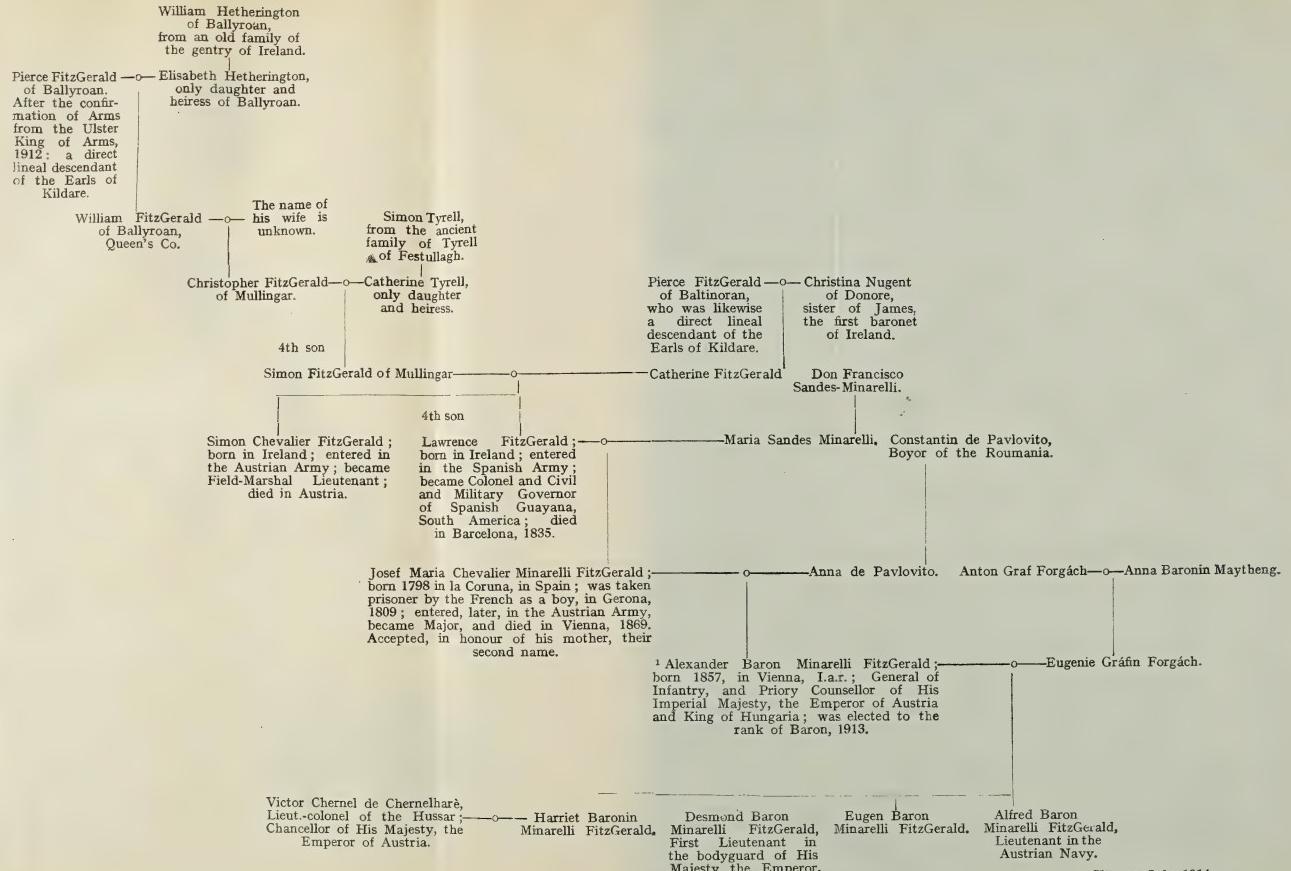
Always the greater number of the Irish in Austria have been military—at one time there were no fewer than thirty Irish Generals in the Austrian Army; and

a fair percentage of these soldiers have also been statesmen. The Austrian temperament harmonizes with the Celtic, and in few countries are the Irish immigrants more consistently happy and popular.

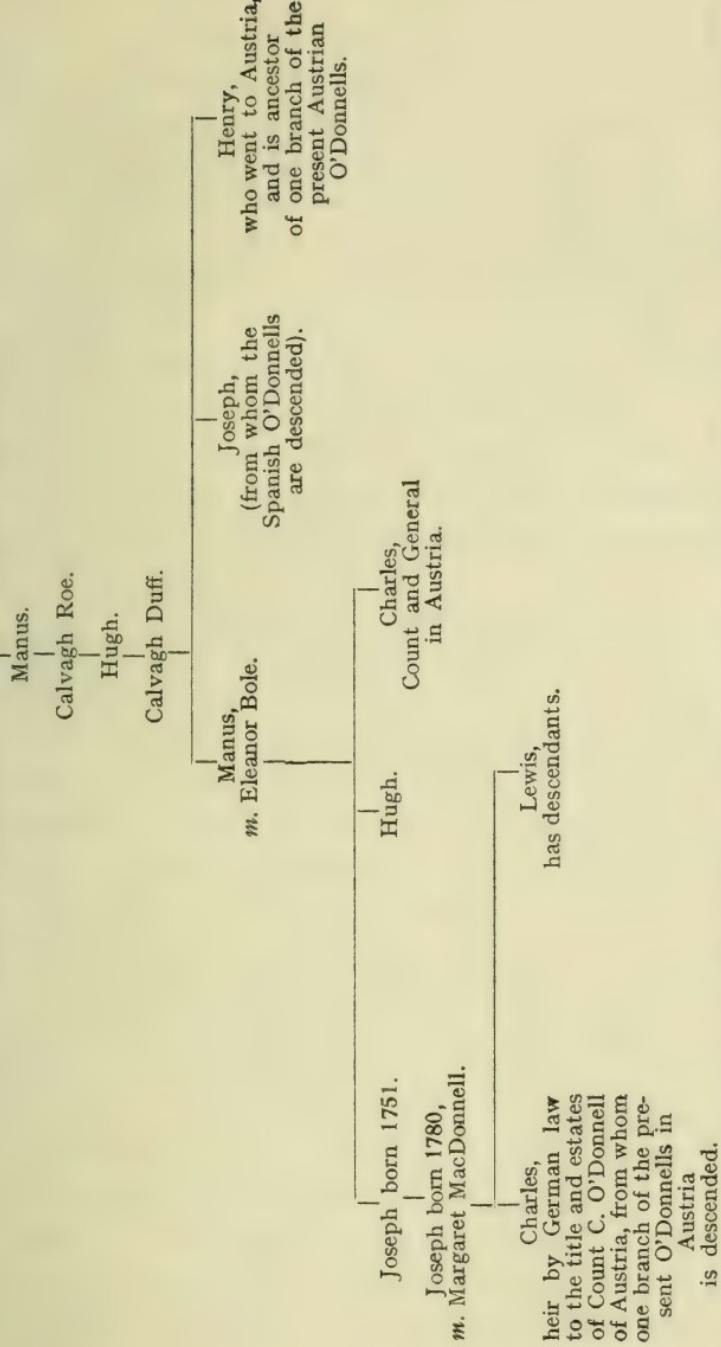
Among the best known of the Irish in Austria to-day are the Laudons, Brownes, Fitzgeralds, Nugents, O'Donnells, O'Connells, Lacy's, O'Briens and Taaffes. All of these are descendants of Irish soldiers who won distinction on the battlefields of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Taaffes, for example, are descended from the Earl of Carlingford, who was killed at the Boyne. On his death the title passed to his brother, then a soldier in the service of Austria. The father of the present Viscount Taaffe, who is a Field-Marshal in the Austrian Army, was a Minister of State in the Dual Monarchy, and Chamberlain to the Emperor Francis Joseph. His claim to the Taaffe peerage was upheld by a Committee of the English House of Lords in 1860. One of the Fitzgeralds—Minarelli-Fitzgerald—is a General; whilst the head of the present-day Nugents holds the title of Countess. The genealogies of the O'Donnells and of General Minarelli-Fitzgerald are shown on the opposite page.

There have been many famous Irishmen in Austria between the years 1620 and 1850; an inclusive biographical list of them would fill more than one volume, hence a few only can be mentioned in this work.

Thomas Carve, who was born about 1590 at Mobernan, in County Tipperary, migrated to Austria about 1620, and obtaining the post of Roman Catholic Chaplain to a regiment of the Emperor's Foreign Legion—mainly composed of Irish and English—saw service during pretty



CONN OGE O'DONNELL
(descended from Niall Gary O'Donnell, who died in 1436,
and was a descendant of Niall of the Nine Hostages).



[The genealogical tree of the O'Donnells is taken from a manuscript lent to the Author of this work, and that of the Fitzgeralds from a manuscript sent him by General Minarelli-Fitzgerald.]

well the whole of the Thirty Years' War. After the declaration of peace, he took to writing and published several works, now regarded as of considerable value. The most important of them are : *Itinerarium*; *Lyra, seu Anacephalaosis Hibernica*, and *Galateus*. He died in Vienna, 1664.

Francis MacDonnell, the first Irishman to gain military distinction in Austria, was born in Connaught in 1656. Going to Austria about 1680, he entered the Austrian Regular Army as Lieutenant, and first saw service at the battle of Cremona in 1702, where he displayed considerable skill and bravery, and won for himself a big reputation by his capture of the French Marshal Villeroi. He was about to be promoted General when he was killed, leading his Brigade, at the battle of Luzzara.

Hume Caldwell was born at Castle Caldwell in 1733. Migrating to Austria, when quite a boy, he enlisted in the ranks and rose, through his bravery and loyalty, to the rank of a Colonel. A Field-Marshal's bâton would have been his had he not been killed, whilst heading a charge, at the battle of Schweidnitz, 1762.

Count Andrew O'Reilly was born in Ireland in 1742. Entering the Austrian Service as a Sub-Lieutenant, he soon saw service, distinguishing himself greatly in the Seven Years' War, and under Joseph II in the campaign against the Turks. In the war with France, 1796–1809, he was created General for his share in the victory at Marchiennes, and he added to his reputation by the skilful way in which he handled his troops at Amberg and Ulm, 1796; at Kehl, 1796, where he was taken prisoner by Moreau; and at Austerlitz, 1805, where he commanded the Austrian cavalry. In 1809 he was

appointed Governor of Vienna, which town, however, he was soon afterwards compelled to surrender to the French. This reverse led to his retirement into private life, and he died at Vienna in 1832.

Field-Marshal Brady, who was fighting for Austria at the same time as Count O'Reilly, was born in the County of Cavan about 1753. Intended for the Church, Brady came over to study theology in Vienna, and, happening to be outside his college one day when the Empress Maria Theresa was passing, attracted her attention.

"What a pity it is so fine a young fellow should not be in the Army," she remarked to her aide-de-camp, Colonel Browne, also an Irishman; "what was he saying just now?"

"Your Majesty," replied the Colonel, who, as a matter of fact, had heard nothing, "he said you were a very beautiful lady, and he only wished it was his luck to serve you." The Empress at once offered Brady a commission in one of her crack regiments, and in less than a year he was a Captain. For his services in the campaigns against Napoleon, he was made a Field-Marshal. He married an offshoot of the Imperial family, and died in Vienna in 1827.

Lavall Nugent, yet another Irish Field-Marshal of Austria, was descended from the first Earl of Westmeath, and was born in Ireland in 1777. On the death of his uncle, Count Oliver Nugent, who held considerable property in Austria, Lavall went over to that country and entered the Imperial Army. For his gallant conduct at Varaggio in 1799, he was elected a Knight of the Military Order of Maria Theresa, and was promoted Major for his subsequent bravery at Marengo. In 1805

he became a Lieutenant-Colonel ; in 1809 a Major-General, and also Plenipotentiary to the Congress which preceded Napoleon's marriage to Maria Louisa. Owing to his refusal to sign the terms of peace Napoleon wished to impose on Austria, he retired to England, entered the British Army, and was made a Lieutenant-General.

In 1811 he represented England as Diplomatic Agent in Austria, relative to a coalition between that country and England against France ; whilst, in 1812-13, he performed the same task in Spain. In 1813 he was once again fighting for Austria, and took a leading part in expelling the French from Italy. The following year the British Government made him a K.B., and the year after that, he led an Austrian Army into Tuscany and defeated Murat. In 1817 he left the Austrian Service and became Captain-General of the Neapolitan Army ; in 1820 he was back again in Austria at the head of her Army.

The year 1848 saw him, though very old, still actively engaged in command of the Austrian forces in Italy and Hungary. In 1849 he was presented with the bâton of a Field-Marshal. Ten years later, although over 80, he accompanied the Emperor Francis Joseph in his disastrous campaign against the French and Italians. He married the Duchess of Riario Sforza, a descendant of Augustus III, King of Poland, and died on his estate in Croatia in 1862. Few men have had such a remarkable career, and none have fought in the armies of so many different countries with such signal success.

The Taaffes, to whom allusion has already been made, date their connection with Austria from 1690, the year of the Boyne. Sir Theobald Taaffe, Viscount Taaffe and

Earl of Carlingford, who was born in Ireland, somewhere about 1610, had two sons, Nicholas and Francis. Both were present at the Boyne; Nicholas, who had succeeded his father as Earl, was killed, whilst Francis escaped unscathed and, crossing over to the Continent, entered the Austrian Army. His subsequent career was one of unqualified success. He became Chamberlain to the Emperor Ferdinand, a Marshal of the Empire, and a Councillor of State. He died in Austria in 1704, and was succeeded in the Earldom by his nephew, Theobald.

Nicholas, Viscount Taaffe, of even greater note than his cousin Francis, was born in Ireland in 1677. Going to Austria in, or about, the year 1695, at the suggestion of Francis, Nicholas entered the Imperial Service, and quickly rose to be Field-Marshal; he was also Chamberlain to the Emperor Charles VI, and to his successor. He distinguished himself greatly in the campaign against the Turks in 1738, and, later on in life, took a prominent part in the agitation for Catholic Emancipation in Ireland. He died at his seat of Elishau, in Bohemia, in 1769, and was succeeded in his title of Viscount by his eldest son.

Baron MacNevin, the intimate friend of Nicholas Taaffe, was born in Ireland somewhere about 1723. Going to Austria to fight for the cause of the Empress Maria Theresa, he subsequently became her physician, and was created a Baron. After a long and successful career in medicine, he died at Prague in, or about, the year 1790. His nephew, William James MacNevin, M.D., one of the most distinguished of the United Irishmen, was educated at Prague and at the Medical College, Vienna.

Although it is to the remote period of the Irish Saints, who founded monasteries in various parts of the present German Empire, that Germany may trace her first associations with Ireland, comparatively few Irishmen have settled in Germany, and the number of students attending the Religious Colleges, which were founded in Prague and other towns in Germany during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was invariably small.

Several of the old sovereigns, including Frederick the Great, were said to have an Irish regiment or two in their service, but there is no authentic evidence to prove that such was actually the case. On the contrary, there is evidence to show that Frederick, at all events, experienced considerable difficulty in getting the merest handful of Irish recruits. His reputation as a harsh and overbearing tyrant was pretty well universal ; it had even spread to the remote villages of Galway and Connemara, and, when his emissaries came thither and tried to persuade every strapping young fellow they met to accompany them back to Prussia, they not only met with prompt refusals, but were not infrequently repulsed with blows. The few that did enlist soon found all they had been told about the Prussian Army—the unnecessarily severe discipline, brutality of the officers, poor pay, and utter hopelessness of promotion from the ranks—correct, and more than correct, and bitterly repented their foolishness in joining.

On account of their height—it was one of Frederick's ambitions to have a regiment consisting of the tallest men in the world, hence his anxiety to obtain Irishmen—they were mostly drafted into a corps of Guards composed

of all the biggest men—irrespective of nationality—in the Prussian Army. Hateful though the Prussian Service was to them, the Irishmen in it fought with all their traditional gallantry; but their valour was of no avail to them, since promotion was an impossibility to foreigners, and none of them ever rose to any high position.

Apart from the various Irish Saints who went to Germany in the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, and became famous for their piety and learning, few Irishmen of note have settled in that country, although many have sojourned in it, and of those who have permanently settled in Germany only two, perhaps, namely, Patrick Fleming and Hugh Grierson, are of sufficient importance to merit a mention in this work.

Patrick Fleming, of the family of the Lords of Slane, was born at Lagan, County Louth, 1599. Educated first at Douay, and then at Louvain, he took the habit of St. Francis in 1617. He then went to Paris, where he became intimate with Hugh Ward; visited Rome in company with Hugh MacCaghwell, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh; returned to Louvain, and finally settled in Prague, where he became President of the Irish College. At the commencement of the siege of Prague by the Elector of Hanover in 1631, he endeavoured to escape from the city, but was set upon by some peasants and murdered in a manner too hideous, far too hideous, to describe.

His work, *Collectanea Sacra*, which he had fortunately left in the hands of Moretus, a printer in Antwerp, is now considered extremely rare.

Hugh Grierson was the son of Constantia Grierson, an

Irishwoman of considerable literary ability. Educated entirely by his mother, Hugh Grierson went to Germany when he was barely out of his teens, and, settling in Munich, devoted himself to music and literature. Though he never published anything of note—he died when he was only 27—he was full of promise, and was described by Dr. Johnson as “possessing more extensive knowledge than any man of his years” he had ever met. He died at Düsseldorf, 1755.

Switzerland, Belgium and Denmark, as well as Germany date their earliest associations with Ireland to the days of the Irish Saints, who, following the example set by their compatriots in France and elsewhere, founded many monasteries in these countries. St. Fridolin, patron of the Canton of Glarus, whose remains lie buried in the Island of Seckingen, in the Rhine, just above Basle, was one of the best known Irish Saints in Switzerland. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Irish Religious Colleges—the most famous of which was that of Louvain—were founded in Belgium and Switzerland, but few of them, if any, are now in existence. Belgium has always been a country beloved by the Irish, particularly the literary Irish, nearly all of whom have visited her chief towns and resided there for brief spells. They are also fond of Denmark. The temperament of the Danes harmonizes peculiarly well with that of the Irish—better even, if one might venture to suggest such a thing, than that of the French, and Irish and Danish inter-marriages have usually been productive of the most excellent results—excellent morally, mentally and physically.

Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, is one of the Irishmen who have acquired distinction while living in Belgium. Born in Wexford in 1604, and educated at the Irish College in Louvain, he did not permanently settle in Belgium till about 1666, when he came to Ghent, and published a number of works, mostly relative to the harsh treatment of the Catholics in Ireland by the English. Among the best known of his works are : *A Narrative of the Earl of Clarendon's Sale and Settlement of Ireland* (1668), *The Bleeding Iphigenia* (1675), and *The Unkind Deserter of Loyal Men and True Friends* (1676). He died at Ghent in 1678, and was buried in the Cathedral.

What has been said of Denmark applies in an almost identical degree to Norway and Sweden ; for the Norwegians and Swedes have much in common with the Irish. The resemblance between the folk-lore of Ireland and that of Scandinavia proves a natural sympathy between the two races, and, consequently, a similarity in their character and temperament. It also proves that the dissimilarity in their character and temperament, far from creating friction, simply ensures success to their inter-marriages. The dispassionate nature of the Norwegian and Swede makes an admirable foil to the more ardent and impetuous disposition of the Irish ; hence the offspring of a marriage between the Irish Celt and the Scandinavian should not fall very short of perfection.

However, curiously enough, although there are many Irish in all parts of Scandinavia, they are mostly engaged in commerce, and few, if any of them, have done anything worthy of comment.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE IRISH IN ITALY AND RUSSIA

As with France, Spain, Belgium, and Switzerland, Ireland's associations with Italy began in the far-off days of the Saints. Cathaldus, the most famous of the Irish Saints in this country, was born near Lismore, somewhere about A.D. 650. He went to Italy towards the end of the seventh century, was made Bishop of Tarentum, and settled on the shores of Lake Leman, where he is alleged to have died. His festival is the 8th of March.

After the days of the Saints, Ireland did not again become associated with Italy till the sixteenth century, when an Irish College, on the same lines as those in Paris, Louvain and Salamanca, was established in Rome. This College has proved extraordinarily successful and has sent out into the world a great many priests, who have won the highest honours and distinctions. The Irish, perhaps, apart from these ecclesiastics, and the soldiers who fought in the Brigades of Louis XIV, and for the Neapolitan Régime of 1860, have not been prone to settle in Italy. They have, of course, visited Italy, which appeals to them, partly on account of its historical associations, and partly because it is the headquarters of the Roman Catholic religion ; but few have actually settled there, and were it not for the fact that the Italians are, on the whole, artistic, poetical and musical, there would be little in their temperament that would in any way correspond with that of the Irish. The sympathy

that exists between the two races is, perhaps, attributable to the passionate regard they have in common for liberty and independence ; a liberty and independence for which they have both fought—the Italians against the Austrians and the Irish against the English—and sacrificed much.

There is, however, an occasion upon which the Irish cannot be complimented with regard to the side they fought upon in the internal troubles of Italy. In the year 1860, persuaded by the heads of their Church that Victor Emmanuel had serious designs, not only on Italian ecclesiastical property, but on the integrity of the Vatican itself, the Irish people subscribed large sums of money for the support of Italian priests, alleged to have been robbed of their benefices, and for the equipment of a purely Irish Brigade to go to the assistance of the Pope and the Neapolitan Government.

It must be admitted in their defence, however, they were not told how the Italian people had long groaned under the cruel and brutal treatment of the Neapolitan despots, and how the Church had exercised its power and influence in State matters, not on behalf of the persecuted, but on behalf of the persecutors ; and, consequently, it was through a complete misunderstanding of the true state of affairs that their sympathy was won over to the wrong cause, and they so unhappily espoused the part of corruption and despotism.

In February, 1860, out of a portion of this money, collected in the Churches, the nucleus of an Irish Brigade, 300 strong, was got together and sent to Italy under a Mr. McCony.

On arriving in Rome, the Brigade was received by Monsignor Talbot, Chamberlain to the Pope, who

escorted them into his presence. There, kneeling at the feet of the Supreme Pontiff, Pope Pius IV, they received his blessing, as "ever faithful, loving, obedient, pious children, forsaking home, kindred and associations, in order, even at the risk of their lives, to defend his life, property, liberty and Church," against the wicked attacks of Victor Emmanuel the "Scourge of God," and Garibaldi the "Sanguinary Marauder." And the simple Irish, believing all His Holiness told them, came away convinced they were about to fight for a cause that was in every way most honourable, laudable and just. Dressed in a uniform consisting of a grey shell jacket, grey great-coat, scarlet trousers, buff gaiters and forage cap, they marched away to the front, cheering loudly, and convinced that the great God of battles was entirely with them.

McCony had under him Captain Russell, of Franco-Irish extraction, who was his chief officer; Captains Lawless, Blakeney and Carey, each of whom held subordinate commands; Sam Mullhall, of Dublin, Farrier-Sergeant; and Hoey, Irwin, Shiel and Kirwin, Corporals. McCony drilled them. After a stay of some days at Macerata, where they were joined by about 300 more Irish, they were supposed to be efficient and were sent to Rome. There the contingent was augmented by two or three companies of French, Belgians, Germans and Italians, as motley and ill-disciplined a crew as ever shouldered rifles; and the whole Brigade, fallaciously described as the Irish, and supposed to represent universal Irish sentiment, set out to battle. Their first and only engagement took place almost immediately. Amalgamating with another mixed force of about two or three thousand Austrians, French and Irish, under General

Schmidt, they were attacked by an army of nearly 20,000 Italians and Sardinians commanded by General Chaldini. The Irish always fight well, whether their cause be right or wrong—and in this instance they proved themselves no exception to the rule. Shoulder to shoulder, higgledy-piggledy—without any attempt at formation—they drove their enemy back and back, until stacks of dead four or five feet high rose on all sides of them, and Chaldini asked for an armistice. It was granted. The moment it was over there was a tremendous rush, and Schmidt's little force—already diminished to one-half—was swept almost off its feet, and entirely surrounded. Then came the last desperate stand. Bayonets were twisted, swords broken, gun barrels became red-hot ; but it was not until every round of ammunition was exhausted and those standing numbered under 300, that O'Reilly, the commander of the latest arrived Irish detachment, and on whom the supreme command devolved, gave the order to surrender. The Irish Brigade had had a short career, but it had rendered a good account of itself. By this time, all Ireland had got to know what were the real stakes at issue ; Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi were tremendously popular ; and there was no attempt made to send out a second expedition. That, in brief, is the history of the 1860 Irish Brigade in Italy.

The best known of all the Irish novelists—Charles James Lever—passed the greater part of his life in Italy. Born in Dublin in 1806, Lever was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree

of Medicine, and at Göttingen. Returning to Ireland on completing his studies, he set up in practice as a doctor in Ulster. Writing soon, however, began to attract him. From contributing articles to the *Dublin Magazine*, he next published, as a serial in the same periodical, *Harry Lorrequer*, which at once proved popular and won him a reputation all over Ireland. Still, he did not think of devoting all his time to literature, and, in 1840, obtained the post of physician to the British Embassy at Brussels. After the publication of *Charles O'Malley*, however, he found his popularity so much increased that he threw up medicine and sought an occupation that would allow him more time for writing.

In 1845 he obtained a diplomatic post in Florence ; in 1857 he was appointed Consul at Spezzia, and in 1867 Consul at Trieste. During the tenure of these offices he had plenty of leisure for writing, and continued to produce novels and to contribute to numerous publications.

In addition to the works already mentioned, *Tom Burke of Ours*, a novel dealing with an Irishman's adventures in the service of Napoleon the First, attracted considerable attention. In all he published seventy books, chiefly fiction. He died at Trieste, June, 1872. He was undoubtedly a great writer, and in some respects—in the depiction of dashing soldiers, vivandières, and thrilling war scenes, no less than in the depiction of country squires and squires' daughters, of hounds and huntsmen, and ball-room episodes—he stands unrivalled. He has all the wit and humour of Dickens, but he has little of his pathos ; he is much more spontaneous and

natural than Thackeray, but his characters have failed to leave the same lasting impression.

The greatest of all the Irishmen who migrated to Italy was Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. The greater portion of his life was spent in Ireland, and he was close on 67 years of age when, on 14th September, 1607, he embarked in Maguire's ship, which was waiting for him in Lough Swilly, and sailed for France. Besides his own family, many friends and relations, amongst whom was Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tirconnell, brother of his old comrade-in-arms, Red Hugh, accompanied him ; and, in all, there were with him close on ninety-seven people, not including the crew. The weather was bad, and more than once the ship almost foundered. However, they eventually reached the French coast, after being on the sea twenty-one days.

Henry of Navarre welcomed them warmly, and they would in all probability have settled in France, had not the English Ambassador in Paris pressed for their immediate expulsion. They then went to Rome, where Pope Paul V found quarters for them, and took steps to see they were provided with every requirement befitting their station in life. Indeed, the Italians treated them with the utmost kindness ; but so severe had been the hardships of the exiles during their flight from their homes, that Rory O'Donnell, who had been severely wounded at the battle of Kinsale, fell a victim to an attack of intermittent fever, and died within three weeks of his arrival in Rome.

He was attended during his illness by Lady Tyrone, by Rose his sister-in-law, and by Father Florence Conry, who had also attended his brother "Red Hugh." Wrapt

in the garb of St. Francis, the habitual winding-sheet of the O'Donnells since the founding of the Franciscan Monastery in Donegal in the fifteenth century, he was buried in the Franciscan Church of St. Pietro di Montorio.¹ He left one son, Albert Hugh, who succeeded to the title of Earl of Tirconnell, and one daughter, the Lady Mary Stuart O'Donnell, who led a career of almost unparalleled adventure. Her mother, *née* the Lady Bridget Fitzgerald, daughter of the twelfth Earl of Kildare, was a woman of the most exceptional beauty, and Rory O'Donnell, who loved her devotedly, left her behind in his flight, as he dared not let her run the risk of shipwreck, or encounter the many hardships he knew those who accompanied him would have to endure. During his absence she went to England, and was presented at Court, her beauty creating a great sensation and causing James I to remark that he could not imagine how her husband could have left her behind. After Rory's death she married Nicholas Barnewall, first Viscount Kingsland.

Lady Mary Stuart O'Donnell—given the name of Stuart by James I, who always evinced the greatest interest in her—was brought up by her mother in Ireland till she was fourteen, when she went to live with her grandmother, Lady Kildare, in England. On being pressed by the latter to marry an English Protestant, whom she disliked, Lady Mary disguised herself as a young man, and, accompanied by her maid, who was

¹ The family of Charlemont trace their descent in the maternal line from this branch of the O'Donnells; and the late Hon. Mrs. Caulfield showed how proud she was of that lineage by restoring the monument erected in the Church of St. Peter on the Mount, at Rome, in honour of Tirconnell.

similarly disguised, and a young man, she ran away. Arriving in Bristol, she was arrested there on suspicion, but escaped any penalty through bribing the magistrate, who was doubtless much impressed by her beauty. Before leaving the town, she challenged a young man to a duel, and made violent love to a girl—she was particularly partial to her own sex. Twice she and her companions tried to reach Ireland by boat from Cumberland Basin, but were twice driven back by the weather; and, in making a third attempt, they were wafted out of their course and taken to Holland. Still wearing male attire and accompanied by the same two companions, she next visited Poitiers, where she made love to another girl, and involved both herself and her companions in many quandaries. At Brussels she met and quarrelled with her brother Albert, Earl of Tirconnell, who was much incensed at her refusal to dress like a woman. Finally, she married an Irishman called O'Gallagher, most probably the companion of her travels, and went to live in Genoa, where she is supposed to have died. She had two children, both of whom are alleged to have died in infancy. As may be seen in the genealogical tree of the O'Donnells, Albert died childless.

With regard to Hugh O'Neill, at the end of two years he was almost the only one left of the party of Irish fugitives in Rome. Blind and decrepit, he made several piteous appeals to James I to be allowed to return to Ireland and look after his property, but was refused. At last, weary of life and utterly heart-broken, he died on 20th July, 1616, and was buried alongside the Earl of Tirconnell in the Church of San Pietro di Montorio. The inscription, “D.O.M. HIC QUIESCUNT UGNIS PRINCIPIS

O'NEILL OSSA," on his tombstone, is now nowhere to be seen ; in all probability the stone was turned when the pavement of the church was taken up. The grave, however, is marked by the tombs of the O'Donnells and of Baron Dungannon¹ beside which it was known to have lain.

Many books have been written about Hugh O'Neill, and his character has been variously described, best, perhaps, by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, and worst—apart from Froude, whose senseless, indiscriminating abuse of the Irish rules him out—by Richey. Apparently, Richey's method of characterization consists in drawing odious comparisons. Thus, for example, he says, relative to Hugh O'Neill : " In his course of conduct he was essentially not a Celt. He possessed none of the enthusiasm or instability of his nation ; . . . his composed and polite manners, when treating with the English commissioners, were noticed in contradistinction to the violent and excited expression of his chiefs . . ." Continuing, he says of O'Neill, " He was not a great (but almost a great) man ; a most able adventurer . . . the ablest man whom the Celtic race, since the arrival of the English, has produced." One needs no further proof of the utter worthlessness of such criticisms. To be of any value at all, the judgments passed by historians upon historical people must be founded upon facts and not fictions concerning those people, and they must, in some degree at least, bear the impress of impartiality, and not of malice and prejudice. To call O'Neill an adventurer, O'Neill who was owner of half Ulster, and also a lineal descendant of kings and princes, renowned

¹ For a full description of these graves, see the Rev. C. P. Meehan's *Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tirconnell*.

for their learning and civilization throughout Europe, at a period when England was almost solely peopled with savages, proves Mr. Richey no historian at all, but an utter ignoramus. And the zenith of his ignorance is reached when he pronounces O'Neill "nearly but not quite a great man," but "certainly the most able man Ireland has produced"—from which, of course, Mr. Richey would have us infer that Ireland never has produced any really great men. In Mr. Richey's opinion probably not,—but in the opinion of all Irish, and of many other historians more reliable than, and quite as reputable as, Mr. Richey—Ireland for her size has produced, if not a bigger, at least as big a proportion of men having every claim to what is generally regarded as greatness, as any country in the world. Although Mr. Richey would place neither Hugh O'Neill nor Hugh O'Donnell in this category, even he has been bound to admit that they were great enough repeatedly to defeat and defy England's greatest monarch, who only crushed them in the end by sheer force of numbers.

Hugh O'Neill was married four times. His widow, *néé* Catherine Magennis, survived him a few years, and died in the Netherlands. He left four sons and one daughter. Con, his eldest son, was educated as a Protestant at Eton, and died in the Tower of London, 1622; Bernard, his second son, whilst undergoing a course of training at the Irish College at Louvain, was mysteriously murdered—his assassin never being caught; Henry, his third son, who was given a commission in the Spanish Army, died about 1626; and John, his youngest son, who was also in the Spanish Army, died in 1641. With the latter's death that branch of the O'Neills became

extinct. Hugh O'Neill's daughter, Alice, married Sir Randal MacDonnell, first Earl of Antrim, but nothing very authentic is known of her subsequent career.

Russia is a country that has never attracted the Irish to any great extent, partly on account of its climate—for the Celts, as a rule, prefer a hot or moderate temperature to one of excessive cold—and partly on account of the repugnance the Irish have always entertained towards despotism. The majority of those who have migrated to Russia have been soldiers; very few have been writers, artists or musicians, and comparatively few have been business men. The Irish family best known in Russia are the O'Briens, who went thither either in the seventeenth or early eighteenth century, and have been firmly established there ever since. At a glance, perhaps, merely a glance, there would seem to be little in common between the Irish and the Russians; but if one looks beneath the surface one will see there is much. Both races are dreamers and idealists; both believe in fairies, both in ghosts; both are intensely religious, the most religious of all the nations in Europe; both have a natural antipathy to commerce; and both are born fighters. Like the Irish, the Russians are intensely musical, possess innumerable folk-songs, and are poetical, artistic and dramatic. In their home life the Russians are just as simple as the Irish, and they show a much stronger tendency to remain in one spot—roaming only when necessity compels them. Oddly enough, the two races—the Celtic and Slavonic—seem to have begun to develop simultaneously, and much may be expected of

both races in the future. The latent capabilities of the Russian in art, in science, in soldiery—and in commerce, much though he detests it—seem as infinite as do the resources of his country.

The French and the Irish are his natural allies, and although of the latter he has, until now, seen few, he will doubtless see many more, when the Government of his country ceases to be autocratic and passes into the hands of the people.

Count George de Browne, who was born in Ireland in 1698, migrated to Russia about 1720, and was given a commission in the Czar's Army. Distinguishing himself in the three successive campaigns against Poland, France and Prussia, he rose rank by rank, step by step, with phenomenal quickness, and was created a Field-Marshal before he was thirty. He then wished to retire, but the Empress Catherine, who was greatly attached to him, would not grant him permission, and, consequently, he remained in the Service till he was nearly eighty. He died near Petrograd in 1792. His descendants have all occupied high positions in Russia, one of them being Governor of Livonia a few years ago.

One of the most remarkable Irishmen associated with Russia is Count O'Rourke. He was born in a village near the ancient and extensive forest of Woodford, Co. Leitrim, and, when he was 24, came to London, where he tried his hand at various professions. He ultimately became a soldier, but was forced to resign his commission when it became known that he was a Roman Catholic. He then went to France, and was at once given a command in Louis XV's regiment of Royal Scots.

Jealousy, however, interfering with his chances of

promotion in this regiment, he resigned, but, thanks to the friendliness of the wife of the Polish Ambassador, he obtained an introduction to Stanislaus, King of Poland. King Stanislaus received him kindly and promised him an appointment, but was so long in fulfilling his pledge, that O'Rourke grew weary ; and, going on to Russia, was there appointed First Major of horse cuirassiers in the Czar's Regiment of Body Guard. Russia being just then at war with Prussia, O'Rourke soon saw fighting, and distinguished himself greatly at the siege of Berlin—his extraordinary intrepidity creating the admiration of friend and foe alike. At the end of the war, Frederick the Great, anxious to see the Irishman of whose valour everyone was talking, sent for him ; but as the Prussians had committed many wanton outrages on the Russians, O'Rourke was strongly urged not to accept Frederick's invitation. "It is only a trap," his brother officers argued, "and when once the Emperor gets you inside those walls of his he will have you executed." O'Rourke, however, was not to be deterred. "Frederick," he said, "has been a brave enemy ; it is only cowards who murder. I will go." He went, and Frederick treated him with every kindness and courtesy.

In the course of a conversation between them, O'Rourke was asked how he could ever have entertained the ambitious hope of succeeding against such an impregnable town as Berlin ; to which he replied : "In Russia we obey our King, no matter what we think. If my sovereign had ordered me to storm the Heights of Heaven, I should at once have made the experiment." This answer pleased Frederick to such a degree that he presented O'Rourke with a diamond-studded sword. O'Rourke

now returned to France, and, in 1770, was appointed a Colonel of Horse, created a Count, and invested with the Order of St. Louis. At the commencement of the American War of Independence, he came over to England and offered his services to the Government. They were rejected with scorn, however, and he returned to Russia, where he died, somewhere about 1782.

Count Peter Lacy, born in 1678 at Killeedy, Co. Limerick, entered Sarsfield's army when he was only twelve, and was an ensign at the astonishingly early age of thirteen. Following the fortunes of his commander, he went over to France with the Athlone Regiment of the Irish Brigade, and served throughout the Italian campaign under Marshal Catinat.

After the Peace of Ryswick, he entered the Russian Service and rapidly rose to distinction. In 1708, when in command of 15,000 troops, he stormed Rumna, and was immediately afterwards gazetted Brigadier-General. In 1720 he led the Russian forces in Sweden, and on the termination of the campaign was made a General-in-Chief and Governor of Livonia. In 1733 he commanded the expedition against Poland, to support the claims of Augustus of Saxony, and entered Warsaw in triumph. Then followed an equally successful campaign against the Turks, whilst later on, in 1742, he took part of Finland from the Swedes and added it to Russia. This saw the completion of his military service. Retiring laden with honours to his estates in Livonia, he died there in 1751, leaving upwards of £60,000 personal property to be divided among his children. One of his descendants was recently Governor of Riga, whilst others hold high positions in Austria.

John Field, a contrast in every respect to Count Lacy, was born in Dublin in 1782. Educated as a pianist by Clementi, he accompanied the latter to the Continent, where he quickly established a reputation by his fine rendering of the fugues of Bach. In Petrograd enormous crowds flocked to hear him, and his reception was altogether so satisfactory that he decided to make, for a time at any rate, his home in Russia.

He lived for nineteen years in Petrograd, and for two in Moscow. He then moved to London, but, not liking either the climate or the people, he quickly returned to the Continent, and, after much wandering, penniless and ruined in health, he found his way back to Moscow, where he died in 1837. Field's musical abilities were of the highest order, and he is said to have been the originator of that species of musical composition styled "nocturne." He was married to Mlle. Charpentier, a French pianist, by whom he had one son, Leonoff, who became famous as a Russian tenor.

CHAPTER XIX

THE IRISH IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CANADA, INDIA AND AFRICA

IN no country in the world—not even in the United States—have the Irish played a more prominent rôle in politics and commerce than in Australia. In spite of a popular belief to the contrary, the bulk of the earliest settlers in Australia were not ordinary criminals, but were political exiles, mostly United Irishmen.

Among the first to arrive were Patrick O'Connor, Denis Bryan and Joseph Holt, all of whom took part in the 1798 Rising. They were transported in H.M.S. *Boyd*, and landed on the then extremely unpromising, inhospitable looking shores of New South Wales. Patrick O'Connor and Denis Bryan did not long survive their banishment, and died not very far from the place of their disembarkation ; but Joseph Holt eventually returned to Ireland.

Following in the wake of this first batch of Irish prisoners came many others, including Michael Dyer, a participator in the 1803 Rising, whose death in Sydney, some years later, has been immortalized in verse by Katherine Tynan.

After 1805 fewer political offenders were transported ; but, besides a small percentage of Irish criminals, who were landed in Australia, together with large numbers of English and Scotch felons, batches of Irish agriculturists, anxious to explore the new continent, began to arrive. According to a description penned by one of

these Irish immigrants : " The country for the first five or six miles inland from the coast continued barren and rocky, presenting few other signs of vegetation besides some thinly scattered stunted shrubs and dwarf under-wood ; but after that distance a marked change commenced to take place ; the soil improved, and began to be encumbered with tall and stately trees, which gradually thickened into a dense and magnificent forest. Five miles further and there was yet another metamorphosis. The forest ceased, and in its place was an endless variety of hill and dale, covered with the most luxuriant vegetation."

Here it was that these sturdy pioneers from the South and West of Ireland laid the foundations of future towns and cities, Bathurst, for example ; and, though Sydney was not actually founded by the Irish, many Irishmen settled there soon after the building of it was begun. Among these early residents were Sir Henry Hayes, who had been transported from England for some alleged abduction offence, and who, on his liberation, built himself an estate called Vaucluse, near Sydney ; George Barrington, a convict, who, being released soon after his arrival in the Colony for his exemplary behaviour, eventually became one of Sydney's wealthiest and most respected citizens ; Edward O'Shaugnessy, a political offender, afterwards editor of *The Sydney Gazette* ; and Daniel O'Connor, who, migrating as a poor boy, started a business in Sydney, when in his teens, and became one of the richest men in the city.

Among the public buildings and institutions in Sydney founded by Irishmen are, the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Mary ; St. Vincent's Hospital, kept by Roman

Catholic sisters of charity, but open to patients of all denominations (no nobler work is being done by any institution in Australia) ; St. John's College, attached to Sydney University ; the Jesuit College of St. Ignatius, Riverview ; and St. Joseph's College, Hunter Hill.

The discovery of gold in the neighbourhood of Bathurst, in 1851, brought thousands of miners to that district from all parts of the world ; and of the 250,000 who had arrived in one year, at least 10,000 were Irish. Those who were successful for the most part remained in Australia, and built houses for themselves in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, or some other of the large towns, whilst the unsuccessful ones eventually sought and obtained work in the docks and factories of those towns ; in the silver mining region to the West of the river Darling ; and as labourers in the wheat-growing district round Bathurst.

Among the most noted of the Irish in New South Wales were : William Charles Wentworth, who founded the *Australian Newspaper*, and has been described as "the Father, Emancipator and Guardian" of New South Wales Legislature ; the Right Hon. Bede Dalley, P.C., who was acting Premier for New South Wales during the Soudan War, and was made a Privy Councillor by the English Government for sending a contingent of Australians to help the Mother Country ; the Hon. John Herbert Plunkett, Q.C., Attorney-General of New South Wales, and famous for his humane attitude with regard to the Aborigines of Australia, whom he protected against wanton slaughter ; the Hon. Ed. Butler, Q.C., a native of Kilkenny, who at one time wrote verses for *The Nation* under the pseudonym of "Eblana," and was

afterwards Attorney-General of New South Wales ; Sir James Martin, who was Lord Chief Justice of New South Wales in the "1873 Ministry" ; Sir Patrick Jennings, who was Prime Minister of New South Wales, and represented that Colony in London at the Jubilee of 1887 ; Sir Richard Bourke, K.C.B., who, as Governor of New South Wales from 1831-37, showed great tact and ability (he abolished the system of free grants of land ; took care that no squatter should be in possession of any territory unless he had properly bought it ; published accounts of public receipts and expenditure ; established a system of national education, founded the settlement of Port Philip, and did everything he could to encourage the better class of colonists) ; Sir John Young, a native of Cavan, who succeeded Sir Richard Bourke as Governor of New South Wales, and was almost equally popular ; and Sir Hercules Robinson, a native of Westmeath, who was also Governor of New South Wales.

Though the coast-line of Victoria was surveyed by Captain Grant in 1801, nothing in the shape of a settlement was made there till 1835, when a handful of colonists, mostly Irish, pitched their tents on the shores of Port Philip. The following year the whole of that district, for many miles inland, was explored by Captain Mitchell, an Irishman, who called it Australia Felix, and in 1837 the present sites of Melbourne, Geelong and Williamstown were laid out by Major-General Sir Richard Bourke, Governor of New South Wales, and a native of Limerick. Tracts of land there were sold by the Government, and

among the first purchasers were Messrs. Connolly, McNamara, D'Arcy, Murphy and O'Reilly. Indeed, for the first few years of its existence practically all the inhabitants of Melbourne were Irish.

The first event of importance in the new settlement was the attempt made in 1840 to separate it from the Colony of New South Wales. It failed, but in 1842 an Imperial Act came into operation providing for a partially representative government and the incorporation of towns; and in 1851 the Settlement, which hitherto had been known as Port Philip, was entirely separated from New South Wales and formed into an independent Colony under the name of Victoria.

In the struggle to obtain this measure three Irishmen played very important parts. They were Sir William Foster Stawell, who was afterwards Chief Justice and Lieut.-Governor of Victoria; Sir John O'Shanassy, three times Prime Minister of Victoria; and Sir Francis Murphy, who for many years was Speaker of the Legislative Assembly.

Up to the year 1850 the Settlement was remarkable only for its wheat, fruit, and huge sheep runs, many of the farmers being natives of Mayo, Clare, Kerry, Cork and Tipperary; but the rush to the goldfields in 1851, bringing in an entirely fresh element, gave an enormous impetus to Melbourne—which more than doubled its population in a year—and caused new towns, such as Ballarat and Bendigo, to spring up everywhere. The Colony, in fact, underwent a wonderful transformation. Instead of lying quiet, with its acre upon acre of smiling cornfields and luscious fruit-groves, and showing here and there a tiny rural town, the whole countryside

suddenly began to throb with life, and to reverberate to the hum and bustle of human habitations, of railroads, and of factories ; and in this abrupt development no nation was as conspicuous as the Irish. They were simply everywhere. In the race to Ballarat, Patrick Connor and Thomas Dunn, both Irishmen, got there first, and, marking out their claims, found gold before anyone else arrived. Dunn was known as the " Father of the Ballarat Diggings." At Eureka, also, the first finds, and very rich ones too, were made by Irish men. Government then stepped in and, to the diggers' intense indignation, refused to allow anyone to work a claim without paying an exorbitant licence. Mass protest meetings were held, and on 29th November, 1854, it was decided to burn all licences and defy the Crown. Peter Lalor—son of the Member of Parliament for Queen's County—was chosen leader of the miners, and among his lieutenants were Timothy Hayes, Quinn and Brady, all Irishmen. This quartette drew up a Declaration of Independence, proclaiming the Settlement to be entirely free from Government control, and got every miner to take an oath to resist all attempts at coercion to the very last.

The men were then all armed with pikes and muskets, and placed under the command of Patrick Curtain and Michael Hanrahan, both of whom had had some experience as soldiers. On 3rd December, 1854, they were attacked by a Crown force consisting of a number of police and several companies of the 40th Regiment, and after a desperate fight, in which over forty of them were killed and wounded, were finally defeated. All who were taken prisoners were put on trial, but so strong

was public feeling throughout Australia on their side, that they were acquitted, and Sir John O'Shanassy was appointed to enquire into their grievances. The result of this enquiry was that all licences were abolished, and the miners were allowed to be represented in the Colonial Parliament. They chose Peter Lalor as their first representative, and he sat for Ballarat.

This was the foundation of the present system of Democratic Government in Australia, a Government which owes its existence entirely to the exertions and initiative of Irishmen.

One of the most distinguished Irishmen in Ballarat since those times was Daniel Brophy, a native of Castlecomor, Kilkenny, who was thrice elected mayor.

The history of Bendigo is much the same as that of Ballarat—like Ballarat it owes its foundation to the rush of miners in 1851—and, as in the case of Ballarat, most of its earliest inhabitants were Irish. The same question with regard to licences arose at Bendigo as at Ballarat, but thanks to the tact of the Governor of the Settlement, Captain M'Lachlan, a collision with the troops was avoided.

Geelong is one of the chief wool ports of Victoria, and is quite as closely associated with the Irish as either Ballarat or Bendigo. With Melbourne, it ranks as the oldest settlement in the Colony, and was founded in, or about, 1837 by a party of Irish explorers. Almost everyone and everything in Geelong is Irish. Almost all the members of the Corporation, the carriers, the clergy, the doctors, the tradespeople are Irish, and most of the streets and suburbs have Irish names. The biggest rope factory in Victoria is owned by Michael Donaghy,

an Irishman ; whilst another Irishman, Joseph Kelly, in addition to being the controller of the carrying trade in the town, was President of the Geelong and Western District of St. Patrick's Society. Most of the public edifices—as, for example, the Exhibition Building, which was presented to the town by J. H. Connor—owe their erection to the munificence of Irishmen. Kitmore, Kyneton, Belfast and Farnham are all largely populated by Irish, and the Irish form a very large percentage of the members of their respective Corporations.

Gipps Land, which takes its name from Sir George Gipps, Governor of Australia, was explored by two Irishmen, James Riley and Pat Coady Buckley, whose glowing accounts of the extraordinary beauty of the country led to its immediate colonization.

One of the finest buildings in Melbourne, St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the Eastern Hill, was built by the Irish ; and amongst other Irish institutions in the same city are St. Francis Xavier's College, in the suburb of Kew ; and St. Patrick's Hall, which is the headquarters of the St. Patrick's Society, and situated in the Western end of the city, opposite Bourke Street. Here lectures are given and papers read on purely Irish matters, and everything is done to keep up an interest in Irish literature and politics. The Public Library, Museum and National Gallery of Victoria were all presented to the Colony by Sir Redmond Barry, of Cork, one of the most distinguished Irish-Australians. Sir Redmond left Ireland soon after being called to the bar, and, arriving in Australia, practised at the Melbourne bar, of which he soon became the leader. In 1841 he was raised to the Bench of the Supreme Court, a post he occupied for 29 years. He was always keenly

interested in social problems, and his gift of a Public Library to Melbourne was to supply a want he had long felt was badly needed by the working classes. One of the best known of its many officials was Thomas Francis Bride, LL.D., who was librarian in 1887.

Sir Redmond Barry also founded Melbourne University, of which he was the first Chancellor ; whilst the first man to get his LL.D. degree there was John Madden, of Cork, who afterwards represented Melbourne in the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, and was twice Minister of Justice. Among other noted Irishmen (past and present) in Melbourne are : Edmond Gerald Fitzgibbon, a native of Cork, who was Municipal Governor of Melbourne, as well as being its Town Clerk for thirty years ; Sir Charles MacMahon, son of the Right Hon. Sir William MacMahon—at one time Master of the Rolls in Ireland—who represented Melbourne in the Legislative Assembly of Victoria ; the Hon. Sir Bryan O'Loughlen, Bart., of Drumcondra, Ennis, Co. Clare (in succession to his brother, Sir Colman O'Loughlen, M.P. for Clare), who was Attorney-General and Chief Secretary for Victoria, and Premier in 1881 ; the Hon. Henry Bolton, a native of Galway, who was Postmaster-General of Victoria ; the Hon. Walter Madden, who was Minister of Lands for Victoria ; the Hon. Michael O'Grady, son of a Roscommon farmer, who was M.P. for South Bourke and Counties of Villiers and Heytesbury, and Commissioner of Public Works in the Ministries of Sir Charles Sladen and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy ; the Hon. Nicholas Fitzgerald, son-in-law of Sir J. O'Shanassy, who was leading member of the Legal Council of Victoria, and by far its most brilliant orator ; Sir William Foster Stawell, who was M.P. for

Melbourne and occupied, in turn, the posts of Chief Justice of Victoria, Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria, and Attorney-General of Victoria ; Mr. Justice Molesworth, a native of Dublin, who was generally regarded as the leading judicial authority in Australia ; Mr. Justice Higinbotham, also a native of Dublin, who was immensely popular with the Melbourne working-classes ; the Hon. R. D. Ireland, Q.C. for many years, one of the leading advocates at the Victorian Bar ; John Curtain, of Limerick, who represented North Melbourne in the Legislative Assembly of Victoria ; Thomas Fogarty, who was Mayor of Melbourne ; Daniel Henry Deniehy, who founded *The Southern Cross Journal*, and was a brilliant critic and essayist ; Dr. W. E. Hearn, of Cavan, who was Professor of History and Political Economy at Melbourne University ; Professor McCoy, an old Trinity College man, who was Curator of the Australian Museum in Melbourne ; Edmund Hayes—admittedly one of the foremost of Australian poets—author of *The Ballad Poetry of Ireland* ; Gerald Henry Supple, poet and essayist, author of *The Dream of Dampier*, and many other works ; William Carleton, Junior, author of *The Warden of Galway* and other poems ; John Finnimore, author of *Carpio* and other tragedies ; Roderick Flanagan, who was one of the most trustworthy of Australian historians ; Patrick Moloney, who was the first to receive a degree of Medicine at Melbourne University ; the Very Rev. Dean O'Driscoll, rector of Emerald Hill ; Dr. Madden, who represented Sandridge, or Port Melbourne, in the Victorian Parliament ; the Very Rev. Prior Butler, once head of the Carmelite House in Sandridge ; the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, once parish

priest of Rathfarnham, Dublin, and afterwards the first Prelate of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne ; the Very Rev. Patrick Dunne, D.D., Vicar-General of Goulburn, who was the first Roman Catholic priest to come to Melbourne, which, at that time, consisted of a few log huts standing in the midst of sand dunes and cactus bushes ; the Right Rev. Dr. Martin Crane, the first Roman Catholic Prelate of Sandhurst ; the Hon. James Sullivan, a native of Waterford, who was appointed a Minister of Mines in Victoria, and was the leading member of the Victorian Board of Commissioners to the Dublin International Exhibition of 1865 ; Judge Casey, who was Minister of the Crown and Administrator of the Lands Department in Victoria, and who owned and edited *The Bendigo Advertiser* ; Dean Hayes, the first Roman Catholic Prelate of St. Mary's Church, Geelong ; and the Hon. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G., who may be regarded as the greatest, on the whole, of all the Irishmen associated with Australia. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was a native of Monaghan and one of the founders of *The Nation* newspaper in 1842. He was indicted for felony in connection with the Smith O'Brien Rising of 1848 ; but, although he was arraigned on four separate bills, the evidence broke down and he was acquitted. He took a prominent part in the founding of the Irish Tenants' League, and for some years represented New Ross in Parliament. Migrating to Australia in 1855, he was returned for Villiers and Heytesbury in the first Parliament, and was Minister of Public Works under the first Responsible Government. From 1871 to 1872 he was Premier of Victoria, and from 1877 to 1888 he was Speaker of the Victorian Legislative Assembly

(all the Speakers down to 1877, namely, Sir Francis Murphy, Sir Charles MacMahon, and the Hon. Peter Lalor, were Irishmen). He was knighted in 1873, and made a K.C.M.G. in 1877. Apart from politics, Sir Gavan Duffy took a great interest in literature—particularly in Irish literature—and published several works, including *My Life in Two Hemispheres*; *The League of North and South*, and *Four Years of Irish History*. In 1889 he retired from public affairs, and during the remainder of his life lived chiefly at Nice. He had three sons, all of whom have led distinguished careers; the Hon. John Gavan Duffy, the eldest, succeeding him as M.P. for Dalhousie.

An Irishman who played a very important part in the early history of Victoria was Robert O'Hara Burke, one of Australia's national heroes. Robert O'Hara Burke was born at St. Clerans, near Galway, in 1821. Educated for the Army, he entered the R.M.A., Woolwich, but, taking a sudden dislike to the idea of soldiering in England, went to Belgium, where he studied for a time, and then joined the Austrian Army. That Service he soon left, and, after obtaining a commission in the Irish Constabulary, which he also resigned, he finally migrated to Melbourne. There he received an appointment as Inspector of the Police, but, giving up that too, he visited Europe in the vain hope of taking part in the Crimean War. He then returned to Australia, and in 1860, in company with Messrs. Wills and King, and several others, started on a journey of exploration into the heart of the Continent. Leaving Melbourne on the 20th of August, he and his party reached Cooper's Creek, 800 miles north, on 5th December. There it had been

arranged to form a dépôt, and had they waited till the arrival of the main store of provisions, which was being brought by a second contingent of the expedition, all might have been well. But Burke, ever impatient, determined to push on without delay. With Mr. Wills, his second in command, two men, one horse, and six camels, he started, leaving several of the party behind with instructions to remain there and guard the provisions till his return. On 10th February, 1861, Burke and his companions reached the tide-water of the Gulf of Carpentaria (about 750 miles from Cooper's Creek) where they remained three days. On their return journey, everything went against them. It was the wet season, and progress was made almost impossible by the terrific torrents of rain ; then their provisions ran out, and they had to tramp miles on empty stomachs. At last, however, on 21st April, 1861, they reached the dépôt where they had left the other members of their party, but, to their absolute astonishment and despair, found it deserted. They then wandered about for two months in the hope of reaching a white settlement, existing solely on fish and the seeds of a plant called nardoo, supplied them by the natives they occasionally came across. On 30th June, Wills succumbed, and Burke died the following day, both having made entries in their diaries almost up to the hour of their death. King alone survived and was rescued by Mr. Howitt's exploring party on 15th September. Though Burke was censured in the report of the Royal Commission as being responsible for the failure of the expedition, the story of his sufferings—as related by King—and the brave manner in which he bore up against them, cheering on the rest of his party,

have caused him to be admired and respected throughout Australia, and by his compatriots, at least, to be looked upon as a martyr and hero. The bodies of Burke and Wills, after having lain for some time in a grave, where they died, were eventually removed to Melbourne and interred there, a monument to their memory being afterwards erected in one of the principal streets of the city.

Melbourne is far too Irish as a whole to have any special Irish quarter. Amongst its politicians, professional men, business men, press and police, the Irish far outnumber any other nationality, and form, in fact, the leading element in all classes of its population. That the Irish "run" Melbourne is even more true than that they run New York, for in Melbourne they are undoubtedly more powerful and more paramount than in any other city in the world.

The Irish Roman Catholic clergy played a very prominent part in the migration of the Irish to Queensland. In one month alone, 500 of the evicted tenants of Lord Digby's estate, near Tullamore, begged the Government in Ireland for an opportunity to emigrate to Queensland. Their request was not granted, and had it not been for Father Dunne, who chartered a ship called *The Erin-go-Bragh*, and took them all over at a nominal cost, they would never have been able to get there.

The Right Rev. James Quinn, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Queensland, following Father Dunne's example, also chartered a vessel, *The Maryborough*, for the benefit

of other Irishmen unable to emigrate for want of means, and thus over 6,000 Irish men and women were conveyed to Queensland, and given a fair chance of making a livelihood. Many of these emigrants won their way to distinction and worldly prosperity—amongst others, Patrick Burke, Millie Higgins and Molly O'Hara, who achieved great success on the stage ; Charles O'Carroll and Thomas Kelly, who became eminent journalists ; Bridget Murphy and Kathleen Flanagan, who acquired fame as singers ; and Dennis O'Malley and Michael O'Connell, who became well-known engineers.

Amongst the Irish colonists who distinguished themselves in Queensland were : Sir Arthur Palmer, Prime Minister of Queensland for five years ; Sir Joshua Peter Bell, President of the Upper Chamber of Queensland ; the Hon. H. E. King, a native of Limerick, who was Speaker of the Queensland Legislative Assembly ; the Hon. John Murtagh Macrossan, who was head of the Mining Department ; the Hon. Patrick Perkins, Administrator of the Department of Lands ; and Davis O'Donovan, Librarian of the House of Legislation in Brisbane, and author of several works, including *Memories of Rome*.

Prior to 1847, the Irish population in South Australia was not very large—it consisted chiefly of agriculturists from Galway, Cork and Kerry, and political offenders ; but after 1847, thanks to the energy of St. Patrick's Society of South Australia—especially to its President, Major O'Halloran, R. Torrens, the Collector of Customs, Sir George Kingston and the Hon. Captain Bagot—crowds

of Irishmen, at first, mostly peasants, migrated to South Australia, and either obtained employment on ranches, or started ranches for themselves. Among the famous political prisoners transported to the Colony in 1849, were : William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, Terence Bellew McManus, Patrick O'Donoghue, John Martin, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, John Mitchel, John Boyle O'Reilly and J. K. Casey.

Smith O'Brien—as the leader and, presumably, the most dreaded of these political offenders—was imprisoned alone in Maria Island, whilst Meagher, McManus, Mitchel, O'Doherty and O'Donoghue were sent to Tasmania, where they became very popular and were allowed any amount of liberty. Meagher married a squatter's daughter, and escaped to New York with her in 1852—John Mitchel and McManus escaped to America the year after. The other prisoners were all granted pardon at the end of five years, provided they did not return to the United Kingdom. O'Doherty remained in Australia and made a big reputation for himself as a doctor in Sydney, but Smith O'Brien, after staying for a time in Australia, and receiving from the Irish in Melbourne a golden cup as a token of their appreciation of his struggles for Irish Independence, went to Brussels, where he wrote his *Principles of Government, or Meditations in Exile*, and thence, on the receipt of a free pardon, returned to Ireland. He died at Bangor, North Wales, in 1864, and was buried at Rathronan, Co. Limerick. O'Reilly escaped to America and achieved fame there as an author.

J. K. Casey and Dr. R. R. Madden remained in South Australia, and also acquired distinction in literature,

publishing, respectively, *The Rising of the Moon*, and *The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*.

Throughout the history of the Irish in Adelaide, the Roman Catholic clergy have played a very important part. Not only did they encourage the Irish to emigrate to South Australia, but they provided funds to enable them to emigrate, and looked after them on their arrival. Francis Murphy was the first priest to settle in the Colony. Adelaide then consisted of a few log cabins, a public-house, and a general store. Father Murphy converted the public-house into his private residence, and the store into his church; and so rapidly did the Settlement grow, that his house was soon metamorphosed into a Bishop's Palace and his church into a Cathedral—which Cathedral is now one of the finest edifices in the city.

To the Irishmen, already mentioned, who distinguished themselves in South Australia should be added: Sir Dominick Daly, a native of Galway, who was the most popular of all the Governors of South Australia; Sir William Robinson, who, besides filling the post of Governor of South Australia, was a clever musician and composer; Sir George Kingston, Speaker of the South Australian Legislative Assembly; and Sir Richard M'Donnell, the immediate predecessor of Sir Dominick Daly as Governor of South Australia, and famous as the first "white" explorer of the district between the Roper and Victoria rivers in the extreme North of the Continent.

Compared with the numbers in other parts of Australia,

there are very few Irishmen in the Western Provinces, and of these, perhaps, none are of any special note.

The Irish were among the first emigrants to settle in Tasmania, and have aided no little in the development of that Colony by their indefatigable energy and industry. They have supplied many members to the House of Assembly, and are to be met with—in every walk of life—mostly in Hobart and Launceston, in the mining districts round Corinna and Mount Zeehan, and in the agricultural regions about Oatlands and Franklin, where many of them are sheep and fruit farmers.

Sir Richard Dry, the first Speaker of the Tasmanian House of Assembly, of which he was also Prime Minister, was an Irishman.

Although comparatively few Irishmen have settled in New Zealand, which has been mostly associated with the Scotch, there have yet been several in that country who have distinguished themselves. Among the most notable of these are: Sir George Grey, author and explorer, who was Governor of the Colony; Sir James Prendergast, who was Chief Justice of New Zealand; Sir G. Maurice O'Rorke, who was Speaker of the House of Representatives; the Hon. Alfred Tole, who was Minister of Justice; and the Hon. J. E. Fitzgerald.

Ireland, of course, had a share in the military history of New Zealand. The Royal Irish Regiment was one of the few British Regiments engaged in the campaign

of 1865, and Major-General H. Shaw, C.B., one of the few to receive the Victoria Cross, which he obtained for saving a wounded soldier from being clubbed to death by a party of Maoris.

The distinguished Irish men and women of the present day in Australia are too numerous to be separately mentioned in this work. A complete list of them may be seen by referring to *Johns' Notable Australians*, and *Who is Who in Australia*.

The Irish are not very numerous in Canada, although this country has offered special inducements to agriculturists in the shape of free grants of land ; though the climate is good, and there is every facility for travel, nothing like the number of Irishmen have migrated there as have migrated to Australia or to the United States. Those, however, who, migrating to Canada, have experimented in farms of their own, have invariably succeeded, and have become owners of large tracts of country and a huge stock. This is especially the case in Assiniboia, Winnipeg and Saskatchewan, where the Irish, as ranchmen and farm-hands, have chiefly congregated. There are few Irish in Ontario, and fewer still in British Columbia. Prince Edward's Island, on the contrary, is almost entirely peopled with Irish, mostly employed in agriculture, and nearly all Roman Catholics. They commenced migrating there about the middle of the last century. The percentage of Irishmen employed in the Canadian lumber trade is very small. For some reason or another the Irish peasant does not take kindly to the solitary life in the Canadian backwoods, nor to the

monotony of everlasting tree felling. He likes to be within reasonable distance, at least, of a town.

In Quebec and Montreal, where they number most, Irishmen follow all kinds of vocations ; and are by no means confined to the labouring classes.

The frequent inter-marrying of the Irish with the French Canadians is invariably productive of excellent results—the children of these marriages making the finest citizens—mentally, morally and physically—in the Dominion. Though the general standard of wages in Quebec and Montreal is lower than it is in New York and Chicago, the hours of work are nothing like so long, and the housing is infinitely preferable. There are no back-to-back tenements, the sanitary arrangements are, on the whole, good—though there is still room for improvement—and many of the habitations are fitted with baths and other modern conveniences. The municipal authorities in the Canadian towns pay far greater attention to the needs of the working classes than do similar councils in the United States.

Moreover, the educational system throughout Canada is run on very sound principles—the national schools are free, the syllabus is rational—much more so than it is either in the Mother Country or in the United States ; the hours of study are specially adapted to the ages of the pupils, and the discipline is invariably excellent. With all these advantages, it is not surprising that the naturally intelligent Irish children should do well, and a recent enquiry showed that of the prizes and certificates awarded in one year in the State schools in Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, at least 20 per cent. were won by scholars of Irish extraction.

Perhaps the most distinguished Irishman in Canada of late years has been Lucius Richard O'Brien, who was first President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts—a post he occupied from 1880 to 1890. His diploma picture, "Sunrise on the Saguenay," is in the Art Gallery at Ottawa.

In Newfoundland the Irish element is exceptionally strong. The conditions of life and labour out there prove most attractive to the Irish peasants, especially to those in Cork, Tipperary and Waterford; consequently they emigrate to Newfoundland in large numbers. The bulk of these emigrants are Celts and Roman Catholics, and they find employment on the farms—they make excellent farm-hands—or in various of the industries in St. John's. Comparatively few of them are employed in the fisheries. Apart from these peasants, however, there are many wealthy Irish in St. John's who own big businesses, some of them being descendants of Irishmen who migrated there as far back as the eighteenth century.

One of the most remarkable of the Irishmen in Newfoundland was James Louis O'Donnell, usually styled "The Apostle of Newfoundland." Born at Knocklofty, in Co. Tipperary, James Louis O'Donnell was educated for the Roman Catholic Church at St. Isidore in Rome, in Bohemia, and then in Prague. On completing his studies, he returned to Ireland, and was appointed head of the Franciscan House in Waterford. In 1784, at the request of certain of the leading Irish merchants in Newfoundland, James O'Donnell went there as Prefect and Vicar Apostolic—being the first Roman Catholic

priest to visit the Province. He at once set to work building schools and churches, and tried to bring about an *entente cordiale* with the Presbyterians and other religious sects. In 1800 he received a pension of £50 a year from the British Government, for discovering a plot to mutiny among the English soldiers garrisoning Newfoundland. In 1811 his health broke down and, to the great regret of all, Protestants as well as Roman Catholics, in Newfoundland, he was obliged to return to Waterford, where he died the same year.

Another Irishman of note in Newfoundland was Sir John Terence Nicholls O'Brien, K.C.M.G., who, after serving throughout the Indian Mutiny, was first made Governor of Heligoland in 1881, and then Governor of Newfoundland in 1888.

The history of the Irish in India is almost entirely military, and is woven round the names of Wellesley, Gough, Keane, the Lawrences, and Roberts, referred to in the biographical notices.

The Royal Munster Fusiliers was one of the first British regiments to fight in India, and it played no small part in the conquest of that country. It was one of the two European regiments that fought under Major John Adams at Ghéria and the Undwah Nala. The Undwah Nala—one of those narrow passes typical of Northern India—not only presented enormous natural difficulties to an assailing force, but was so fortified as to render it impregnable in the opinion of Mir Kasim, the defender, who had 100 cannon in position there and 45,000 troops, whilst the English had only 5,000 men and a few guns.

Yet Major Adams, with the Munsters and 84th Regiment, stormed the Pass and utterly routed the Indians—a feat second to none in the annals of modern warfare.

The Munsters again figured conspicuously in the battle of Chillianwallah, where both they and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers (102nd) narrowly escaped the fate of the South Wales Borderers (24th). The same two regiments fought also in the Indian Mutiny, taking part in the Relief of Lucknow, where they were repeatedly praised by Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief. The Munsters were one of the first regiments to enter Delhi, on the capture of that city, September, 1857.

Only one Irish regiment—the Royal Irish Regiment (18th)—took part in the Afghan War of 1879–1880, in which Earl Roberts (then Major-General Roberts) commanded the Kabul Field Force, and rendered himself famous by his great march from Kabul to Kandahar.

In this campaign General Sir O'Moore Creagh was given the Victoria Cross for repeating Lieut. Bromhead's feat at Rorke's Drift by defending Kam Dakka with 150 men against, at the very least, 1,500 Afghans. In the same war, the late Field-Marshal Sir George White also won the Victoria Cross, as did three other Irishmen—General Sir Hugh Gough, Lieutenant W. R. P. Hamilton, who was barbarously murdered in Kabul, and Sergeant-Major P. Mullane.

The Irish are in every part of Egypt and South Africa to-day. Many of them are in the police, many in business in the principal towns—especially in Cairo, Alexandria, Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Pretoria

—whilst a fair percentage of them are employed in agricultural pursuits, more especially in Cape Colony and Natal. The religious element among the South African Irish is not so pronounced as in America and elsewhere, there being a marked and growing tendency towards indifference, which may be, partly at all events, accounted for by the fact that the majority of the Irish immigrants are Anglo-Irish and not Celts.

In all parts of Africa—in Egypt, Benin, Zululand, Abyssinia and the Transvaal, Irishmen have fully upheld the martial traditions of their country. The British Expeditionary Force to Abyssinia in 1868 was led by Sir Robert Napier, and that to Ashanti in 1873 by Sir Garnet Wolseley, both Irishmen.

In the Zulu War of 1879 many were the gallant deeds performed by Irishmen. Lieut. Bromhead in command of a small detachment of the 24th Regiment (South Wales Borderers) successfully defended Rorke's Drift against a large army of Zulus, whilst at Ulundi, Lord William Beresford and Sergeant O'Toole were both awarded the Victoria Cross for their rescue of Sergeant Fitzmaurice, another Irishman, equally as valiant as themselves. The story of the rescue may briefly be summarized thus: The three men, belonging to an advance detachment of Scouts—commanded by Redvers Buller and Lord William Beresford—having been surprised by a large body of Zulus, were in the act of retreating when Beresford, looking back, saw Fitzmaurice fall from his horse. Without a moment's hesitation, Beresford rode back to the wounded man's rescue. Fitzmaurice expostulated, and begged to be left to his fate, but Beresford persisted, and in the end managed

to drag Fitzmaurice into the saddle in front of him. By this time the Zulus had come right up to them, and both men must have perished had not O'Toole ridden back and, shooting down Zulu after Zulu with his revolver, enabled his two companions to escape. Captain C. D'Arcy, of the Frontier Horse, was also awarded the V.C. for an equally heroic act in the same battle. At Sekukuni's Town, 1879, where the Connaught Rangers experienced some of the hardest fighting of the campaign, Privates F. Fitzpatrick and T. Flawn, of the Connaught Rangers, were each awarded the Cross for saving the life of another Irishman, Lieutenant J. C. Dewar. While Fitzpatrick helped Lieutenant Dewar on to his horse, Flawn held at bay about forty Basutos with his revolver. Few regiments in the British Army have seen more active service in Africa than the Connaught Rangers. It was the Connaught Rangers that figured so tragically at Bronspruit in the Boer War of 1880-1, when a detachment of that regiment, acting as escort to a convoy, was surprised by a party of Boers under the flag of truce, and nearly all were massacred. Among the survivors was Mrs. Annie Fox, wife of the Quarter-Master of the regiment, who saved the colours of the Rangers by hiding them under her bed, and who attended to the wounded, though suffering the greatest agony herself. She was afterwards decorated by Queen Victoria with the Order of the Royal Red Cross, and on her death in 1888 a monument was erected to her memory in Portsmouth by the officers, non-commissioned officers and men (past and present) of the Second Battalion of the Connaught Rangers.

In the Boer War of 1899-1902, Lieutenant the Hon.

F. H. S. Roberts, son of Earl Roberts, was killed while rescuing a gun at Colenso. He was awarded the Victoria Cross, this being the first instance of that much-coveted honour being gained by father and son. In this campaign every Irish regiment in the Army was represented.

Lord Wolseley (then Sir Garnet Wolseley) commanded the British Army in the Egyptian War of 1882; Lord Charles Beresford won his way to fame with the *Condor*; and the Royal Irish Regiment and the Royal Irish Rifles played a conspicuous part in it.

In the Somaliland Campaign of 1903, Brigadier-General J. E. Gough won the Victoria Cross—the only instance on record of three members of a family winning that honour.

The most conspicuous of the famous present-day Irishmen in Africa are: Sir David Miller Barbour, K.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., who has been a Member and Chairman of several Royal Commissions and Committees, and who is Director of the Standard Bank of South Africa; the late Lieutenant-General Sir William Francis Butler, K.C.B., who had a most brilliant military career, and commanded the Western District from 1899 to his retirement in 1905 (his widow, Lady Butler, *i.e.*, Elizabeth Thompson, is the well-known painter of military and North American scenes, her most famous works being “The Roll Call,” “The Great Lone Land,” and “From Naboth’s Vineyard”); Lieut.-Colonel John Joseph Byron, C.M.G., Aide-de-Camp to Earl Roberts in the South African War, and a member of the Legislative Assembly of the Orange River Colony; Sir William St. John Carr, J.P., first Mayor of Johannesburg, and Chairman of the Johannesburg Town Council, 1902-3; the Hon. John

Daverin, founder of the firm of Daverin & Co., 1876, and one of the largest wool dealers in South Africa ; Sir James Percy Fitzpatrick, President of the Transvaal Chamber of Mines, 1902-3, and now a member of the Legislative Assembly of the Transvaal (he has written many books, including *The Transvaal from Within*, and *Jock of the Bushveld*) ; His Excellency Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, G.C.M.G., Governor of Cape Colony from 1901-1909 ; James Kyle, M.I.M.E., Construction Engineer at the Premier Diamond Mine, Transvaal ; Thomas Patrick O'Meara, who was a member of the Pietermaritzburg Town Council for twelve years ; the Right Rev. Peter Austin, Roman Catholic Bishop of Port Louis (Mauritius) ; George Walter Ross, member of the Legislative Assembly for the Eastern Towns of the Orange River Colony ; William Charles Scully, who, in addition to being a Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate at Bredasdorp, Cape Colony, has written many verses and stories, including, *Poems*, *Kaffir Stories*, *The White Hecatomb*, and *A Vendetta of the Desert* ; Tom Shillington, once the manager and editor of *The Rhodesia Herald*, Salisbury, and now engaged in farming ; Alfred D. Donovan, founder and editor of *The Cape*, Cape Town ; Edward Thomas Ernest Hamilton, editor of *The Transvaal Medical Journal*, and Chairman of the Seymour Memorial Library, Johannesburg ; Hugh Mayan, M.A., editor of *The Progressive Monthly*, Johannesburg ; Ronan Barry, M.I.J., Member of the Society of Arts, and, until recently, acting editor of *The Times of Natal* ; and James Tyrrell Wallace, editor of *The Latest*, Durban, and one of the foremost journalists in South Africa.

CHAPTER XX

THE IRISH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ACCORDING to tradition, the first Irishmen to visit America were two sailors, Barind and Mernoc, who landed on the Eastern shores of the Northern Continent about A.D. 500, and, after penetrating a few miles inland in search of food and water, returned to Ireland. The news of their discovery exciting the liveliest interest and curiosity, St. Brendan, a native of Kerry, and an old pupil of Bishop Erc, fitted up an expedition, and sailed from Mount Brandon, about seven miles from Dingle. He had with him a crew of about sixty men, mostly monks—for monks in those days could turn their hands to anything—and, after a voyage lasting many weeks, reached, what some affirm to have been, the Eastern coast of North America. They penetrated into the interior for fifteen days, and, returning to their ship laden with fruit and the flesh of many animals of a species entirely unknown to them, retraced their course to Ireland. Their landing-place they had named Hy-Breasail, and from their description of the interior of the country they had explored—its climate, birds, and animals—it certainly bore a far closer resemblance to the Southern than to the Northern Continent. Referring to the expedition, Lanigan writes thus: “Although the narrative of these voyages abounds with fables, yet it may be admitted that Brendan sailed, in company with some other persons, towards the West, in search of some island or country, the existence of which he had heard of.” St. Brendan,

on his return to Ireland, founded the monastery of Clonfert, visited St. Columbcille in Iona, retired to Inchiquin in Lough Corrib, and died at his sister's monastery of Annadown in 577, and was buried at Clonfert. His festival is still kept on the 16th of May. Soon after St. Brendan's expedition, two other Irish Saints, St. Cormac Ua Liathain and St. Baithen, tried to reach America, but were compelled to desist owing to the wind and waves.

St. Maelduin, a century or so later, made another attempt, and is supposed to have landed somewhere near Labrador.

The first Irish settlers in America about whom there is any really authentic information arrived there in the seventeenth century, when about a thousand, mostly Puritans from all parts of Ireland, went to Maryland under the leadership of John Winthrop, and, in 1630, founded Boston, which has been Irish in the main ever since.

In 1633, Sir George Calvert, created an Irish peer as "Lord Baltimore," by James I, founded Baltimore; his brother Leonard, the Neales, and a goodly number of other Irishmen accompanying him to that settlement.

Of all towns in the United States, with the exception, perhaps, of New York, Baltimore has always been the most Irish—not numerically, of course, for the population is comparatively small, but proportionately. Fully three-quarters of the inhabitants of Baltimore are of Irish extraction, and are Irish in sentiment.

Among the most prominent of the Irish in Baltimore to-day are the Limerick branch of the O'Donnells. The first of the O'Donnells to go to Baltimore was John,

son of John O'Donnell of Truagh (Trough) Castle, County Limerick, who ran away from home when a boy, and, obtaining a post on one of the big ships trading with India, sailed thither. Landing practically friendless in Calcutta, he soon set to work, and with such success that he amassed a large fortune before he was thirty. Desirous of returning to Ireland, and anxious to try a new route, he obtained the security of the British Government, and a pledge from the Arabs, to allow him to cross Arabia. While he was crossing that Continent, accompanied by two other Europeans, he was treacherously attacked by his Arab escort, who murdered one of his white companions and took the other and himself prisoners. They were both stripped and beaten, and only saved themselves from sunstroke by swathing their heads with fragments of John O'Donnell's shirt. After two years' captivity, they escaped, and after many adventures succeeded in reaching India. There, John O'Donnell was entertained at a public banquet by his old friends, and taken into partnership by Mr. Huggins, a rich merchant and Paymaster-General to the East Indian Company's Army. After amassing a second fortune, John O'Donnell found his way to America and settled in Baltimore. He represented Baltimore in the Legislature of Maryland, and speedily won a reputation as an orator by his speech in favour of the Potomac Canal, being known thenceforth as "The Father of the Potomac Canal." He was also Colonel of the 27th American Militia. He married Sarah, daughter of Thomas Elliot, of Baltimore, of a well-known Quaker family and descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers; and had three sons, Columbus, John and Elliot. Columbus, following in his

father's footsteps, became a General in the United States Army, and President of the Maryland House of Legislature. He had two sons, Charles Oliver and Columbus, and three daughters. Of these, his daughter Eleanora married Adrian Iselin, the well-known New York banker, and father of the famous American yachtsman and Secretary of the New York Yachting Club ; Josephine married Mr. Lee, another well-known old Baltimore family ; whilst Columbus married Caroline Jenkins.

To return to John O'Donnell's other sons, John died young, and Elliot inherited the Trough estates, in Co. Limerick. One of Elliot O'Donnell's sons, General Sir Charles Routledge O'Donnell, K.C.B., has been referred to in the chapter on "Famous Irishmen of the Nineteenth Century." This branch of the O'Donnells is connected by marriage with the Winthrops, descendants of John Winthrop, the founder of Boston.

Baltimore was at first Roman Catholic, Boston was at first Puritan ; and though neither can be said to be any longer wholly representative of one particular denomination, in either city there is still a slight preponderance of the creed professed by those who originally settled there. The small but steady migration of Irishmen to America throughout the reigns of James I and Charles I increased a hundred-fold in Cromwell's time, when, as has already been stated, thousands of Irish women and children were sent to the West Indies as slaves, either to twist tobacco, or to become the mistresses of Puritan planters. One Bristol slave dealer, Captain John Vernon, supplied 250 women, between twelve and forty years of age, in one year alone from Cork, Youghal, Kinsale, Waterford and Wexford.

Of the Irish, other than slaves, who went to America at that period, the majority settled in Maryland and New York, and in the latter city hundreds settled in the year 1649, when, indeed, the Irish Colony may be said to have really commenced. Prior to that date, the Irish in New York were but a mere handful.

In 1682, Colonel Thomas Dongan, an Irish Catholic, was made Governor of New York ; from 1682 onwards the flow of Irishmen into New York has been incessant ; and to-day the Irish form a very large proportion of the total population in New York, and have a considerable voice in all municipal matters. By reason of their wealth, no less than their wits, they practically run Tammany Hall, and American politics are very largely controlled by them. Not many Irish settled anywhere in New York State, saving in New York City, till 1731, when New Windsor was founded by a contingent from the North-West of Ireland. Other Irishmen following suit founded other settlements in New York State, and from being one of the least popular of the American Provinces it became almost the most popular. The majority of the Irish who went there were Roman Catholics, and a large percentage were Celts.

So with regard to the early Irish Settlements elsewhere. In 1660 the Pollocks, a family of Irish-Scotch extraction, sailed from Donegal and took up their abode in Maryland. In 1677 Salem was founded by the Thompsons, Ganes, and other Anglo-Irish Quakers, who left Ulster, fearing persecution at the hands of James II.

The year 1689 saw the advent in America of the O'Carrolls—descendants of Niall of the Nine Hostages—and their foundation of Carrolltown in Maryland. In

1715 the Irish first began to settle in Massachusetts, and practically founded Palmer and Worcester. Belfast and Maine were founded by the O'Sullivans in 1723; and Newcastle by a body of about 4,000 Irish in 1726. In 1729 nearly 6,000 Irish—mostly Celtic—came to Philadelphia, and formed the nucleus of the present Irish Colony, which ranks third in America in point of numbers—the Colony in New York being the biggest, and that in Chicago next.

Amongst these earliest arrivals in Philadelphia were members of the following families: the M'Kennans, Bryans, Musgraves, Fitzsimons, Reillys (O'Reillys), Bradys, Stewarts (same as Highland Stuarts), and Butlers (a branch of the Ormonde family).

Williamsburg and other towns in South Carolina were founded by the Irish in, or about, the year 1734, when a number of Irish also settled in Virginia. Long Meadows and Cherry Mead, for example, were founded by the Glasses, whilst the Allens, Madisons, Conways and other Anglo-Irishmen founded other settlements, now large towns. Indeed, the Southern States almost entirely owe their colonization to the Irish, principally the Anglo-Irish, the purely Celtic Irish chiefly settling in Maryland.

In South Carolina and Alabama the Irish, undoubtedly, gave its first impetus to the American cotton industry, which numbered among its earliest pioneers Messrs. Stark, Whipple, Callamore and Casse, from Ulster; Sullivan (O'Sullivan), from Munster; and Butler, from Leinster; all of whose descendants became wealthy planters.

About the year 1748, small gangs of the Irish began to

push forward, further into the heart of America. These Irishmen were mostly peasants, hardy and sturdy Celts from Galway, Connemara and Kerry; who made some of the finest backwoodsmen America has ever seen. Among the best known of them were Daniel Boone, Hugh M'Grady (O'Grady), M'Bride and Butler, who were actually the first white settlers in Kentucky; and Butler, a famous shot, was held in the highest veneration by the Indians. About twenty years later another batch of Irishmen, headed by Captain James Knox, and styled "The Forty Hunters," arrived and pushed on still further into the heart of Kentucky and Tennessee. In 1775 Simon Kenton, the son of Butler, planted the first corn hitherto seen west of the Alleghany Mountains. Up to this period, few Irishwomen had gone further west than Maryland, but they now began to move more and more inland, following in the wake of Simon Kenton and other of the more adventurous pioneers.

The breaking out of the Great War of Independence in 1775 was hailed with the greatest delight by the Irish emigrants. Every man that could shoulder a gun at once joined either the American Army or Navy, both of which were mainly composed of Irish, anxious to avenge the many wrongs inflicted on them in Ireland by the English. According to statistics, 70 per cent. of Washington's Army, in June 1775, was Irish; and 50 per cent. of the American Navy; whilst at the close of the war in 1782, there was a 5 per cent. increase of the Irish in the American Navy and 10 per cent. increase in the Army.

As the Irish took part in every military and naval

engagement throughout the war, it is obviously impossible within the limits of this work to do more than briefly allude to a few of their doings, and to a few of those who achieved distinction.

At the battle of Bunker Hill, in 1775, Dr. Warren, a native of Ireland and related to Sir Peter Warren, an officer of some distinction in the English Navy, held an important command on the Colonist side. The two New Hampshire regiments commanded by Colonel Stark were almost entirely composed of Irishmen, and these two regiments bore the brunt of the attack. When Prescott's—the American General—other regiments retreated for lack of ammunition, Stark's Irishmen continued holding their ground. The English were driven back, not once, but twenty times; each retreat of theirs being accompanied by loud cries of: "Remember the Boyne!" "Sarsfield" and "O'Donnell Abu," from the Irish ranks. At last, when all their ammunition was spent and their bayonets were twisted out of shape, they were reluctantly compelled to draw back; but they had some consolation, the English were far too exhausted to follow them, and, consequently, the battle was merely a draw—neither side being rightly able to claim a victory.

Among the Irishmen killed were Dr. Warren and Majors Moore and McClary, all of whom had fought most gallantly. After this battle a large number of special appointments were given to Irishmen. John Sullivan was given the command of the American Army besieging Boston; Richard Montgomery the command of the expedition to Quebec; Colonels Ed. Hand and William Irving the commands of the Army of Pennsylvania; Colonels John Fitzgerald and Stephen Moylan were made

aides-de-camp to Washington; and James McHenry was appointed Chief Army Surgeon. One of these men, Richard Montgomery, had led a singularly eventful life. Born near Raphoe, County Donegal, he entered the English Army and saw service against the French in Canada; but, unable to put up with the harsh and unjust conduct of his commanding officer, he resigned his commission and joined the American Colonists. At the head of the Quebec Expeditionary Force, he first of all captured Chantilly, taking prisoners over 500 English troops, and then Montreal, with all the British shipping on the Upper St. Lawrence. He next attacked Quebec, which, oddly enough, was defended by another Irishman, Sir Guy Carleton, a native of Strabane.

Putting himself at the head of his troops, Montgomery addressed them thus: "Men of New York! You will not fear to follow where your General leads you," dashed forward, sword in hand, and rushed at the stockades. His men followed. Not a shot was fired till they were within about thirty yards of the English, and then a furious cannonade suddenly bursting out, Montgomery and scores of his soldiers were killed.

This took place in 1775; early in 1776, Brigadier James Moore, grandson of James Moore, Governor of South Carolina and a native of Ireland, defeated a regiment of Highlanders, taking the bulk of them prisoners, and before the year was out other Irishmen had gained similar successes. Brigadier-General Hand, a native of Clyduff, King's County, Ireland, who had formerly been a doctor in the Royal Irish Regiment, defeated the English on Long Island; and Colonel W. Thompson, a native of Ulster, who had fought for the English against

the French and Indians in 1757, now beat the English in several engagements on the borders of Canada, and was, in consequence, made Brigadier-General and entrusted with the temporary command of the American Army in Canada, which post he held till the arrival of his compatriot, General Sullivan.

The same year, too, Dr. W. Irvine, a native of Enniskillen, who had forsaken surgery for the sword conducted himself with so much bravery that he was made Colonel of the Sixth Pennsylvania Regiment, and subsequently created Brigadier-General ; whilst in 1777 Walter Stewart, who had raised a company for the 3rd Pennsylvania Regiment at his own expense, and had been appointed aide-de-camp to General Horatio Gates, was made a Colonel for his gallantry at Brandywine and Germantown, where whole corps of Irish were engaged, and were disputing, with the utmost stubbornness, every inch of the ground with the English.

It is interesting to note that of the 56 delegates who signed the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1776, eight at least were of Irish parentage. These eight were : Dr. Matthew Thornton, Colonel in American Army, and afterwards President of New Hampshire Legislative Assembly ; James Smith, Captain of New York Volunteers, and afterwards Member of Congress (he was a great friend of George Washington, and the author of a work entitled, *The Constitutional Power of Great Britain over Colonies in America*) ; George Taylor, son of an Irish clergyman, who, after being an ordinary manual labourer and clerk, married a rich widow, was elected successively to the Colonial and Provincial Assemblies, to the Committee of Public Safety, and

finally to Congress ; George Read, Attorney-General and Member of Delaware Assembly, who was afterwards twice elected a United States Senator, and finally made Chief-Justice for Delaware ; Thomas McKean, barrister, and President of Continental Congress ; Charles Carroll, of Carrolltown, Member of the Committee of Public Safety, and Delegate to the Revolutionary Committee (he was the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration, dying as recently as 1832) ; Edward Rutledge, lawyer, Member of Continental Congress, and subsequently Governor of South Carolina ; and Thomas Lynch, who, after being educated at Eton and Cambridge, migrated to America, became a Member of Continental Congress, and was lost at sea in 1779, in a ship that was never heard of after it sailed from the United States.

In 1779 four regiments of the Irish Brigade, namely, the Berwicks, Walsh's, Fermoys, and Dillons, came over from France under Colonel Dillon to help the Americans, and landed on Rhode Island ; in the same year, also, Mary Kelly, the beautiful golden-haired child-wife of an Irish soldier, displayed extraordinary bravery at the battle of Monmouth, and was presented to Washington, who made her a sergeant. In 1780 several regiments, entirely composed of Irishmen, took part in the battles of Camden and Gildford, and, although defeated, were specially eulogized by Washington for the heroic manner in which they had covered the American retreat ; thus saving a general massacre.

In 1782 there was great rejoicing among the Irish, both in America and in Ireland, at the announcement that England was at last obliged to recognize the Independence of the United States. As the United States were

so largely populated by Irishmen, who had either been driven out of Ireland themselves by the oppressive measures of the English, or were descended from those who had been thus driven out, the Irish regarded England's loss of the American Colonies as an act of retribution. Moreover, they were especially jubilant because they had borne such a large part themselves in inflicting this ignominy on the English. It was, indeed, a revenge for the depopulation and spoliation of Ulster and Connaught. It should be mentioned that, apart from the many victories gained by the Irish soldiers over the English in this war, the Irish sailors in the service of the United States had been equally successful.

After the signing of Peace in 1783 the American Army was mostly disbanded, and the majority of Irishmen serving in it returned to their former occupations. Many settled in the big towns, and amassed fortunes and became Congress men; many pushed on their work of pioneering into the hinterland and founded fresh settlements; and many, taking up the pen, helped to form the nucleus of American literature.

In 1798 the first papers started in America were started by Irishmen. They were: *The Intelligence*, of Washington, edited by Ed. S. Gales; *The Whig*, of Baltimore, edited by Baptiste Irving; *The Aurora*, of Philadelphia, edited by Duane; and *The Democratic Press*, edited by Binns. All these editors were United Irishmen, and their papers were most bitter in the denunciation of the Union.

The treatment meted out to the leaders of the " '98 " Rising in Ireland by the English roused the greatest indignation in America, and when Robert Emmet was

executed there were loud cries of "Let us avenge his death." Indeed, it required a very considerable amount of tact and firmness on the part of the American Government to prevent the country being rushed into war. Nor had this feeling by any means died out by 1812. It was commonly supposed in England that the irritation caused in the United States by the British practice of searching American ships for deserters from the British Navy, and for goods from the French Colonies, was solely responsible for the abrupt declaration of war by America ; but it was not so. Although such behaviour on the part of the English was extremely annoying, and had no doubt aroused considerable resentment in the American shipping world, it had not aroused the indignation of the United States people, as a whole, to anything like the same extent as the Irish Question, and to the latter chiefly, if not entirely, may be attributed the outburst of hostilities.

The American Government had succeeded in preventing war after the execution of Emmet, but it had not stifled public sentiment, and, when it was rumoured that the English had been searching American ships for deserters from their Navy, the Irish party, seeing their opportunity, at once denounced the act as illegal. The American Government was appealed to, and finding that the whole country was in favour of prompt action it first of all issued a manifesto to England, and then, as this was ignored, declared war.

In the campaign that followed, the Irishmen were even more active than they had been in 1777. Both on land and at sea they speedily distinguished themselves. At the battle of Chippewa, the American General Ripley

—who was an Irishman—inflicted a severe defeat on the English under General Riall ; and in the same engagement another Irishman, Major John McNeill, was specially commended by Washington for the gallant manner in which he had headed three successive charges of the 11th Regiment.

At the battle of Bridgewater, Colonel Miller materially aided in the American victory by putting to flight two batteries of English artillery and capturing the guns. Colonel W. Carroll, of Irish descent, had no small share in the American victory at Pittsburg ; whilst his fellow-countryman, General John Coffee, better known as “brave Jack Coffee,” made a big reputation as the leader of a brigade of cavalry, raised from among the Irish backwoodsmen of Kentucky and Tennessee, and generally termed Coffee’s Scouts. Throughout the war, Coffee’s Scouts were the terror of the English, whom they constantly met and defeated.

At sea, the United States Captain W. Blakeley, a native of Co. Down, captured in rapid succession the English warships *Reindeer*, *Lettice*, *Bonaccord*, *Armada*, *Mary* and *Avon*, but perished with his ship, *The Wasp*, in a violent hurricane shortly after his last victory.

In the famous battle between the United States ship *Chesapeake*, and the English ship *Shannon*, the former was commanded by Captain Lawrence, of Irish extraction ; whilst several of her officers and many of her crew were Irish born and bred.

In a battle on one of the great lakes, a small flotilla of United States ships under Commodore Thomas MacDonough, an Irishman, beat an English flotilla of about the same size commanded by Capt. George Downie,

also an Irishman. In this war 70 per cent. of the United States soldiers and nearly 60 per cent. of their sailors were Irish, and those battles which were not actually won by them were all, chiefly through their agency, stubbornly contested.

The war over, the Irish resumed their ordinary occupations in life, and emigration progressed as usual.

Kentucky was by this time mostly settled, and the work of pioneering was carried much further East, large numbers of Irish crossing the Mississippi river and founding settlements in Kansas, Arkansas and Colorado. Fights with Indians were of everyday occurrence, and the acts of heroism performed by the Irish emigrants would fill many volumes.

In 1829 Ireland claimed its first President of America in General Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee; his father, Andrew Jackson, having emigrated from Carrickfergus in 1765. General Jackson was born at Wrexham, U.S.A., in 1767, and worked his way to the Presidency without either money or influence. He was just a poor boy, living in a log cabin, every beam and rafter of which had been put together by his father, and his success was solely gained by his indomitable pluck, industry and perseverance. He died in America in 1845. There are few names in history deserving of more praise.

Prior to General Jackson, John C. Calhoun, grandson of James Calhoun, of Donegal, had been Vice-President of the United States in 1825; whilst John Tyler, also of Irish parentage, was Vice-President in 1840.

In the Mexican War of 1846 rather more than half the United States Army was composed of Irishmen. General Taylor, an Irishman, led an Expeditionary Force

of nearly 7,000 American troops against Monterey, and after making several desperate assaults, in which General W. Butler, son of General Pierce Butler, a native of Ireland and member of the Ormonde family, was wounded—Colonel Pierce Butler, his brother, was killed soon afterwards in the battle of Churubusco—eventually compelled the Mexican Commander, General Ampudia, to capitulate. In the battle of Sierra Gorda, in which the Mexicans were defeated with great slaughter, General Shields, a native of Dungannon, and Thomas Burke, a native of Limerick, greatly distinguished themselves (Burke, one of the first to enter the enemy's lines and the last to leave, took several Mexicans prisoners, and was wounded in nine places); and at the battle of San Pasqual, fought the same day as Churubusco, General Stephen Kearney, an Irishman, with a small body of American troops, utterly routed a large force of Mexicans, pursuing them many miles, and capturing all their arms and ammunition, together with many prisoners.

This practically saw the end of the fighting. The honours list was a long one—and of the promotions awarded 90 per cent. went to Irishmen.

Four years later gold was discovered in California, and among the hordes of immigrants, who came pouring into America from all parts of the world, were thousands of Irish. Successful and unsuccessful alike drifted for the most part to San Francisco, where those who had "made their pile" built beautiful houses for themselves anywhere they fancied, whilst those who had been unlucky took any jobs they could get—the majority of them finding work in the docks. Thanks to their eternally hopeful dispositions, few of the Irish really went under—

at any rate not to the same extent as diggers of other nationalities, many of whom became habitual loafers, spending their lives in drinking saloons, and ending their lives in suicide, or in some other equally ignominious fashion.

The Irish Colony in San Francisco may be said to have actually commenced in 1850, and it has gone on increasing both in numbers and importance ever since.

Passing down Market Street, O'Farrell Street, Brannan Street, Kearny Street, Sansome Street, all the principal streets, in fact, one sees nothing but Irish names—every other doctor, lawyer, tailor, coal merchant, oil merchant, wine merchant, greengrocer and confectioner is an Irishman. And it is the same in the suburbs—Irish names haunt one everywhere. San Francisco's *beau monde*, or "Four Hundred," though not confined exclusively to one section, are to be mostly found in Nob Hill, Pacific Avenue and the Western Addition of the town; the bonanza and railway set chiefly in Nob Hill, and the rest of the *élite* in Pacific Avenue and the Western Addition. Here, in these three localities, containing the most sumptuous and beautiful houses in America, if not, indeed, in the world, are congregated many people of Irish extraction.

The late Peter Donohue owned one of the most artistic and attractive houses in Bryant, near Second, whilst other Irish names closely associated with this paradise of the wealthy, are those of E. J. McCutchen and Patrick Henry McCarthy, a native of County Limerick, who was Mayor of San Francisco in 1904.

To revert to the Irish in America in their chronological order. J. K. Polk, a native of the North of Ireland, was

elected President of the United States in 1845. He was the second Irishman to fill that post—General Andrew Jackson, as has already been stated, being the first. Others who have since occupied it are: Franklin Pierce, elected in 1853, awarded the rank of a Brigadier-General for his gallant conduct in the battles of Vera Cruz, Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, during the Mexican War of 1846–7; James Buchanan, of Irish-Scotch descent, elected in 1857; Chester A. Arthur, also of Irish-Scotch extraction, elected in 1881 on the death of Garfield; and William M'Kinley, of Irish parentage, elected in 1896 and re-elected in 1900. William M'Kinley, like so many of his predecessors, had once been a soldier. Fighting throughout the Civil War of 1862–65, he rose from the ranks to be Brevet-Major. He was assassinated at the Pan-American Exhibition of 1901 by an anarchist.

The Vice-Presidents of the United States who have been Irishmen, apart from John C. Calhoun, who held that position in 1825, are Chester A. Arthur, in 1881, and T. A. Hendricks, elected in 1885.

Of the Irish candidates who have stood for election to the Presidency, no one is more prominent than William Jennings Bryan, the democrat, and advocate of monometallism as opposed to the present system of bimetallism.

In the Civil War of 1862–65 thousands of Irishmen took part on either side, though more, perhaps, for the North than for the South; and several Irish Brigades, of more or less importance, were formed. The Western Brigade, otherwise known as the 23rd Illinois Regiment, was raised and commanded by Colonel James A. Milligan, at one time a lawyer and editor of *The Western Tablet*. After fighting with the greatest gallantry in a long series

of battles, it was eventually compelled to surrender to the Confederates at Lexington. Colonel James A. Milligan was fatally wounded at the battle of Kernstown in 1864. Another well-known Irish Brigade was "Caldwell's and Meagher's." At the commencement of hostilities, Captain Thos. Meagher—the well-known Young Irisher, who had been arrested in Ireland in 1848, on a charge of high treason, found guilty, and transported to Tasmania, whence he had escaped to America—formed a corps of Zouaves for the North, entirely of Irishmen, and styled it the 69th New York Regiment. After the battle of Bull Run, in which the Regiment performed prodigies of valour, Meagher set to work to form an Irish Brigade. The 69th Regiment, which had been sadly depleted, was brought up to its full complement by fresh recruits; and two additional regiments, the 63rd and 68th, both entirely composed of Irishmen, were raised—the three corps being known as Caldwell's and Meagher's Irish Brigade. The Colonel of the 69th Regiment was Michael Corcoran, who, as second in command under Meagher at Bull Run, had headed several charges, been taken prisoner, and, on his escape, had formed a legion of his own, called after him, and attached to the Irish Brigade. He died from the effect of a fall from his horse near Fairfax Courthouse. Meagher's Irish Brigade took a prominent part in the battles of Bull Run, Fair Oaks, Gaines Mill Creek, Antietam and Fredericksburg, where it was practically cut to pieces. Meagher wanted to withdraw the remnant from further action, till he had had time to gather in fresh recruits and bring it up to its original strength; but, permission being refused him, he resigned his commission as its

leader, and was immediately appointed to the command of the Etowah district. He held this post to the end of the war, when he was appointed Secretary of the territory of Montana by President Johnson. He had occupied this position satisfactorily for two years, when he was accidentally drowned off a steamer in the Mississippi in 1867. An eye-witness writes of the conduct of the Irish Brigade at the battle of Fredericksburg¹ thus : " To the Irish division commanded by General Meagher was principally committed the desperate task of bursting out of the town of Fredericksburg, and forming, under the withering fire of the Confederates batteries, to attack Marye's Heights, towering immediately in their front. Never at Fontenoy, Albouera, nor at Waterloo, was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe . . . The bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence what manner of men they were." Mr. Webb adds : " Meagher was himself distinguished for his cool bravery. Of the 1,200 men he led into action, only 280 appeared on parade the next day."

Meagher was succeeded in his command of the 280 residue of the Irish Brigade by Colonel Patrick Kelly, who had served under him in all the battles in which the Brigade had taken part. Thanks to Kelly's ceaseless energies, the Brigade was soon brought up to its full strength, when it participated with all its usual valour in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg—

¹ From Mr. Alfred Webb's *Compendium of Irish Biography* (M. H. Gill & Son, Sackville Street, Dublin, 1878).

where the Irish rivalled their performance at Fredericksburg—Auburn, Bristow Station, Tod's Tavern, Po River, Spottsylvania, North Anna River, Tolapotomy Creek, Coal Harbour, Petersburg, Yellow Tavern, Strawberry Plains, Petersburg (second battle), Skinner's Farm, and several others of minor importance. In most of these battles the Brigade was led either by Colonel Kelly or by Colonel Denis F. Burke. Colonel Burke was a native of Cork. He fought with the Brigade right through the war, and was wounded at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and The Wilderness. At Spottsylvania he was the first to cross what was designated "The Bloody Angle," and, penetrating with his men into the interior line of entrenchments, he took over 3,000 of General Johnston's men prisoners. He remained with the Irish Brigade till its final dissolution at the end of the war. In 1866 he was arrested in Dublin as a Fenian, and imprisoned in Mountjoy and Kilmainham Prisons. On his release he returned to the United States, was given an appointment in the Tax Office, and was one of the leaders of the Republican party. He died in 1893.

Amongst the Irish officers who served with distinction in the Civil War, besides those already mentioned, are the following: Captain T. Sweeney, Federal, who was made Brigadier-General for heroic conduct at Boonville and Bull Run; Colonel B. F. Kelly, Federal, who fought at the head of a regiment of his own raising at Phillipi; Brigadier-Generals Robert Emmet Clary and Thos. J. Jackson, Federals, who showed great skill in handling their troops at Bull Run and other battles; Generals McCulloch and MacBride, Confederates, who defeated

General Lyon near Springfield ; and Lieutenant-Colonel Silas Casey, Federal, who had the organization and mobilization of recruits, and the defence of the lines of communication round Washington in the earlier stages of war, and who displayed conspicuous bravery at the battle of Fair Oaks, 1862.

General Patrick R. Cleburne was, perhaps, one of the most distinguished Irish officers on the Confederate side. He was born near Queenstown and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Entering the ranks of the Confederate Army, Cleburne soon rose to be Colonel, and for his gallantry at Shiloh and Perryville he was made Brigadier-General. As Major-General he commanded divisions at Murfreesboro', Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and for his defence of Ringgold Gap he received the thanks of the Confederate Congress. At Jonesboro' he saved General Hood's army from total annihilation by covering its retreat. He was killed at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, 30th November, 1864. Horace Greeley, writing of him, remarked : "The loss of Patrick Cleburne, the 'Stonewall Jackson of the West,' would of itself have been a rebel disaster."

General Ben. F. Butler was the son of John Butler, who had distinguished himself at New Orleans in the 1812 War, and a member of one of the numerous branches of the Ormonde Butlers. He led an Expeditionary Force of 10,000 Federals against New Orleans in 1861, which he took, and held for months against the Confederates. He next fought in Virginia, where he beat the Confederates in many skirmishes, crossed the James river in the face of heavy fire, and took Petersburg after a stubborn siege. For his subsequent failure to take

Wilmington, when working in conjunction with Admiral Porter, who commanded the Federal Navy, he was deprived of his command by General Grant, and was superseded by General Ord.

Other distinguished Irish officers in this war were : General Kearney, Federal, who repeatedly led his army against the enemy's trenches during the battle of Williamsburg, and finally succeeded in routing them ; General Early, Confederate, who fought with great valour at Williamsburg, beat the Federals at Strasburg, but was defeated by General Sheridan, another Irishman, at Winchester and Hatcher's Run ; Jeremiah Boyle, Federal, who held the post of Military Governor of Kentucky, 1862-64 ; General W. Gorman, Federal, who, fighting under General M'Clellan at the battle of Antietam, had several horses killed under him and performed many acts of extraordinary heroism ; General John M'Neill, Federal, who, in 1862, drove all the Confederate guerillas out of the North-East Valley of the Missouri ; Major P. Keenan, Federal, who recruited the 8th Regiment of Pennsylvania Cavalry, which he led at a critical moment in the battle of Chancellorsville, and so saved the Federal Army from defeat ; Brigadier-General Lawler, Federal, who led his regiment, the 18th Illinois, at the battle of Big Black river, and captured the enemy's position at the point of the bayonet ; Brigadier-General J. Barnes, Federal, who had his horse shot under him at Gettysburg and was severely wounded ; Colonel P. H. O'Rorke, Federal, a native of Cavan, who seized the position of Little Round Top at the battle of Gettysburg, but was killed ; Major-General Charles Griffin, Confederate, who

fought with conspicuous bravery at Antietam, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, and succeeded Lee in the command of the Fifth Army Corps ; General O'Neill, Federal, who was killed while leading his brigade at Gettysburg ; Brigadier-General J. M. Brannan, who commanded the Federal Artillery during part of the war ; Major-General Sheridan, Federal, who beat General Early, an Irish Confederate at Winchester and Hatcher's Run (for which he received the thanks of the United States Congress), and, in conjunction with Generals Meade and Ord, inflicted a severe defeat on General Lee near Petersburg ; and General Geary, Federal, who raised the 28th Pennsylvanian Volunteers in 1862, and afterwards commanded the Second Division of the Twelfth Corps.

Among the Irishmen serving with distinction in the Navy during this war, was Captain James S. Thornton, Federal. He was second in command of the U.S. ship *Kearsarge*, when in action with the *Alabama* off Cherbourg.

During the great anti-negro riot in New York, which took place before the war was over, Horace Greeley, the Irish proprietor of *The New York Tribune*, had his office windows smashed and narrowly escaped being torn to pieces ; whilst Colonel J. O'Brien, another supporter of the Government, was barbarously attacked by the mob, who threw him on the ground and pounded him to death with their feet—an act of atrocity that was hardly surpassed even in the worst epoch of the French Revolution.

In 1891 Mr. Patrick Egan, a native of Ireland, and the United States Minister at Valparaiso, won the esteem of all his countrymen by forcing the Chilians to apologise for an attack on American citizens in Valparaiso and an

insult to the American flag ; and seven years later another Irishman, namely, Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson, was before the American public as the Commander of the North Atlantic United States Fleet in the war against Spain.

The Clan-na-Gael, started in America by John O'Mahony in 1858, is still a force, but the Irish as a whole are now nothing like as hostile to England as they were a few years ago ; and at the present moment there is every reason to believe that Ireland, now that she has obtained the independent Parliament upon which she had so long set her heart, will therewith rest content, and, with nothing but friendship in her heart, bury the hatchet for good. In the present crisis—the Great European War—the sympathy of every true-born Irishman in the United States is entirely with England and her Allies.

CHAPTER XXI

FAMOUS IRISHMEN IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, 1600–1900

SINCE it is obviously impossible within the limits of this work to give a biographical sketch—or even an exhaustive list—of all the Irishmen who distinguished themselves in the United States between the seventeenth and twentieth centuries, a brief record of a few of them only will be found in the following pages.

John Ross Browne, born in Ireland, 1822; died at Oakland, U.S.A., 1875. He wrote a work entitled *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*, and contributed innumerable articles, chiefly on travel—which he illustrated himself—to *Harper's* and other magazines.

Matthew Carey, born in Ireland, 1760; died in the United States through the accidental overturning of his carriage, 1839. He edited the *Volunteer's Journal* (Dublin), and the *Pennsylvania Herald* (America), and published many works, the best known of which is *Vindiciae Hiberniae* (1819).

John Dunlap, born at Strabane, 1747; died in Philadelphia, 1812. He founded and edited in 1784 the *North American and United States Gazette*, which was the first daily paper published in the United States, and the *Pennsylvania Packet* in 1771. As printer to Congress, he issued “The Declaration of Independence.”

Charles G. Halpine, born at Oldcastle, Co. Meath, 1829; died from an overdose of chloroform in New York, 1868. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin,

and, migrating to the United States, served throughout the Civil War of 1862—rising to the grade of Major. He edited the *Citizen*, but is best known by his two volumes of humorous writings, written under the pseudonym of “Private Miles O'Reilly,” and entitled *Poems by the Letter H.*

Mary Laetitia Bell Martin, born at Ballinahinch Castle, Co. Galway, about 1810, died in a hotel in New York of fever, 1850. In addition to contributing many articles to the *Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde*, and other French periodicals, she published several novels, the best known of which are *St. Etienne, A Tale of the Vendean War*, and *Julia Howard*. Through the failure of the potato crop in Ireland in 1845–47, she lost her entire income—all her money being vested in land—and arrived in America, to die a few days later, penniless.

The Rev. James MacSparran, M.A., born in Dungiven, Co. Derry, about 1700; died in Rhode Island, 1757. He was the author of *America Dissected; being a Full and True Account of the American Colonies*, and several other works.

Edmund Bailey O'Callaghan, born in the United States, 1797; died in the United States, 1880. Author of several standard works of American history.

Richard Dalton Williams, born in Co. Tipperary, 1822; died of consumption at Thibodeaux, Louisiana, 1862. Richard Williams was an ardent Nationalist, and, together with his friend Kevin Izod O'Doherty, founded the *Irish Tribune*, which was seized by Government six months after its first appearance. O'Doherty was convicted of sedition and transported to Australia, but Williams was acquitted. Williams emigrated to the

United States in 1851, and became a Professor in Spring Hill College, Mobile, still, however, continuing to write. Though he published much prose in the *Nation* and other papers, he was best known for his verse, particularly for his poems, namely, "The Irish National Guard to his Sister," "Ben Heder," and "The Dying Girl," written under the pseudonym of "Shamrock."

Mrs. Frank M'Carthy (at the zenith of her fame in 1879) was one of the best known magazine writers of the latter part of the last century, and her sketches of Irish character—particularly those in "The Mysterious Household" (*Harper's Magazine*)—are inimitable.

Although it is not often commented upon—possibly because it is not generally known—Edgar Allan Poe was of Irish extraction, his grandfather, David Poe, being a native of the South of Ireland, whilst his mother's family originally came from the North.

Of actors in America from 1600–1900, Ireland has produced an innumerable host, the best known being, in all probability, John Brougham.

John Brougham, whose versatility was nothing short of the marvellous—for there were few parts he had not played in, and played in with success—was born in Ireland in 1814, and died in America in 1880.

The number of eminent Irish ecclesiastics in the United States from 1600 to 1900 equalling, if not exceeding, that of the actors, renders any attempt at a complete enumeration of them utterly impossible. The following are a few of the best known—

Francis Alison, D.D., born in Co. Donegal, 1705; died

in Philadelphia, 1779. Dr. Alison was a Glasgow student, and for many years held the post of Vice-Provost of the College of Philadelphia, and pastor of the Irish Presbyterian Church.

Alexander Campbell, D.D., born in Co. Antrim, 1786 ; died at Bethany, West Virginia, 1866. Dr. Campbell was educated at Glasgow University. At first a Presbyterian, he subsequently founded a society called "The Disciples of Christ," which soon became known as "The Campbellites," and in forty years' time numbered half a million. The organ of the sect was the *Millennial Harbinger*, of which Dr. Campbell was the first editor.

Francis Makemie, born in Donegal about 1630 ; died in Boston, U.S.A., 1708. Francis Makemie combined the vocation of a West Indian trader with that of a preacher. Preaching, when not trading, and trading when not preaching, he travelled through Virginia, the Carolinas, and the West Indies, and established a big reputation.

John Murray, born at Antrim, 1742 ; died at Newburyport, Massachusetts. John Murray, like Francis Makemie, followed two callings at the same time. A soldier and a Presbyterian minister, he was both Captain and Chaplain of a corps that fought in Washington's Army against the English in the War of Independence.

Gilbert Tennent, born at Armagh, 1703 ; died in North America, 1764. Gilbert Tennent (who, like both Makemie and Murray, followed a dual occupation), migrating to America when a boy, was educated there as a doctor of medicine and also as a Presbyterian minister. "Every physician ought to be able to cure both soul and body" was one of his favourite maxims, and he

made a wide reputation as a preacher in 1740, when, at the request of Whitefield, he travelled through New England with his hair half down his back, a long beard, and a leather girdle round his waist. According to Drake, "he was one of the most conspicuous ministers of his day, ardent in his zeal, forcible in his reasoning, and bold and passionate in his addresses to the conscience and the heart." In 1743 he founded a Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, which was packed to overflowing every time he appeared there, right up to the time of his death. He published several works, of which *The Lawfulness of Defensive War* (1747), and *Sermons on Important Subjects* (1758), were the best known.

William Tennent (brother of the preceding), born in Co. Antrim, 1705 ; died at Freehold, New Jersey, 1777. Whilst studying theology under his brother, a curious incident befell William Tennent. One day he suddenly fell into a trance, and when about to be buried, by a mighty effort he broke the bonds that held him, and called out. He was ordained in 1733, and was minister of a Presbyterian Church in New Jersey for 44 years.

There have been very few inventors amongst the Irish in America, and of these the most noteworthy, perhaps, is Cyrus Hall McCormick, the inventor of the reaping machine. He was born in Ireland in 1809, and died in America in 1884.

As has already been stated, many of the early pioneers in America were Irish, the sturdy Celtic peasants from Galway and Connemara being especially suited to that

work. Besides Simon Kenton and others already mentioned, there was Patrick Calhoun (the father of John Caldwell Calhoun, Vice-President of the United States), who was born in Ireland in 1727, and died in America in 1796. Patrick Calhoun migrated to Virginia when a boy, and was one of the first white men to penetrate into the interior of the South Carolinas. He and his family suffered terribly at the hands of the Red Indians, by whom he was several times captured and tortured.

Of prominent Irish lawyers in America during the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, there were any number. The following two are the most famous.

Aedanus Burke, born in Galway, in 1743 ; died at Charleston, South Carolina, 1802. He held the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, and was the first Senator to represent South Carolina at Congress.

John Doly Burke, born in Ireland about 1770 ; killed in a duel, in consequence of a political dispute, 1808. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and, migrating to America, practised law at Petersburg and Virginia. He also published several works, including *The History of the late War in Ireland* (1799), and *History of Virginia from its First Settlement* (1804).

So many Irishmen have figured in the field of American politics during the last three centuries that only a small proportion of them can be mentioned in this work. Among the most prominent are—

Thomas Dongan, born at Castletown, Co. Kildare,

1634 ; died in London, England, 1715. Thomas Dongan had a singularly adventurous career. After fighting for the King in the Civil War of 1644-49, he joined the French Army and saw service in it in America. At the Restoration he returned to England, and was first of all appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Tangiers, and then Governor of New York. In the latter post he was distinguished for his democratic views. It was he who first called together a general assembly of the Representatives of the American people to consult with him as to the establishment of laws. The Assembly met in October, 1683, and at Dongan's direction adopted "A Charter of Liberties and Privileges," one of the main clauses of which was that no taxes, duties or impositions whatever should be levied, except by the consent of the Governor, Council and Assembly of the English Colonies in America. This was the actual commencement of Democratic Government in America ; one may compare Dongan's Charter with the Magna Charta.

Matthew Lyon, born in Co. Wicklow, 1746 ; died at Spadra Bluff, Arkansas, 1822. He served with Washington throughout the War of Independence, founded the town of Fairhaven, in Vermont, was for ten years a member of the Vermont Legislature, and for years a member of Congress.

William Russe, born in Ireland, 1732 ; died at Great Ealing, 1810. He was first of all Agent for Georgia and East Florida, but forfeited that post by writing in favour of the Stamp Act. He was then appointed Under-Secretary of State in the American Colonies, and distinguished himself by his unswerving loyalty to England during the War of Independence. On the conclusion of

hostilities the British Government rewarded him with a pension of £1,200 per annum. In 1789 he published *The Extra-Official State Papers*, a work of the greatest historical value.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, born at Carlingford, 1825 ; assassinated at Ottawa, 1868. Starting life as an ardent Repealer, he assisted Gavan Duffy, Davis, Mitchel and Reilly in editing *The Nation*, escaped to America disguised as a priest after the failure of the '48 Rising, and founded *The American Celt*, in Boston, in 1850. In 1858 he removed to Montreal, was returned to the Canadian Parliament, and in 1862 became President of the Executive Council. In 1865 he visited Ireland, and gave great offence to the Irish in America by making disparaging statements in public, relative to the condition of the Irish in the United States. He completed the estrangement by bringing forward a scheme for the union of the scattered Provinces of British North America with the Dominion of Canada, thereby proving himself to be an Imperialist. Furthermore, he strongly opposed the Fenians in their attempt to invade Canada, and it was for his bitter denunciation of them that he was supposed to have been murdered. Apart from his work as a politician, D'Arcy McGee published many works, the most important of which are : *A Popular History of Ireland*; *A History of the Irish Settlers in North America*, and *Catholic History of North America*.

John O'Mahony, born at Kilbeheny, Co. Cork, 1816 ; died in New York, 1877. O'Mahony was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and, associating himself afterwards with the Repealers and the Young Ireland Party, was one of those who took the field with Smith O'Brien

in 1848. Escaping capture, he fled to France, and thence to New York. There he joined another fugitive, John Mitchel, and the two at once became supporters of the "Emigrant Aid Association," "The Emmet Monument Association," and all the other Irish organizations in the country. In 1857 O'Mahony published *A History of Ireland*, by Geoffrey Keating, D.D., translated from the original Gaelic, and copiously annotated. The work, however, which showed little originality, most of the notes being copied from O'Donovan's *Four Masters*, was a failure, and O'Mahony, worn out with the labour of compiling, temporarily lost his reason, and had to be confined for a short time in an asylum. On his recovery, O'Mahony inaugurated the Fenian Brotherhood, or Irish Republican Brotherhood (I.R.B.), at Chicago, about the year 1858, its chief objective being the complete independence of Ireland. The Society at once "caught on," vast numbers joined it, and within the space of ten years its exchequer contained over £80,000. For many years O'Mahony was President of the Society and assisted in its councils; but he did not participate in any way in its raid on Canada in 1870, nor in the '67 Rising in Ireland. The latter part of his life O'Mahony devoted to writing, and he died in voluntary poverty. To quote from Mr. Alfred Webb's *Compendium of Irish Biography*: "He had friends who were willing to sacrifice anything for him, yet he was often sadly in need of a dollar, and when his poverty was discovered he declined to receive assistance in any shape or form. . . . A ten-dollar greenback over and above his immediate wants was a fortune to him, but one that he held a loose hold of; for any person who approached

him with a woeful story was sure to get it out of him."

Alexander J. Porter, born in Armagh, 1786; died at Attakapas, Louisiana, 1844. Alexander Porter was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and a Member of Congress, but was best known for his attitude with regard to the institution of slavery, which he vigorously upheld.

William Sampson, born in Londonderry, 1764; died in New York, 1836. William Sampson was a United Irishman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, an author, and a member of the first United States Congress.

James Smith, born in Ireland in 1720; died at York, Pennsylvania, in 1806. He raised the first corps of Colonial Volunteers in America to resist England, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and sat in Congress from 1778 to 1780.

George Taylor, born in Ireland, 1716; died at Delaware, 1781. The fame of George Taylor chiefly rests on the facts that he was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was a member of the first United States Congress.

Charles Thompson, born at Maghera, Co. Londonderry, 1729; died in Montgomery Co., Pennsylvania, 1824. Charles Thompson was a member of the Society of Friends, a great friend of Benjamin Franklin, an arbitrator between various of the Red Indian tribes and the white settlers, and Secretary to the Continental Congress from 1774–1789. He wrote several works, including *An Inquiry into the Cause of the Alienation of the Delaware and Shawnee Indians*.

Matthew Thornton, born in Ireland, 1714; died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, 1803. Matthew Thornton was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a member of the first United States Congress.

Among the best known Irishmen in the American Navy are—

John Barry, born near Tacumshin, Co. Wexford, 1745; died at Philadelphia, 1803. Prior to the War of Independence, John Barry was captain of *The Black Prince*, one of the biggest trading vessels between Philadelphia and London. On the outbreak of the War in 1777, he was appointed Captain of *The Relief*, and gained the first victory for the Americans against the English at sea. He captured the two British cruisers *Atalanta* and *Trespassa*, in Mid-Atlantic Ocean, and conveyed Lafayette, the Count de Noailles, and several other officers of the French Expeditionary Force to America. For his services to America he was publicly thanked by Washington, and raised to the rank of Commodore. After the war he was entrusted with the general supervision of the United States Navy, of which Navy he has been designated the father.

William Brown, born in Ireland, 1779; died about 1830. William Brown migrated to the United States when a boy, entered the merchant service, was seized by an English press-gang, and, deserting from the British Navy at the first opportunity that presented itself, entered the service of Brazil. During the Spanish and Brazilian War, Brown was given the command of a Brazilian fleet. He defeated the Spanish in battle after battle, finally capturing Montevideo, and entirely destroying Spanish commerce in the Pacific. For his many

successes he was made Admiral and given the supreme command of the Brazilian Navy, which post he continued to hold till his death.

John Shaw, born at Mountmellick, 1773; died in Philadelphia, 1823. John Shaw entered the United States Navy as midshipman in 1789, and was appointed to the command of *The Enterprize* at the outbreak of war with France in 1798. All through that war, and also throughout the war of 1812 against the English, he served with the greatest distinction, winning every engagement in which he took part. In 1816 he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and at the same time given the command of the United States Squadron in the Mediterranean. He was home on furlough, in order to enjoy a brief respite from his strenuous duties, when he was attacked with a sudden illness which terminated fatally.

In addition to those already mentioned, the following are a few of the many Irish soldiers who distinguished themselves in America between the years 1700 and 1900.

Sir Guy Carleton, born at Strabane, 1724; died in England, 1808. Sir Guy Carleton is chiefly famous as the Military Governor of Quebec during the War of Independence. He repulsed every effort made by the Americans—under the command of his fellow-countryman, General Montgomery—to take the town, and inflicted a decisive defeat on the American fleet under General Arnold on Lake Champlain. In 1782 he succeeded General Clinton as Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in America; in 1786 was created Baron Dorchester; and from 1786–96 held the appointment of Governor of Quebec.

Colonel Chas. Clinton, born in Co. Longford, 1690 ; died in Ulster, New York, 1773. Colonel Clinton founded the Colony of Ulster (now Orange Co.), New York, and won his military title, whilst serving with De Lancy's regiment, at the siege of Frontenac.

Colonel George Croghan, born in Ireland about 1720 ; died at Passayunk, Pennsylvania, about August, 1782. Colonel Croghan served with Braddock's expedition against the French in 1755, was taken prisoner by the Indians, but speedily released, and was of the greatest use to the English in winning over to their cause many of the Indian tribes.

Brigadier-General Edward Hand, born at Clyduff, King's Co., 1747 ; died at Rockford, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania, 1802. Colonel Hand served with the American Army throughout the War of Independence, and greatly distinguished himself in the battles of Long Island and Trenton.

Sir W. Johnson, Bart., born Co. Down, 1715 ; died near Johnstown, Fulton Co., New York, 1774. Sir W. Johnson was chiefly famous as a great trader with the Mohawk Indians, who had the greatest affection for him. In the Anglo-French War in America of 1756-59, Sir W. Johnson led an army of Indians, and defeated Baron Dieskau at Lake George. He was also present at the defeat of Abercromby at Ticonderoga, and took a prominent part in Prideaux's expedition against Fort Niagara in 1759, and in Amherst's expedition of 1760. He married twice, and had for his second wife a sister of the Mohawk sachem Brant.

Colonel Andrew Lewis, born in Ulster, 1730 ; died in Bedford Co., Virginia, 1780. He had a long and

distinguished military career, serving in the English expedition against Ohio in 1754, in Braddock's expedition in 1755, and in Major Grant's expedition in 1758, when he was taken prisoner. In 1774 he defeated the largest force of Indians that ever assembled in the States, and on the outbreak of hostilities between the English and the Americans, he sided with the latter, winning a decisive victory over Lord Dunmore in Gwynne's Island.

Colonel Hugh Maxwell, born in Ireland, 1733 ; died at sea, 1799. He served in the American Army with Bailey's Regiment during the War of Independence, and was made Lieutenant-Colonel for his gallant conduct at Saratoga.

Brigadier-General Stephen Moylan, born in Ireland in 1734 ; died in Pennsylvania, 1811. Stephen Moylan was one of the first colonists to enlist in the American Army in the War of Independence, and for his skill and bravery in a long series of battles and skirmishes he was made Brigadier-General. Washington looked upon him as one of his four most capable Generals.

General Griffith Rutherford, born in Ireland about 1750 ; died at Tennessee, about 1794. He served in the American Army during the War of Independence, and commanded the army at Wilmington after the English had evacuated that town. On the conclusion of the war he became a member of the first United States Congress.

Brigadier-General Thomas A. Smyth, born in Ireland about 1810 ; died of wounds received in a skirmish near Farmville, Virginia, 1865. Thomas Smyth raised a company in Philadelphia for the Federals at the beginning of the Civil War, 1861, and fought with such gallantry that he was created a Brigadier-General after the Battle of Cold Harbour, 1864.

Brigadier-General William Thompson, born in Ireland about 1730 ; died near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, 1781. William Thompson served against the French in America in the war of 1759–60, and against the English throughout the War of Independence, when he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General for his victory at Lechmere Point. He succeeded General Lee in command of the American Army in New York, but was taken prisoner at the battle of Three Rivers, when on his way to reinforce General Sullivan (another Irishman) in Canada.

Owing to their prodigious numbers, a very small proportion of the many Irish men and women in the United States to-day, who may rightly claim to be distinguished, are mentioned in this work. For information regarding those who—although of sufficient note to be included—for the reason just quoted are omitted, the reader should refer to *Who's Who in America*, edited by Mr. Albert Nelson Marquis, and published by Messrs. A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago.

Among the present-day famous actors, actresses, artists and authors are—

Langdon McCormick, actor and author, having written *The Western Girl*; *When the World Sleeps*, and many other successful plays.

Ada Rehan, a native of Co. Limerick, and one of America's greatest actresses ; a few of the many rôles in which she excels are, "Lady Teazle," "Peggy" (in *The Country Girl*), "Viola," "Beatrice" and "Rosalind."

Miss Ethel Barrymore, one of the best known actresses in America, who has played leading lady with Sir Henry Irving, and leading parts in *Secret Service*; *Capt. Jinks*;

Cousin Kate; *A Doll's House*; *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*, and many other pieces.

William Rudolf O'Donovan, well known as a sculptor. Among his numerous works in America are the statue of Archbishop Hughes, St. John's College, Fordham, and the bust of the late Chas. P. Daly, New York Geographical Society.

Hermann Dudley Murphy, who had a most brilliant career in Paris, taking many prizes at the Academy Julien, and exhibiting at the Salon as a portrait, landscape, and marine painter. He is easily one of the best all-round artists in America to-day, and is a member of the New York Water Color Club, the Boston Water Color Club, and the Society of Arts and Crafts, Boston.

Eleanor Cecilia Donnelly, generally recognized as the foremost Catholic poetess in the United States. She has written many stories also, and several times has been specially commended by the Pope. Among her numerous works are: *The Conversion of St. Augustine and other Poems*; *Petronilla and other Stories*.

James O'Duffy, a native of Strabane, Co. Tyrone, who, in addition to being an editor, is author of numerous plays and novels, including *Hohenzollern* (play), and *Father Ignatius* (a novel).

Richard Duffy, editor, and author of several plays and novels, including *An Adventure in Exile* (a novel), and *The Night of the Wedding* (a play).

John Driscoll Fitzgerald, University Professor, and author of many works, including *Rambles in Spain*.

Denis Aloysius McCarthy, poet and editor, whose

most popular publications are: *A Round of Rimes*, and *Voices from Erin*.

Charles McCarthy, who, besides being an author, has acquired fame as a lecturer.

Samuel Sidney McClure, who founded *McClure's Magazine*, of which he is editor, and is also well known as the President of the S. S. McClure Co.

Mary Eleanor O'Donnell, who has written and lectured much on social subjects, and is editress of the women's section of the Chicago *Tribune*.

John J. Rooney, poet and lawyer, author of *The Men Behind the Guns* (first use of that phrase), *Victor Blue*, and many other poetical works.

Leigh Reilly, who has occupied many important positions in the American editorial world, and is now editor-in-chief of the Chicago *Evening Post*.

Among the famous capitalists and business men are—

Robert Hall McCormick, capitalist, who is greatly interested in Art and has a large collection of the works of British artists.

Robert L. McCormick, one of the best known bankers and lumber kings in America.

Miles M. O'Brien, famous as a banker and for the interest he takes in the education and welfare of the working-classes.

Frank Morrill Murphy, big American capitalist, and president of many mining and other companies.

Among the most famous clergy are—

Thomas Martin Aloysius Burke, Bishop of Albany, created Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, 1890, and Knight of the Grand Cross, 1894.

Maurice Francis Burke, Bishop of St. Joseph.

John E. Fitzmaurice, Bishop of Amisus and Coadjutor Bishop of Erie.

Oscar Penn Fitzgerald, Bishop of Nashville, author of many works, including *The Whetstone* and *Sunset Views*.

James McGolrick, a native of Tipperary and Bishop of Duluth.

William Henry O'Connell, who, after a most distinguished career, is now Cardinal, and Archbishop of Boston.

Among the most famous lawyers, doctors, politicians and soldiers are—

Patrick Calhoun, well known as a barrister, and for his share in the consolidation development of State railways.

James Fitzgerald, Judge of Supreme Court of New York.

Thomas Dillon O'Brien, Associate Justice of the Minnesota Supreme Court.

Thomas Jefferson O'Donnell, one of the foremost lawyers in Denver.

Daniel D. Murphy, who is President of the Iowa State Bar Association, and a Member of the American Bar Association.

Dr. John Bernard McGee, who has won many distinctions in medicine, and is Professor of Therapeutics, and Secretary of the Cleveland College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Dr. Stuart McGuire, who holds, among other posts, that of Dean and Professor of Clinical Surgery at the Medical College of Virginia.

Dr. David O'Brine, who was for six years Professor of

Chemistry and Geology at the State Agricultural College, Colorado, and has published several works, including *Laboratory Guide of Chemical Analysis*.

Sister M. Raphael O'Brien, M.D., who is especially famous as the only Catholic nun in the world practising medicine.

Timothy Leary, one of the foremost pathologists in Massachusetts, who served as Assistant-Surgeon in the Spanish-American War, and has held many important positions in the medical world.

Richard Croker, who was born at Blackrock, Ireland, and migrated to America when only two years of age. After being Alderman and Coroner for New York, he finally became the recognized leader of Tammany Hall. He now resides in Ireland.

John Joseph Fitzgerald, barrister and member of Congress.

Denis T. Flynn, member of the Bar and ex-Congressman.

Arthur Phillips Murphy, who is a member of the American Bar, and a Republican Member of Congress.

Brigadier-General Peter Joseph Augustine Cleary, who saw over thirty years' service in the United States Army, being with the Army of the Cumberland during the Civil War, and fighting in the Chickamauga campaign and siege of Chattanooga.

Brigadier-General John Randolph McGinness, who served throughout the Civil War, and greatly distinguished himself before Charleston.

Brigadier-General John Joseph O'Connell, a native of Co. Kerry, who served in the Civil War of 1862-65, in

the Pine Ridge (Dakota) Indian Campaign of 1894, and in the Cuban Campaign of 1898.

Surgeon-General Robert Maitland O'Reilly, who served throughout the Spanish-American War of 1898.

Brigadier-General James William Reilly, who served with great distinction on the staff of General Schofield during the Civil War.

SOUTH AMERICA

In Peru and Chili, O'Higgins has been a household name for rather more than a century. The first O'Higgins to visit those countries was Don Ambrosio, who was born at Dangan Castle, Co. Meath, about 1720. Intended for the Church, he was sent to a Jesuit in Cadiz, who was his uncle, to be trained, but finding the restraint imposed upon him unbearable he ran away and, after embarking on a Spanish merchant ship, eventually landed at Buenos Ayres. Setting out from thence on foot, he crossed the Pampas and Cordilleras, encountering innumerable adventures on the road, and finally reached Lima. There he set up as a hawker or pedlar. He was next employed in supervising the opening up of the route between Chili and Mendoza, after which he was made Captain of a Corps of Cavalry and sent to subdue some very troublesome Indians, whom he defeated, but treated so magnanimously that he gained the good-will of many other Indians, and won back by peaceful measures much of the territory Spain had lost. For this achievement he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General; a little later he was made Intendant of Conception, and then Major-General and Viceroy of Chili, when he considered it high time to affix an O to his name, forthwith styling himself

O'Higgins instead of Higgins. He founded the city of San Ambrosio de Ballenar, made an excellent road from Santiago to Valparaiso, and rebuilt Osorno. He was then created a Marquis and made Viceroy of Peru. The account of the great public reception awarded him at the theatre of Lima, on the occasion of his entry into that city as Viceroy, is narrated in a manuscript in the British Museum.

Nor did he forget, when at the zenith of his success, his less fortunate countrymen. He appointed Father Kellet of Summerhill, his almoner, and gave John Mackenna his first start in public life in Peru.

On the Declaration of War with England in 1797, he at once fortified Callao and Pisco, and did all he could to put the Peruvian Army and Navy in a state of preparation for action. At his death, his son, Don Bernardo, who had been educated in England, succeeded him as Marquis. On the outbreak of the Revolution in Peru, Don Bernardo sided with the Popular Party, and held the office of Supreme Director of the young Republic from 1818 to 1823, when, filled with disgust at the corrupt behaviour of his Ministers, he retired into private life. He died in 1846.

With the United States of America, this brief history of the Irish abroad ends. Other races have been equally cosmopolitan in their wanderings, but none have attained to such a universal eminence. In whatever country the Irish have settled, they have there risen to fame and glory, and have there exercised a controlling influence in times of peace no less than in times of war. Indeed, the Irish are not only the bravest and most capable soldiers in the world, but they are also the greatest financiers—in this respect greater even than the Jews.

INDEX

- ABBEY Theatre, The, 147
Abd-el-Kadir, 199
Abercromby, Sir Ralph, 375
Abercorn, The Regiment of, 194
Abisbal, Henry O'Donnell, Count of, 264, 282
Abyssinia, The Irish in, 334
Actors and Actresses of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries in England, Famous Irish, 132
Adams, Major John, 332
Adelaide, The Irish in, 327
Afghan War, The, 333
Africa, The Irish in, 333-37
Agincourt, Battle of, 57
Aidan, 163
Alabama, The Confederate Ship, 361
Albemarle, The Duke of, 196
—, The Regiment of, 196
Alcala, The Irish College at, 252
Aldern, Battle of, 170
Alfonso XIII, King, 284
Alford, Battle of, 170
Algiers, The Irish in, 199, 216
Alison, D.D., Francis, 365
Allen the Fenian, 48
— the United Irishman, 67
Allgood, Miss Sara, 149
Amalia, Queen, 264
Amberg, Battle of, 288
America, The Irish in, 338-84
Amherst's Expedition, 375
Ampudia, General, 353
Angus, 162
Anlaff and his Irish Northmen, 165
Antietam, Battle of, 356
Archdeacon, Joseph, 47
Archdeacon, M., 234
Archer, Father, 251
Arco, Battle of, 196
Ardilaun, Lord, 144
Ardskull, Battle of, 167
Argyll, Duke of, 170
Arleux, Lines of, 186, 197
Armstrong, F.R.S., John, 124
Arnaud, General St., 199
Arthur, President Chester A., 355
Artists of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries in England, Famous Irish, 132
Ashanti War, The, 334
Association de St. Patrice, L', 234
Athlone, The Regiment of, 197
Auburn, Battle of, 358
Aurora, The, 349
Austerlitz, Battle of, 288
Austin, The Right Rev. Peter, 337
Austria, The Irish in, 285
Australia, The Irish in, 310-27.
Avizard, General, 199
- BADESLADE, Thos., 124
Bagot, The Hon. Captain, 325
Baillie's Grenadiers, 170
Balfe, Michael William, 140
Ballarat, The Irish in, 316-17
Ballina, The Humbert Centenary at, 229
Ballinamuck, The Skirmish at, 213, 244
Ballingarry, The Skirmish at, 45
Baltimore, The Irish in, 339, 349
—, Lord, 339
Banim, John and Michael, 110, 235
Banshee, The, 164
Banner of Ulster, The, 75
Barbadoes, The selling of Irish Slaves in the, 29
Barbour, K.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., Sir David M., 336
Barind, 338
Barker, Mrs. Granville, 149
Barnes, Brigadier-General J., 360
Barnewall, Nicholas, First Viscount Kingsland, 302
Barrett, R.A., Geo., 138
Barrington, Geo., 312
Barry, F.R.S., Sir David, 124
—, R.A., Jas., 138
—, Commodore John, 373

- Barry, Ludowick, 62, 101
 ——, Sir Redmond, 318
 ——, M.I.J., Ronan, 337
 ——, Sheil, 149
 ——, Spranger, 134
 Barrymore, Ethel, 377
 Basuto War, The, 335
 Bazaine, Marshal, 246
 Beatty, C.B., Vice-Admiral, Sir David, 158
 Belfast, Australia, The Irish in, 318
 Bell, Sir Joshua Peter, 325
 Belgium, The Irish in, 294
 Bendigo, The Irish in, 317
Bending of the Bough, The, 146
 Beresford, Admiral Lord Chas., 158, 336
 ——, V.C., Lord William, 334
 ——, Viscount Beresford, William Carr, 117
 Bergeaud, General, 199
 Birmingham, Sir John, 168
 Bernadotte, General, 205
 Berthezene, General, 199
 Berwick, The Duke of, 178, 197
 ——, The Regiment of, 197, 348
 Besançon, The Siege of, 218
 Biarritz, 272
 Big Black River, Battle of, 360
 Bigger, F. J., 85
 Bignon, 208
 Bilsen, Battle of, 187
 Bingham in Ireland, 24
 Binns, the United Irishman, 67
 ——, Editor of *The Democratic Press*, Mr., 349
 Birkenhead Riots, The, 42
 Birmingham, Geo. A., 149, 152
 Bismarck, Prince, 247
 Blakeley, Capt. W., 351
 Blakeney, William, Lord, 116
 Boer War, The, 335
 Boisleau, General, 178
 Bolton, Hon. Henry, 319
 Bona, Capture of, 199
 Bonaparte, Joseph, 205
 ——, Lucien, 204
 Boone, Daniel, 344
 Bonville, Battle of, 358
 Bordeaux, Irish College at, 223
 Borghese, Princess, 205
 Borlace, Edmund, 23
 Boru, Brian, 166
 Boucicault, Dion, 112
 Bourgeois, Maurice, 145
 Bourke, General, 282
 ——, K.C.B., Sir Richard, 314
 ——, Richard MacWilliam, 6, 56, 159
 ——, The Regiment of, 197
 Boston, The Irish in, 341
 Bouchain, Battle of, 186, 197
 Bowes, Lord Chancellor, 32
 Bowles, William, 279
 Boy, Battle of, 181
 Boyd, Hugh, 108
 Boyle, Jeremiah, 360
 Boyne, Leonard, 149
 Braddock, General, 375-76
 Brady, Field-Marshal, 289
 ——, Dr. Nicholas, 104
 Brandywine, Battle of, 347
 Brannan, Brigadier-Gen. J. M., 361
 Brigade, The Irish, 30, 170, 176, 199, 200, 205, 211, 215-220, 223, 279, 297, 356
 Bristol, The Irish in, 5, 8, 26, 27, 34-38
 Bristow Station, The Battle of, 358
 Brogoforte, Battle of, 196
 Bromhead, V.C., Lieut., 333-34
 Brontës, The, 110
 Brooke, Henry, 107
 ——, The Rev. S., 84
 Brophy, Daniel, 317
 Brougham, John, 365
 Brouncker, Viscount Castlelyons, William, 122
 Brown, Admiral William, 373
 Browne, John Ross, 363
 ——, Colonel, 289
 Brownes in Austria, The, 286
 —— in Russia, The, 284
 Brownrigg, Gen. Sir Robert, 118
 Bruce in Ireland, Edward, 167
 ——, Robert, 167
 Brude, King of the Picts, 163
 Bruix, Minister of the Marine, M., 203
 Brunanburgh, Battle of, 165
 Bryan, Denis, 310
 ——, William Jennings, 355
 Buchanan, President James, 355
 Bull Run, Battle of, 356, 358

- Bullen, Mr. Justice, 67
 Bunker Hill, Battle of, 345
 Burke, Judge Aedanus, 368
 ——, Colonel Denis F., 358
 ——, John Doly, 368
 ——, Edmund, 126
 ——, Bishop Maurice Francis, 379
 ——, —— Thomas Martin Aloysius, 379
 ——, Robert O'Hara, 323
 ——, Thomas, 353
 Busy, Battle of, 216, 218, 219
 Butler, General Ben. F., 359
 ——, Q.C., Hon. Ed., 313
 ——, Edmund, 167
 ——, Colonel James, 180, 195
 ——, —— Pierce, 353
 ——, —— Richard, 176
 ——, James, 57
 ——, John, 359
 ——, Lady, 336
 ——, K.C.B., Lieut.-General Sir William F., 336
 ——, General W., 353
 —— the Backwoodsman, 344
 ——, Thomas, 57
 Butt, Nationalist, Mr., 81
 Byrne, Miles, 208-09
 Byron, C.M.G., Lieut.-Colonel John J., 336
- CADWALLADER, Gen., 242
 Caldwell, Hume, 288
 Calhoun, John Caldwell, 352, 355,
 ——, Patrick, 380 [[368
 Callaghan, Admiral Sir George Astley, 158
 Calvert, Sir George, 339
 Camden, Battle of, 348
 Campbell, D.D., Alexander, 366
 ——, fourth Earl of Argyll, Archibald, 169
 Cameron of Lochiel, 172
 Canada, The Irish in, 329-31
 Canrobert, Gen., 199
 Carbie, Riada, 162
 Carey, Matthew, 363
 Carleton, Sir Guy, 346, 374
 ——, Junior, William, 320
 Carnot, President, 200-3, 237
 Carr, J.P., Sir William St. John, 336
- Carroll, Father Anthony, 50
 ——, Charles, 348
 ——, Col. Francis, 194
 ——, Father John, 50
 ——, Col. W., 351
 Carte, Thomas, 23
 Carve, Thomas, 286
 Casey, Judge, 321
 ——, J. K., 326
 ——, Lieut.-Col. Silas, 359
 Castlecomer, Battle of, 209
 Castleknock, Capture of, 167
 Cassano, Battle of, 196
 Cathach of Columcille, The, 238
 Catherine, The Empress, 307
Cathleen, The Countess, 145
 Caulfield, Hon. Mrs., 302
 Cavanagh, Sir Morgan, 60
Celtic Warter Tales, 231
 Ceuta, 270
 Chaldini, Gen., 299
 Chancellorsville, Battle of, 357-58
 Chapultepec, Battle of, 355
 Charlemont, Family of, 302
 Charleroi, 195
 Charles I, 20, 32, 39, 341
 —— II, 29, 32
 —— III of Spain, 278
 —— VI, Emperor, 291
 —— Edward, Prince, 171
 Charpentier, Mlle, 310
 Chartists, The, 46, 52, 72
 Chartran, Theobald, 235
 Cherry, Andrew, 135
 "Chesapeake," U.S. Ship, 351
 Chester Castle Rising, 52
 Chickamauga, Battle of, 359
 Chili, 382
 Chillianwallah, Battle of, 333
 Chinchilla, 280
 Chippewa, Battle of, 350
 Chivasso, Battle of, 196
 Christina, Queen, 264, 266
 Churubusco, Battle of, 353
 Clancarty, Regiment of, 197
 Clan-na-gael, The, 47, 52, 80, 362
 Clanronald, 172
 Claretie, Leo, 229
 Clarke, Duc de Feltre, 200, 205, 284
 Clary, Brigadier-Gen. Robert Emmet, 358

- Clausel, Marshal, 199
 Cleary, Brigadier-General Peter Joseph, 381
 Cleburne, Gen. Patrick R., 359
 Clergymen of the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries in England, Famous Irish, 115
 Clinton, Col. Charles, 375
 —, Gen., 374
 Clive, Kitty, 132, 134
 Conlcurry, Lord, 210-12
 Clontarf, Battle of, 166
 Coal Harbour, Battle of, 358
 Coffee, Gen. John, 351
 Coimbra, Bishop of, 275
 —, Monastery of, 280
 Cole, Sir W., 24
 Collins, Col. D., 118
 Compostella, The Archbishop of St. James of, 257
 Conal of the Cinel Conaill, 162
 Conde, O'Moran, Governor of, 239
 Condorcet, Elisa, 208
 Confederates, The, 44
 Connaught Rangers, The, 335
 Connelly, Abbé, 234
 Connor, Battle of, 167
 —, J. H., 318
 —, Patrick, 316
 Conry, Father Florence, 256-57, 274, 301
 Constantine, King, 165
 Conway, Father, 251
 —, Count Thomas, 241
 Cooly, Admiral Philip, 120
 Corbet, Capt., 204
 Corbiedale, Battle of, 170
Cork Examiner, The, 75
 Corcoran, Michael, 356
 Corunna, Franciscan Church at, 277
 Cotter, Mr., 216-17
 Crawford, William Shannon, 75
 Creagh, Margaret, 239
 —, G.C.B., V.C., Gen. Sir G. O'Moore, 333
 Crémont, Count Margerin de, 232
 Crimean War, The, 216
 Croghan, Col. George, 375
 Croix, M. de la, 200
 Croker, Mrs. B. M., 154
 Croker, Richard, 381
 —, J. W., 112
 —, Thomas C., 111
 Croly, Rev. George, 111
 Cromwell, Henry, 27
 —, Oliver, 24, 36
 Crozier, R.N., Capt. F. R., 121
 Cuba, 267
 Cuildrevne, Battle of, 164
 Curran, J. P., 113
 Curtain, John, 320
 —, Patrick, 316
 DALY, John, 229
 —, Sir Dominick, 327
 Dalley, P.C., The Right Hon. Bede, 313
 Danby, A.R.A., Francis, 139
 D'Aquila, Don Juan, 256-7
 D'Arcy, V.C., Capt. C., 335
Dark Rosaleen, 281
 D'Arnaville, Emile, 229
Daughters of Erin, The, 230
 Daverin, The Hon. John, 337
 Davis, Thomas, 44
 Davitt, Michael, 82, 227
 De Betagh, Chevalier, 187
 De Browne, Count George, 307
 De Bulkeley, Count François, 182, 184
 De Burgh, Lady Honora, 240
 —— defeated at Battle of Connor, 167
 De Catinat, Marshal, 180
 Declaration of Independence, The, 347
 De Feltre, Duc, 200, 205, 284
 D'Eguilly, Marquis, 242
Deirdre, 147
 Delamar, Father Joseph, 253
 Delane, Dennis, 133
Deliverance of Red Hugh, The, 230
 De Maupas, John, 168
 De Meave, Col., 188
Democratic Press, The, 349
 Denain, Battle of, 197
 Denham, Sir John, 62, 101
 Deniehy, Daniel H., 320
 Denmark, The Irish in, 294
 De Nottingham, Robert, 167
 Denvir, John, 40
 Desmichels, General, 199

Desmond, Maurice, Earl of, 56
 Dettingen, Battle of, 182, 187, 195
 De Vere, Sir Aubrey, 113
 Devlin, Joseph, 82
 Devorgilla, 5
 Dieskau, Baron, 375
 Dillons, The, 198
 Dillon, Col., The Hon. Arthur,
 30, 176, 177, 188
 —, Col. Arthur, 190, 191, 235
 —, Col. Charles, 188
 —, Col. Edward, 189
 —, Col. Lord Henry, 189
 —, Col. James, 189
 —, Sir James, 60
 —, M.P., John, 82
 —, R.N., Peter, 121
 —, The Regiment of, 183, 188,
 348
 —, Theobald, Viscount, 188
 Directory, The, 200-1
 Dodwell, Henry, 104
 Donaghy, Michael, 317
 Don Carlos, 264
 Dongan, Col. Thomas, 342, 369
 Donnell Oge, 166
 Donnelly, Eleanor Cecilia, 378
 Donohue, Peter, 354
 Donovan, Alfred D., 337
 Dopping, Bishop, 32
 Dorchester, Baron, 374
 Douai, Battle of, 186, 197
 —, Irish College at, 223
 Doutelle, La, 171
 Downie, Capt. George, 351
 Doyle, Sir A. Conan, 155
 —, James Warren, 280
 —, John, 139
 Drummond, Gen., 172
 —, Rev. W. H., 85
 Dry, Sir Richard, 328
 Duane, Mr., 349
Dublin Penny Journal, The, 281
 Dublin, The Regiment of, 197
 Duboc, E., 229
 Dufferin, Lord, 144
 Duffet, Thomas, 102
 Duffy, K.C.M.G., Sir Charles
 Gavan, 44, 75, 84, 319, 321
 —, Richard, 378
 —, Hon. John Gavan, 323
 Dumouriez, Gen., 190

Dunlap, John, 363
 Dunn, Thomas, 316
 Dunne, D.D., Very Rev. Patrick,
 321, 324
 Dunstan, 35
 D'Usson, Gen., 178
 Dyer, Michael, 311

EARLY, Gen., 361
 East Anglia, The Irish in, 94
 “Eblana,” 313
 Edgeworth, Abbé Henry Essex,
 244
 Edgeworth, Maria, 111
 —, Richard, 244
 Edward VI, 9
 Egan, Patrick, 82, 361
 Elizabeth, Queen, 9
 Emmet, Robert, 209-12, 349
 —, Judge Thomas Addis, 207
 —, Thomas Addis, 209-12
 “Erin-go-Bragh,” The Emigrant
 Ship, 324
 Escobra, 265
 Espartero, 267-9
 Essex, Earl of, 24
 Eugénie, Empress, 235
 Eureka, Irish in, 316
 Evans, Sir George de Lacy, 118,
 266

FAIR Oaks, Battle of, 356
 Falkirk, Battle of, 173
 Farley, R. P., 85
 Farmville, Battle of, 376
 Farnham, 318
 Farquhar, George, 103
 Farren, Elizabeth, 132, 135
 Faughart, Battle of, 168
 Fay, Frank, 146
 —, William G., 146, 149
 Feis Ceoil, The, 88
 Fenians, The, 47, 48, 52, 80, 371
 Felton, William H., 125
 Ferdinand VII, 264, 282
 Fergus, 162
 Fermoy, The Regiment of, 348
 Fiacres, 220
 Field, John, 310
 —, Leonoff, 310
 Fielding, Col. Robert, 176
 Finnimore, John, 320

Finnigan, John Joseph, 52
 Fitzgeralds in Austria, The, 286
 Fitzgerald, Bishop, 380
 —, Lady Bridget, 302
 —, Lord Edward, 66, 200, 208, 212
 —, Gerald, 6, 276
 —, Hon. J. E., 328
 —, Brigadier James, 187
 —, James, 273, 275
 —, Prof. John Driscoll, 378
 —, John Joseph, 381
 —, Judge, 380
 —, Maurice, 6, 56, 57, 159
 —, Gen. Minarelli, 286
 —, Hon. Nicholas, 319
 — ("Silken Thomas"), Thomas, 8, 57
 —, Sir Thomas, 171
 Fitzgibbon, Edmond Gerald, 319
 Fitzjames, Lord Henry, 196
 —, The Regiment of, 196
 Fitzmaurice, Bishop, 379
 —, V.C., Sergt., 334
 Fitzpatrick, Sir James Percy, 337
 —, V.C., Private, 335
 Flags of the Irish Brigade, 215
 Flanagan, Roderick, 320
 Flawn, V.C., Private, 335
 Flecknoe, Richard, 101
 Fleming, Patrick, 293
 Flood, John, 47
 —, Dr. H. H. Grattan, 87
 Flower, R. E. W., 85
 Flynn, Denis T., 381
 Fogarty, Thomas, 320
 Fontenoy, Battle of, 183, 187, 189, 195, 215
 Forbes, Sir George, 244
 Forest of Dean, 95
 Four Masters, The, 256-7, 371
 Fox, Mrs. Annie, 335
 —, Mrs. Milligan, 86
 France, Patrice, 229
 Francis Joseph, The Emperor, 290
 —, Sir Philip, 108
 Franck, César, 247
 Franco-German War, The, 216, 224, 245-6, 248
 Franco-Irish Press Committee, The, 234
 Franklin, Battle of, 359

Frederick the Great, 292, 308
 Fredericksburg, Battle of, 356, 358, 361
 Freiburg, Battle of, 197
 French, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., Field-Marshal Sir John Denton Pinkstone, 158
 —, Nicholas, 295
 Frontenac, Siege of, 375
 Froude the Historian, 10, 17, 23, 304
 GAELIC Athletic Association, The, — League, The, 88 [88]
 — Repertory Theatre, The, 149
 Gaines Mill Creek, Battle of, 356
 Gales, Ed. S., 349
 Ganes, The, 342
 Galway, Regiment of, 197
 Gannocke, Siege of, 159
 Garibaldi, 298-99
 Garrick, David, 132
 Geary, General, 361
 Geelong, Irish in, 317
General John Regan, 149, 152
 Geraldine, Sir Thos., 172
 Germany, The Irish in, 292
 Gettysburg, Battle of, 357-58, 360-61
 Ghéria, Battle of, 332
 Giauque, Jean F., 204
 Gilford, Battle of, 348
 Gillespie, Major-Gen. Sir Robert Rollo, 118
 Ginkel, General, 176, 179, 240
 Gipps, Sir George, 318
 Gipps Land, 318
 Glastonbury Abbey, 3, 35
 Glenfinnan, 172
 Glover, Julia, 135
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 106
 Gonne, Madame Maud, 144, 147, 226-234
 —, Seaghan, 232
 Gordon, Lord George, 41, 62, 65
 Goresbridge, Capture of, 209
 Gorey, Capture of, 208
 Gorman, General W., 360
 Gough, G.C.B., Viscount, 118, 332
 —, V.C., Gen. Sir Hugh, 333
 —, V.C., Brigadier-General J. E., 336

- Grant, Captain, 314
 Grattan, Henry, 66
 Gray, Sir John, 75
 Graves, A. P., 85, 86, 87
 Greeley, Horace, 359, 361
 Green, Mrs. J. R., 85
 Greene, Harry Plunket, 150
 Greer, Mr., 75
 Gregory, Lady, 152
 Grenada, Capture of, 190
 Grey, Sir George, 328
 Grierson, Mrs. Constantia, 293
 —, Hugh, 293
 Griffin, Major-General Chas., 360
 Griffith, Arthur, 228
 Gunning, Elizabeth, 141
 —, Maria, 141
 Gwyn, Mad. Eleanor, 102
 Gwynn, M.P., Stephen, 153
- HALIDON Hill, Battle of, 56
 Hall, Mr. and Mrs. S. C., 111
 Halpine, Chas. G., 363
 Hamilton, E. T. E., 337
 —, V.C., Lieut. W. R. P., 333
 —, Lieut., 204
 Hand, Col. Ed., 345–46, 375
 Hannay, Rev. J. O., 149, 152
 Hanrahan, Michael, 316
 Harnsworth, Lord Northcliffe,
 Alfred, 153
 Harolds, The Bavarian Count, 284
 Harrington, Mr., 228
 —, Sir John, 14
 Hatcher's Run, Battle of, 360
 Haviland, General W., 117
 Hayes, Dean, 321
 —, Edmund, 320
 —, Sir Henry, 312
 Hazlitt, William, 108
 Healy, Tim, 82
 Hearn, Dr. W. E., 320–21
Heather Field and Maeve, The,
 145–46
 Hely - Hutchinson, Earl of
 Donoughmore, Richard, 127
 —, G.C.M.G., His Excellency
 Sir Walter, 337
 Hendricks, T. A., 355
 Henry II, 6
 —, VII, 6
 —, VIII, 7
- Henry, F.R.S., Thos., 123
 Higgins, Matthew, J., 113
 Higinbotham, Mr. Justice, 320
History of the War in the Peninsula,
 Napier's, 282
 Hoche, General, 66, 202
 Höchstädt, Battle of, 182, 195
 Holmes, Augusta Patricia, 247
 Holt, Joseph, 311
 Home Rule, 81
 Hone, Horace, 139
 Hone, R.A., Nathaniel, 139
 Horse Guards, Corps of the, 193
 Hull, Miss Eleanor, 85, 86
 Humbert, General, 213–14, 229
 Hyde, Douglas, 153
- INDEPENDENCE, The Great War
 of, 344
- India, The Irish in, 332–33
Intelligence, The, 349
In the Seven Woods, 150
In the Shadow of the Glen, 151
 Inverlochy, Battle of, 170
 Ireland, Q.C., Hon. R. D., 320
 I.R.B., The, 47, 80, 371
 Irish Brigade, The, 30, 170, 176,
 199, 200, 205, 211, 215–220,
 223, 279, 297, 356
 — Club, The, 89
 — College in Paris, The, 222–
 224, 239
 — Folk Song Society, The, 85
 — Industries Association, The,
 — Legion, The, 205 [88]
 — Literary Society, The, 84
 — — — Theatre, The, 144
Irishman, The, 281
 Irish National Dramatic Com-
 pany, The, 147
Irish Penny Journal, The, 282
 — Texts Society, The, 85
 — Tribune, The, 364
 Irvine, Dr. W., 347
 Irving, Baptiste, 349
 —, Col. William, 345
 Isabella, Queen, 264, 269–70
 Isby, River, 199
 Iselin, Adrian, 341
 Italy, The Irish in, 296
 Ivrea, Battle of, 196
 Ivry, The Irish College at, 223

- JACKSON, President Andrew, 352,
354-55
—, Brigadier-Gen. Thos. J., 358
Jamaica, The Slave Trade in, 27
James I, 18, 302, 339, 341
— II, 30, 222, 260, 342
Jennings, Sir Patrick, 314
Jonesboro', Battle of, 359
Johnson, Bart., G.C.B., Gen. Sir H., 117
—, —, Sir W., 375
Johnstone, John H., 136
Jordan, Dorothea, 136
Joyce, Dr. P. W., 87, 153
- KABUL, 333
Kam Dakka, 333
Kane, Brigadier-Gen. Richard, 116
Kandahar, 333
Kathleen Ni Houlihan, 146
Kavanaghs in Austria, The, 283
Kavanagh, Julia, 225
Keane, Charles John, 136
—, Edmund, 136
—, Michael, 139
Keane, Lord John, 117, 332
Kearney, General, 360
—, General Stephen, 353
—, William H., 140
Kearns, William H., 141
Kearsarge, U.S. Ship, 361
Keary, Annie, 111
Keenan, Major P., 360
Kehl, Battle of, 167
Kelle, Father, 383
Kells, Battle of, 167
Kelly, Colonel B. F., 358
—, The Most Rev. Denis, 224
—, Joseph, 318
—, Malachy, 222
—, Mary, 348
—, Colonel Patrick, 357
Kempten, Battle of, 182
Kenneth, King, 165
Kenton, Simon, 344, 368
Kentucky, The Irish in, 352
Keogh, William, 76
Kernahan, Coulson, 153
Kildare, The Great Earl of, 6
—, Lady, 302
—, Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of, 8
- Killala Bay, 229
Killenaule, 45
Killowen, Lord Russell of, 122
Kilmaine, General, 203, 243
Kilsyth, Battle of, 170
King, the Australian Explorer, 323
—, Hon. H. E., 325
— and Queen's Regiment of Horse, 194
King's Langley, Riot at, 93
— Regiment of Dismounted Dragoons, 194
— Royal Regiment of Foot Guards, 195
Kingston, Lord, 244
—, Sir Geo., 325
Kinsale, Battle of, 14, 256
Kirwan, Captain M. W., 216
—, Patrick, 85
Kitchener of Khartoum, K.P., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., Right Hon. Horatio Herbert, Viscount, 158
Kitmore, The Irish in, 318
Knowles, James Sheridan, 113
Kyneton, The Irish in, 318
- La Chanson de la Caravana*, 248
Lacy, Count Peter, 309
—, General, 282, 284
—, Governor of Riga, 284
Lacys in Austria, The, 286
— in Russia, The, 283
Ladies of Llangollen, The, 143
Laffeldt, Battle of, 187, 189
La Iglesia de los Irlandeses, 252
Lally, Governor of Pondicherry, 284
Lalor, Peter, 316
Lambert, Henri, 247
Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tirconnell, 258, 281
La Montagne Noir, 248
Landen, Battle of, 195, 240
Land League, The, 227
Lanigan, 338
Larkin the Fenian, 48
Last of the Fianna, The, 146
Laudons, The, 286
Law, H. A., 85
Lawler, Brigadier-General, 360

Lawless in Spain, 284
 —, William, 212
 Lawrence, Brigadier-General Sir Henry Montgomery, 118, 332
 —, Captain, 351
 Lawyers, Famous Irish, 115
 Lavery, A.R.A., John, 157
Laying of the Foundations, The, 147
 Leary, Dr. Timothy, 381
 Leclerc, Madame, 205
 Lee, Col. Andrew, 181, 184
 — of Baltimore, Mr., 341
 —, Lady Charlotte, 189
 —, Father John, 222
 —, General, 361, 377
 Leinster Association, The, 89
 — Stage Society, The, 149
 Lenehan Mr., 240
Les Argonautes, 248
 Letter of Philip III, 250
 Lewis, Col. Andrew, 375
L'Heureuse, The French Ship, 174
 Lia Fail, The, 163
 Lille, The Irish College at, 223
 Lima, Magalhaes, 229
 Limavaddy, 17
 Limerick, Siege of, 179, 240
 Lincoln, John of, 57
L'Irlande Libre, 229, 231
 Lisbon, The Irish College at, 251
 Liverpool, The Irish in, 38–50
 Logue, Cardinal, 224
 Lombards, Collège des, 223
 London, The Irish in, 55–89
 Lorn, 162
Lorrequer, Harry, 300
 Louvain, Irish College at, 274, 293, 305
 Lover, Samuel, 112
 Lucan, Regiment of, 194
 Lucas, Frederick, 75, 79
 Lucius, King, 55
 Luttrell, Col. The Hon. Simon, 195, 239
 —, Regiment of, 194
 Luxembourg, Marshal, 182, 240
 Luzzara, Battle of, 196
 Lynch, D.D., John, 221
 —, Thos., 348
 Lyon, General, 359
 —, Matthew, 369

MACARDELL, Jas., 138
Macartney, Earl Macartney, Sir Geo., 126
 MacBride, General, 358
 MacCaghwell, Archbishop, 293
 MacCarthy, Sir Chas., 236
 —, Abbé Nicholas, 245
 MacCormack, John, 150
 MacCormac, Padraig, 153
 Macdonald, Flora, 174
 Macdonagh, Michael, 154
 MacDonnell, Francis, 288
 —, Jas., 169
 MacDonough, Thos., 351
 MacFlynn, Flavin, 35
 MacGregor de Glenstroe, Le Comte et la Comtesse, 233
 Macken, Dr., 216
 Mackenna, John, 383
 Macklin, Chas., 132–33
 Maclean, Catherine, 169
 Maclise, R.A., Daniel, 139
 MacMahon, Sir Chas., 319
 —, John B., 242
 —, Duc de Magenta, Marshal Marie Edmé Patrice Maurice de, 199–200, 245
 —, Trial of, 59–60
 MacManus, Seumas, 153
 —, Terence Bellew, 41, 44, 71, 326
 Macmurrough, Diarmaid, 5
 Macnamara, M.P., Right Hon. Thos., 153
 MacNevin, Baron, 291
 —, Dr. W. J., 291
 Macrossan, Hon. John Murtagh, 325
 MacSheehy, General, 211
 MacSparran, M.A., Rev. Jas., 364
 Madden, Dr., 69, 320, 326
 —, John, 319
 —, Hon. Walter, 319
 Madgett, M., 200
 Madrid, Irish College at, 251
 Maelmordha, King of Leinster, 166
 Magee, Archbishop of York, William Connor, 122
 Magennis, Catherine, 305
 Maginn, Patrick, 222
 Maginniss, Sir Con, 23

- Maguire and Tirconnell, 301
 —, Connor, 59
 —, John Francis, 75
 —, Lord, 23
 —, William, 113
 Makemie, Francis, 366
 Maldulf, 166
 M'Alevey of the Irish Brigade,
 Mr., 216
 Malplaquet, Battle of, 186
 Manchester, Irish in, 51-54
 Mangan, Jas. Clarence, 258, 281
 Mar, Earl of, 170
 Marengo, Battle of, 289
 Maria Louisa, The Empress, 290
 — Theresa, The Empress, 285,
 289
 Marine, Infantry Regiment of the,
 196
 Marlborough, Duke of, 186
 Marston Moor, Battle of, 59
 Martin, Sir James, 314
 —, John, 326
 —, Mary Laetitia Bell, 364
 —, Violet, 153
 Martyn, Edward, 144
Maryborough, The Emigrant Ship,
 324
 Maunsell, K.C.B., Gen. Sir F. R.,
 158
 Maxwell, Col. Hugh, 376
 Mayan, M.A., Hugh, 337
 M'Bride of Kentucky, 344
 M'Cabe, William Putnam, 213
 M'Carthy, Mrs. Frank, 365
 McCarthy, Chas., 379
 —, Denis Aloysius, 379
 —, Justin, 23, 27, 32, 78, 155
 —, Lord Viscount Mountcashel,
 Lieut.-Gen. Justin, 176
 —, Lillah, 149
 —, Marion, 150
 —, Patrick H., 354
 McClary, Major, 345
 McClintock, K.C.B., R.N., Capt.
 Sir F. L., 121
 McClure, K.C.B., R.N., Rear-
 Admiral Sir R. J. Le Mesurier,
 121
 —, Sam S., 379
 McCormick, Cyrus Hall, 367
 —, Langdon, 377
 McCormick, Robert Hall, 379
 —, Robert L., 379
 McCoy, Professor, 320
 McCulloch, General, 358
 McCutchen, E. J., 354
 McDermott, Abbé, 223
 McDonnell, General, 204
 M'Donnell, Sir Richard, 327
 McGee, Dr. John B., 380
 —, Thos. D'Arcy, 370
 McGinness, Brigadier-Gen. John
 R., 381
 McGolrick, Bishop, 380
 McGuire, Dr. Stuart, 380
 McHenry, Jas., 346
 McKean, Thos., 348
 McMahons in the United States,
 The, 284
 M'Neill, Major John, 351
 —, General John, 360
 McSherry, The Most Rev. Dr., 224
 Meade, General, 361
 —, L. T., 155
 Meagher, Thos., 45-46, 326, 357-59
 Meaux, 220-21
 Meehan, Rev. C. P., 256, 260, 304
 Melbourne, The Irish in, 314-19
 Meredyth, Sir Joshua, 235
 Mernoc, 338
 Merrin, Battle of, 184
 Mexican War, The, 252
 M'Grady, Hugh, 344
 Midlands, The Irish in the, 90
 Milligan, Miss Alice, 87, 146
 —, Col. Jas. A., 355
 Mirasol, 265
 Mission Ridge, Battle of, 359
 Mitchel, John, 326, 371
 Mitchell, Captain, 314
 M'Kinley, President William, 355
 M'Knight, Dr., 75
 M'Leod, Laird of, 172
 Moira, Lord, 244
 Molesworth, Mr. Justice, 320
 Molino del Rey, Battle of, 355
 Molloy, Chas., 104
 —, Chas., 107
 Moloney, Patrick, 320
 Monmouth, Duke of, 240
 Montaigne, College of, 222
 Montbéliard, Battle of, 216, 219
 Mont-Chevis, Battle of, 218

- Montemar, 278
 Montgomery, General R., 345, 374
 Montrose, Duke of, 59
 Moor, D.D., Michael, 222
 Moore, Frank F., 152
 ——, George, 144, 152
 ——, General James, 346
 ——, Maj., 345
 ——, Thomas, 109
 More, Roger, 23–24
 Morgan, Lady, 12, 112, 224, 235
 Morley, the harp maker, Mr., 86
 Morocco, Emperor of, 199, 216
 ——, War in, 270–72
 Mountcashel, The Regiment of, 179, 183, 197, 238
 Mountjoy, 20
 Mountrath, Coote, Earl of, 29
 Moylan, Brigadier-Gen. Stephen, 345, 376
 Mulready, R.A., William, 140
 Murat, General, 282
 Murfreesboro', Battle of, 359
 Murphy, Arthur, 107
 ——, Arthur P., 381
 ——, Daniel D., 380
 ——, Dr., 41, 71
 ——, Father, 327
 ——, Sir Francis, 315
 ——, Frank M., 379
 ——, Hermann D., 378
 ——, Rev. John, 208
 ——, Patrick, 282
 Murray, John, 366
 Musicians, Famous Irish, 132
 Muspratt, Jas. S., 125
- NAGO, Battle of, 196
 Nantwich, Battle of, 58
 Napier of Magdala, Lord, 119
 ——, Sir Robert, 334
 ——, K.C.B., Gen. Sir William Francis Patrick, 119
 Napoleon I, Emperor, 206, 210–211, 237
 Narvaez, 267–69
 Naseby, Battle of, 59, 170
Nation, The, 44, 75, 281, 313
 Navarre, Irish College of, 222
 Nesbitt, Cathleen, 149
 Newfoundland, 331–32
 New Ross, Battle of, 208
- New South Wales, The Irish in, 311
 New York City, The Irish in, 342
New York Tribune, The, 361
 New Zealand, The Irish in, 328–29
 Niall of the Nine Hostages, 1, 159, 162, 237, 260, 342
 Nilsson, Madame, 247
 Norris, Admiral Sir John, 120
 North Anna River, Battle of, 358
 Northcliffe, Lord, 153
Northern Star, The, 46
 Nugents in Austria, The, 283, 286
 Nugent, Lavall, 289
- O'BRIEN, Barry, 84
 ——, Cavalry Regiment of, 194
 ——, Col. Chas., 185, 187, 237
 ——, Col. Daniel, 30, 176, 184
 ——, Father, 172
 —— the Fenian, 48
 ——, K.C.M.G., Sir George Thomas Michael, 131
 ——, Col. J., 361
 ——, K.C.M.G., Sir John Terence Nicholls, 332
 ——, Lord, 144
 ——, Lucius Richard, 331
 ——, M.D., Sister M. Raphael, 381
 ——, Miles M., 379
 ——, Murrough, 182, 185
 ——, Father Peter, 50
 ——, The Regiment of, 182–84, 197, 238
 ——, Richard Barry, 153
 ——, Smith, 45
 ——, William, 144
 O'Briens in Austria, The, 286
 —— in Russia, The, 306
 O'Brine, Dr. David, 380
 O'Byrne, Brian, 276
 O'CAHAN, Bishop of Derry, 15
 —— in the Owen Roe O'Neill Expedition, 276
 O'CALLAGHAN, Edmund Bailey, 364
 O'CARROLLS, The, 342
 O'COIGLEY, The Rev. James, 66
 O'CONNELL, Daniel, 44, 71, 213
 ——, Count Daniel, 236–37
 ——, Brigadier-General John Joseph, 381
 ——, Cardinal, 380
 O'CONNELLS in Austria, The, 286

O'Connor, Arthur, 65, 208
 ——, Daniel, 312
 ——, Feargus, 41, 45, 46, 52, 71
 ——, Felim, 6, 56, 159
 ——, J. A., 140
 ——, K.C.B., V.C., Major-General Sir Luke, 158
 —— of Offaly, 9
 ——, Patrick, 311
 ——, Right Rev. Dr., 320
 ——, Roderick, 6
 ——, M.P., T. P., 154
 O'Conor, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., The Right Hon. Sir Nicholas Roderick, 131
 O'Cuisin, Seumas, 147
 O'Daly, Dominic de Rosario, 275
 ——, General, 282
 O'Dalys in Portugal, The, 284
 O'Delany, Miss Barry, 215, 220, 226, 229, 232, 233, 248
Ode Triomphale, 248
 O'Dogherty, Sir Cahir, 16, 276
 ——, Owen, 276
 ——, Rose, 276
 O'Doherty, Eileen, 149
 ——, Kevin Izod, 326, 364
 ——, Right Rev. Dr., 250, 253
 O'Donel, Bart., Sir George, 238
 ——, ——, Sir Neale, 238
 ——, ——, Sir Richard, 238
 O'Donlevy, Father, 257
O'Donnell Abu, 258–59, 344
 O'Donnell, Bryan, 155
 ——, Calvagh, 10, 11, 169, 274
 ——, K.C.B., Gen. Sir Charles Routledge, 119, 341
 ——, Gen. Charles, 262, 282
 ——, Charles, 265
 ——, Charles J., 154
 ——, Charles Oliver, 341
 ——, Columbus, 340–41
 ——, Junr., Columbus, 340–41
 ——, Con Oge, 262
 ——, Captain Daniel, 239
 ——, Count Daniel, 196, 237–39
 ——, Dohmnaill Oge, 168
 ——, Donnell More, 166
 ——, Eleanora, 341
 ——, Elliot, 340
 ——, Frank Hugh, 82, 85, 145, 154
 ——, Godfrey, 168

O'Donnell, Count of Abisbal, Henry, 262
 ——, Henry, 266
 ——, Hugh Baldearg, 260–62
 ——, —— Boy, 16, 262
 ——, ——, Hugh Duv, 168
 ——, Count of Tirconnell, Hugh, 262, 302
 ——, James Louis, 331
 ——, John, 340
 ——, Junr., John, 340
 —— of the Irish Brigade, John, 239
 —— in Spain, John, 265
 ——, Don José, 282
 ——, Josephine, 341
 ——, Duke of Tetuan, Leopold, 265–272
 ——, Manus, 16, 169
 ——, Mary Eleanor, 379
 ——, Lady Mary Stuart, 302
 —— (Tetuan Branch), Mrs., 264
 ——, Nachtan, 16
 ——, Sir Niall Garv, 15, 238
 ——, Petronella, 154
 ——, Red Hugh, 13, 169, 255–260
 ——, The Regiment of, 182, 197
 ——, Earl of Tirconnell, Rory, 15, 256, 300–1
 ——, Thos. Jefferson, 380
 O'Donnells in Austria, The, 286
 —— in Baltimore, The, 339
 ——, Genealogy of the, 260
 ——, The Larkfield, 238
 —— in Spain, The, 255–272
 ——, ——, Genealogy of the, 263
 ——, The Tetuan, 238
 O'Donoghue, D. J., 154
 ——, Patrick, 326
 —— the "Young Irisher," 45
 O'Donovan, Davis, 325
 ——, William Rudolf, 378
 O'Donovan's *Four Masters*, 371
 O'Doyle, General, 282
 O'Driscoll, The Very Rev. Dean,
 O'Duffy, James, 378 [320]
 O'Durjer of Belgrade, Com., 284
 O'Farrel, General, 282
 O'Flaherty, Edmund, 76
 Officers of the Irish Brigade, 236
 O'Gallagher, Husband of Lady Mary Stuart O'Donnell, 303

- O'Gara in Spain, 284
 O'Grady, Hon. Michael, 319
 —, Standish, 154
 O'Halloran, Major, 325
 O'Higgins, Don Ambrosio, 382
 —, — Bernardo, 383
 O'Keefe, John, 135
 O'Leary the United Irishman, 67
 —, D.D., Arthur, 122
 —, John, 144
 O'Loughlen, Bart., Hon. Sir Bryan, 319
 O'Mahony, John, 47, 362, 370
O'Malley, Charles, 300
 O'Malley, Ellen, 149
 O'Meara, Dr. Barry, 124
 —, Thomas P., 337
 O'Moran, General Jas., 239
O'More, Rory, 240
 O'Neill, Alice, 306
 —, Lady Avelina, 260
 —, Bernard, 305
 —, Brian, 276
 —, Captain, 172
 —, Con, 276
 —, —, 305
 —, — Bacagh, 8, 22
 —, Don Eugenio, 276
 —, General, 361
 —, Henry, 276
 —, —, 305
 —, Earl of Tyrone, Hugh, 13, 256, 260, 301-2
 —, John, 305
 —, Miss, 135
 —, Maire, 149
 —, Moira, 153
 —, Owen Roe, 24, 58-9, 276
 —, Sir Phelim, 22, 24, 58-9
 —, Shane, 10, 240, 274
 —, Turlough, 23
On the King's Threshold, 150
 Ord, General, 360-61
 O'Reilly, Count Alexander, 279
 —, — Andrew, 288
 —, Father, 172
 —, John Boyle, 326
 —, Miles, 364
 —, Surgeon-Gen. Robert M., 382
 —, Stanley, 282
O'Reillys in Spain, The, 284
 O'Riordan, Conal, 85
 Orleans, Duke of, 199
 Ormonde, 8, 57, 58
 —, First Duke of, 195
 O'Rorke, Sir G. Maurice, 328
 —, Colonel P. H., 360
 —, Tiernan, 5
 O'Rourke, Chief of Brefni, 12
 —, Count, 307-9
 Orpen, A.R.A., William, 157
 O'Shanassy, Sir John, 315
 O'Shaugnessy, Edward, 312
 O'Sullivan Beare, The, 16
 —, — Philip, 277
 —, Sir John, 177
 O'Sullivans of Belfast, The, 343
 O'Toole, V.C., Sergeant, 334
 Oudenarde, Battle of, 186
 Ouseley, Bart., F.R.S., Sir Gore, 130
 —, —, Sir W. Gore, 131
 —, —, Sir William, 131
- PAINÉ, Thos.**, 243
 Pakenham, Sir E. M., 119
 Palmer, Sir Arthur, 325
 Parnell, Charles Stewart, 81, 83,
 —, Thos., 105 [228]
 Patriots, Famous Irish, 115
 Pelissier, General, 199-200
 Penal Laws, 30
 Perigord, Talleyrand, 203-4, 206,
 210
 —, Count Edmond de, 207
 Perkins, Hon. Patrick, 325
 Perryville, Battle of, 359
 Perth, Capture of, 170
 Peru, Irish in, 382-83
 Petersburg, Battle of, 358-59, 361
 Petty, Sir William, 27
 Philip III, 250, 257-58, 260
 Philiphaugh, Battle of, 170
 Philippi, 358
 Philipsburg, Taking of, 187
 Phoenix Park Murders, 83
 Pichegru, General, 243
 Pierce, President Franklin, 355
 Plunkett, Q.C., The Hon. John
 Herbert, 313
 —, Sir Horace, 85
 Po River, Battle of the, 358
 Poe, Edgar Allan, 361

- Political Prisoners' Amnesty Association, 228
- Polk, President J. K., 354
- Pollocks, The, 342
- Pondicherry, 242
- Ponsonby, Miss Sarah, 143
- Pontarlier, 218
- Pope's Brass Band, The, 74
- Pope Pius IV, 298
- Porter, Admiral, 360
- _____, Judge Alexander J., 372
- Portugal, Irish College of the Dominican Order in, 275
- Pot of Broth, A.*, 147, 150
- Pottinger, Major E., 119
- Power, Tyrone, 137
- Prague, Siege of, 293
- Pratz-de-Mollo, Battle of, 181
- Prendergast, John, 23, 27
- Press, The*, 66
- Preston, The Riot at, 93
- Prestonpans, Battle of, 173
- Pretender, The Young, 41, 62
- Provinces, The Irish in the, 90-97
- Prynce, William, 62
- Purcell, Regiment of, 194
- QUAIN, M.D., Jones, 125
- Quebec, Siege of, 346
- Queensland, The Irish in, 327
- Queen's Regiment of Guards, The, 239
- _____, Infantry, The, 195
- Quesada, 265
- Quesnoy, Battle of, 186, 197
- Quin, Sir E. R. W., 125
- _____, James, 132-33
- Quinn, Bishop, 325
- Racing Lug, The*, 147
- Rastadt, Peace of, 197
- Rawdon, Earl of Moira, Francis,
- Read, George, 348 [120]
- Rebillard, General, 217-18
- Red Hugh O'Donnell, 13, 169, 255-260, 274
- Redmond, M.P., John, 82
- Rehan, Ada, 377
- Reilly, Brigadier-General Jas. William, 382
- _____, Leigh, 379
- Repealers, The, 370
- Riall, General, 351
- Riario, Sforza, Duchess of, 290
- Ribbonism, 44, 51
- Richey the Historian, 305
- Richepin, Jean, 229
- Riders to the Sea*, 147, 151
- Riddell, Mrs. J. H., 155
- Ringgold Gap, Defence of, 359
- Ripley, General, 350
- Roberts, V.C., Field-Marshal Earl, 332-33
- _____, Lieut. the Hon. F. H. S., 336
- Robins, Miss G. L., 149
- Robinson, Chief Justice, 32
- _____, Sir Hercules, 314
- _____, Sir William, 327
- Rolleston, T. W., 85
- Rolt-Wheeler, Miss Ethel, 85
- Rooney, John J., 379
- _____, Letter of John, 283
- Rorke's Drift, The Irish at, 333
- Ross, Geo. Walter, 337
- _____, Martin, 153
- Rovigo, Duke of, 199
- Rowley, Bart., Admiral Sir Josias, 121
- Royal Dublin Fusiliers, The, 333
- _____, Irish Regiment, The, 194, 333
- _____, Munster Fusiliers, The, 332
- Rupert, Prince, 58-9
- Russell ("A.E."), Geo. W., 152
- _____, LL.D., Sir William Howard, 155
- Russia, The Irish in, 306-10
- Ryan, Fred, 147
- SADLEIR, James, 76
- _____, John, 76
- Sailors, Famous Irish, 115
- St. Adamnan, 2
- St. Aidan, 2
- St. Albin, 4
- St. Baithen, 339
- St. Boniface, 4
- St. Brendan, 338
- St. Cathaldus, 296
- St. Columba, 2, 159, 162
- St. Cormac Ua Liathain, 339
- St. Cuthbert, 3
- St. Eustacia, Capture of, 190

- St. Eutrope, Church of, 223
 St. Faron, 220-21
 St. Fiacre, 220-21
 St. Finan, 3, 159
 St. Finnbar, 3
 St. Finnian, 2, 55
 St. Foelan, 4
 St. Fursey, 3
 St. Gall, 4
 St. Killian, 4
 St. Maelduin, 339
 St. Pietro di Montorio, Church of, 302-3
 St. Ruth, General, 178
 Saissy, A., 229
 Salamanca, Irish College at, 250-54, 296
 Sall, Father Andrew, 253
 Saluzzo, Battle of, 180
 Samhain, Festival, The, 147
 Sampson, Rear-Admiral W. T., 362
 —, William, 207, 307
 San Francisco, 353
 — Pasqual, Battle of, 353
 Santiago, Irish College at, 251
 Sarsfield, Mary, 240
 —, Earl of Lucan, Patrick, 176, 240-41
 —, General, 265, 282
 —, William, 240
 Sartorius, 267-69
 Savage, Marmion W., 113
 Savannah, Capture of, 190
 Savoy, Duke of, 197
 Scandinavia, The Irish in, 294-95
 Schmidt, General, 299
 Scientists, Famous Irish, 115
 Scotland, The Irish in, 161
 Scully, William Chas., 337
 Sedan, Battle of, 246
 Serurier, Marshal, 215
 Sévère, Jean, 229
 Seville, Irish College at, 251
Shadow of the Glen, The, 147
 Shadwell Murder, The, 93
 Shaftesbury, Earl of, 87
 "Shamrock," 365
 Shannon, H.M.S., 351
 Shaw, George Bernard, 156
 —, Capt. John, 374
 —, C.B., V.C., Major-General H., 329
 Shaw, William, 82
 Shee, P.R.A., Sir Martin Archer, 140
 Sheila, R. L., 113
 Sheldon, Regiment of, 197
 Sheridan, General, 360-61
 —, Richard Brinsley, 67, 106
 —, Thos., 134
 Sheriff Muir, Battle of, 170
 Shields, General, 353
 Shillington, Tom, 337
 Shiloh, Battle of, 359
 Sierra Gorda, Battle of, 353
 "Silken Thomas," 8
 Sinn Fein, The, 228
 Simancas, 257, 274
 Simnel, Lambert, 57
 Skinner's Farm, Battle of, 358
 Slave Trade at Bristol, The, 26, 37
 Sloane, M.D., F.R.S., Sir Hans, 123
 Smerwick, Massacre of, 13
 Smith, Goldwin, 23
 —, Jas., 347, 372
 —, Mrs. Toulmin, 155
 Smyth, Geo., 71
 —, Brigadier-Gen. Thos. A., 376
 Soldiers, Famous Irish, 115
 Somerville, Edith, 153
 South America, The Irish in, 382
 — Australia, The Irish in, 325
 Southerne, Thos., 105
 Spain, The Irish in, 250
Spanish Gold, 152
 Spottsylvania, Battle of, 358
 Springfield, Battle of, 359
 Stanfield, R.A., Clarkson, 140
 Stanford, Sir Chas. Villiers, 87, 150
 Stanislaus, King, 308
 Stapleton, General, 173
 Statesmen, Famous Irish, 115
 Stawell, Sir Wm. Foster, 315, 319
 Steele, Sir Richard, 106
 Steinkirk, Battle of, 240
 Stephens, the Author, James, 154, 226
 —, The Fenian, James, 47, 52
 Sterne, Laurence, 106
 Stewart, third Marquis of Londonderry, Sir Chas. W. V., 120
 —, Viscount Castlereagh, Robt., 127
 —, Col. Walter, 347

- Strasburg, Battle of, 360
 Strawberry Plains, Battle of, 358
 Stuart, The House of, 162
 Stucley, Thos., 274
 Sullivan, M.P., J., 82
 —, General John, 345–46
 Sullivans in Wales, The, 161
 Supple, Gerald Henry, 320
 Sutherland, The Regiment of, 194
 Sutton, Comte de Clonard, 284
 Sweeney, Captain T., 358
 Switzerland, The Irish in, 294
 Synge, J. M., 145, 147, 150, 151,
 226
 Sydney, The Irish in, 311
Tablet, The, 75, 79
 Taaffe, Francis, 291
 —, Nicholas, Viscount, 291
 —, Sir Theobald, Viscount, 290
 Taaffes in Austria, The, 283, 286,
 290
 Talbot, Monsignor, 297
 —, Earl of Tirconnell, Richard,
 178, 185, 261
 Talleyrand Perigord, Prince of
 Benevent, 203–4, 206, 210
 Tandy, Napper, 243
 Tate, Nahum, 103
 Taylor, Geo., 347, 352, 372
 Teeling, Bartholomew, 214
 Tenant Leaguers, 77
 Tennent, Gilbert, 366
 —, William, 367
 Tetuan, Capture of, 239
 —, Duke of, 272
 Theatre of Ireland, The, 149
 Thomond, Viceroy of the
 Languedoc, Count, 284
 Thompson, Chas., 372
 —, Brigadier-General W., 377
 —, Colonel W., 346
 Thornton, Captain Jas. S., 361
 —, Dr. Matthew, 347, 373
 Three Rivers, Battle of the, 377
 Thurston, E. Temple, 155
 —, Mrs. K. C., 155
 Ticonderoga, Battle of, 375
 Tierney, Geo., 127
Tinker's Wedding, The, 151
 Tirconnell, Earl of, 11, 13, 301–2
 —, Regiment of, 194–95
 Titus Oates Plot, The, 30, 40, 62
 Tlemcen, Capture of, 199
 Tobago, Capture of, 190
 Todhunter, Dr. J., 87
 Tod's Tavern, Battle of, 358
 Tolapotomy Creek, Battle of, 358
 Tole, Hon. Alfred, 328
Tom Burke of Ours, 300
 Tone Family, The, 203–7
 —, Francis Rawdon, 204–7
 —, Mrs., 203–7
 —, William Wolfe, 205–7
 —, Wolfe, 66, 129, 199, 200–3
 Torrens, R., 325
 —, K.C.B., Sir Henry, 117
 —, Colonel Robert, 117
 Tournay, Capture of, 239
 Tredegar, Riot at, 160
 Trieste, 300
 Tuam, Archbishop of, 274
 Tyler, John, 352
 Tynan, Miss K., 154, 311
 Tyrone, Earl of, 13, 301–2
 —, Lady, 301
 ULSTER Association, The, 89
 — Literary Theatre, The, 149
 —, The Spoliation of, 17–33
 Undwah Nala, The, 332
 Union of the Four Provinces Club,
 The, 88
University Magazine, The, 282
 Urgel, The Battle of, 181
 Ussher, Archbishop, 62, 100, 277
 VALENCE, Battle of, 181
 Valenza, Battle of, 185
 Valladolid, Irish Colony at, 250,
 257–58
 Vaubonne, General, 197
 Vaugirard Cemetery, 214
 Vendôme, Duke of, 196
 Vera Cruz, Battle of, 355
 Vercelli, Battle of, 196
 Verrua, Battle of, 196
 Victor Amadeus, 180
 — Emmanuel, King, 297
 Victoria, Australia, The Irish in,
 314
 Villars, Marshal, 197
 Villeroi, Marshal, 185, 197
 Vinegar Hill, Battle of, 208

- Virginia, Transportation of Irish slaves to, 27
 Von Moltke, 247
- WALES**, The Irish in, 159
 Walker's Irish Bards, 12
 Wall, Richard, 278
 Wallace, James Tyrrell, 337
 Walsh, Dr., 223-24
 —, Major, 198
 —, Regiment of, 348
 —, William, 273
 War of Independence in America, The, 344
 — — in Spain, The, 344
 Warbeck, Perkin, 57
 Ward, Hugh, 293
 Ware, Sir James, 62, 100
 Warren, Dr., 345
 Washington, George, 242
 Waterses, The, 171
 Wellington, The Duke of, 115
 Wentworth, William Charles, 313
Western Tablet, The, 355
 Westmeath, The Regiment of, 194
 Wexford, Calvagh O'Donnell, Earl of, 12, 274
Whig, The, 349
 White, V.C., Field-Marshal Sir Geo., 158, 333
 —, The Venerable Thomas, 252
 Wilde, Lady, 114
 —, Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills, 155, 226
 Wilderness, Battle of the, 358
- Wilkes, Sir James S., 122
 William III, 30, 262
 Williams, Richard Dalton, 364
 Williamsburg, Battle of, 360
 Wills, the Australian Explorer, 322
 Wilson, Philip, 85
 —, Thomas, 204, 207
Will-the-Wisher, 232
 Winchester, Battle of, 360-61
 Winthrop, John, 339-41
 Wiseman, Bishop, 41, 73
 Woerth, Battle of, 246
 Woffington, Peg, 132, 134
 Wogan in Spain, 284
 Wolseley, Field-Marshal Lord, 158, 334, 336
 Wood, Dr. Charles, 87
 Writers of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in England, Famous Irish, 98
 Wyse, K.C.B., M.P., Sir Thos., 131
- YEATS, W. B.**, 84, 144, 147, 150, 226
 Yellow Tavern, Battle of, 358
 Young, Sir John, 314
 —, Miss, 231
 — Ireland Society, The, 230
 Ypres, Battle of, 184
- ZAMORA**, 257
 Zouche, Elizabeth, 7
 Zulu War, The, 334
 Zumalacarreguy, 265, 282

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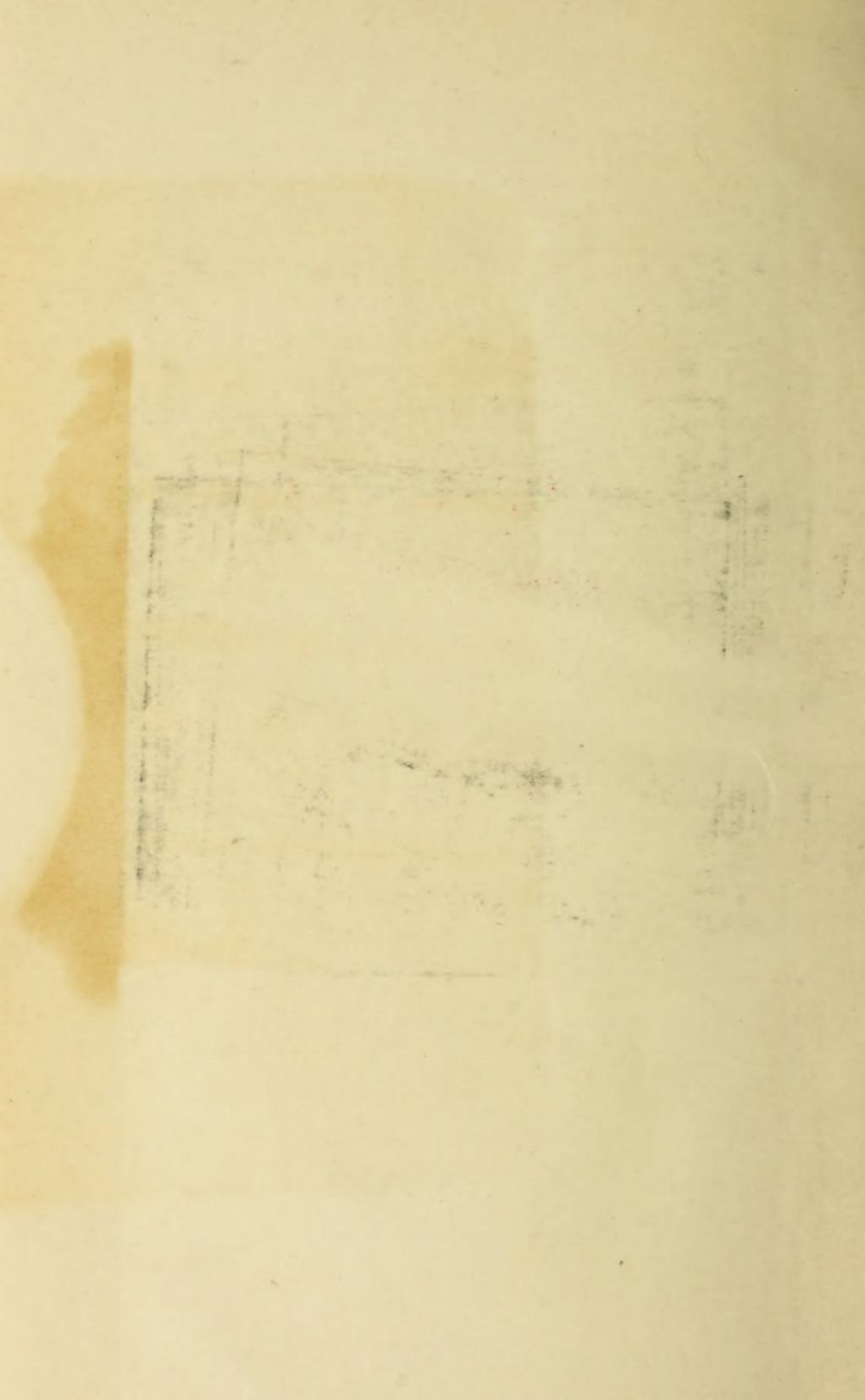
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